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13y ago

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Parents of Reddit, what is the creepiest thing your young child has ever said to you?

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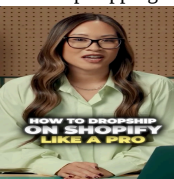
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[UnfortunateBirthMark](#)

• 13y ago

I was tucking in my two year old. He said "Good bye dad." I said, "No, we say good night." He said "I know. But this time its good bye."

Had to check on him a few times to make sure he was still there.

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[QuagmireDP](#)

• [13y ago](#)

While changing my daughter in front of the open closet door. She kept looking around me and laughing. I asked her what was so funny. She said, "the man." To which I replied, "what man?" She then pointed at the closet and said, "the man with the snake neck." I turn around and nothing was there. I'm afraid to look into the history of my house to see if anyone hung themselves in the closet. At least she wasn't scared.

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[evillawnornament](#)

• [13y ago](#)

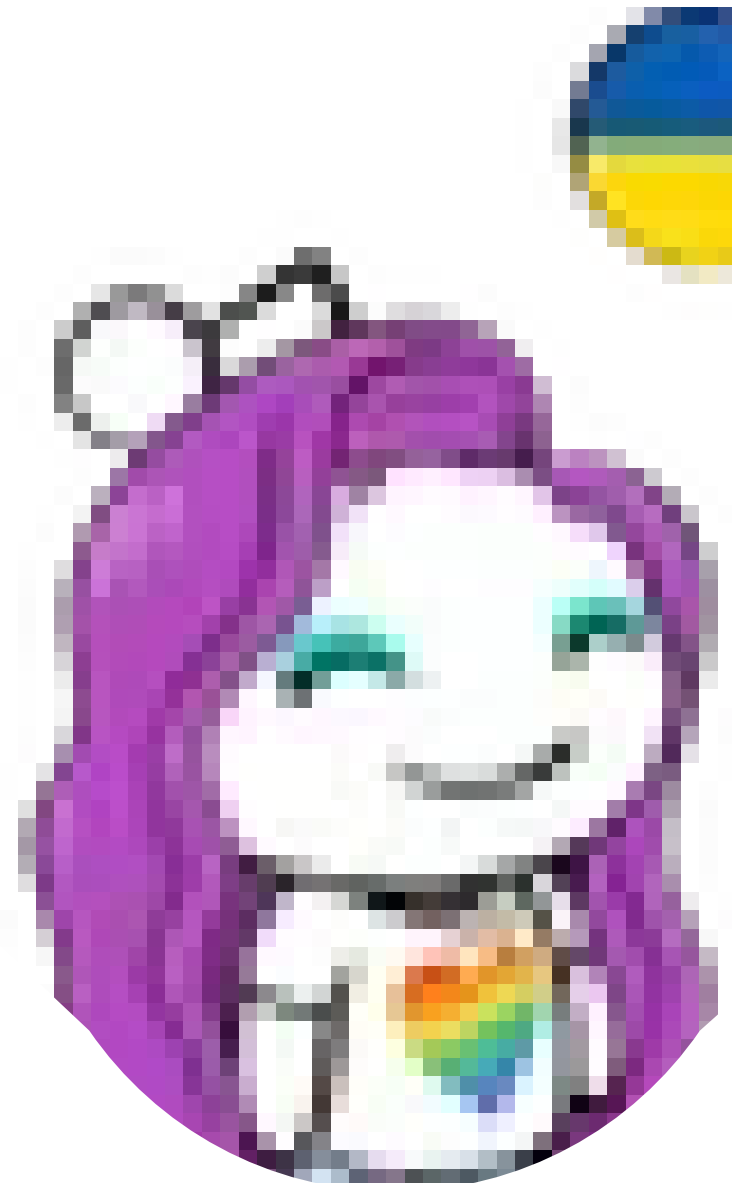
"Daddy sleep" then pushing my head underwater at the pool.

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[NotTomPettysGirl](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Not to me, but to his grandmother.

He was cuddling with her and being very sweet (he was about 3 at the time). He takes her face in his hands, and brings his face close to hers, then tells her that she's very old, and will die soon.

Then he makes a point of looking at the clock.

(Edited to add details.)

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[Like I was sayin](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My 3 year old daughter stood next to her new born brother and looked at him for awhile then turned and looked at me and said, "Daddy its a monster..we should bury it."



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• 13y ago

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• [13y ago](#)

My niece said something like this to my mom once. When she was about 3 she said "Remember when I used to be your grandmom?"

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[x_y_zed](#) • [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I was on a bus recently and we were stopped outside a walk-in clinic. A little girl in the seat in front of me turned to her dad and said, "Death is the poor man's doctor." And that was that.

Edit: never realised this was an Irish proverb. Context: I'm Irish.

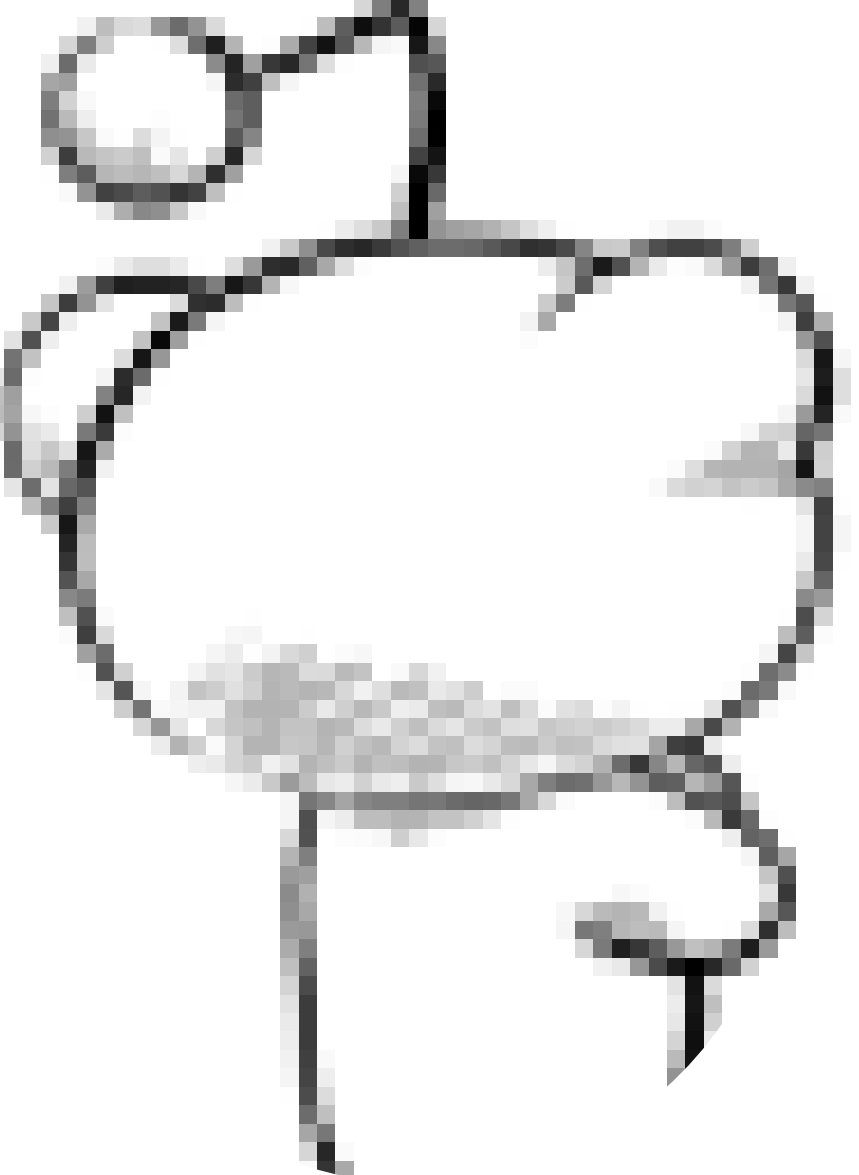
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• [13y ago](#)

I jokingly asked: "What's the best way to get a girlfriend?"

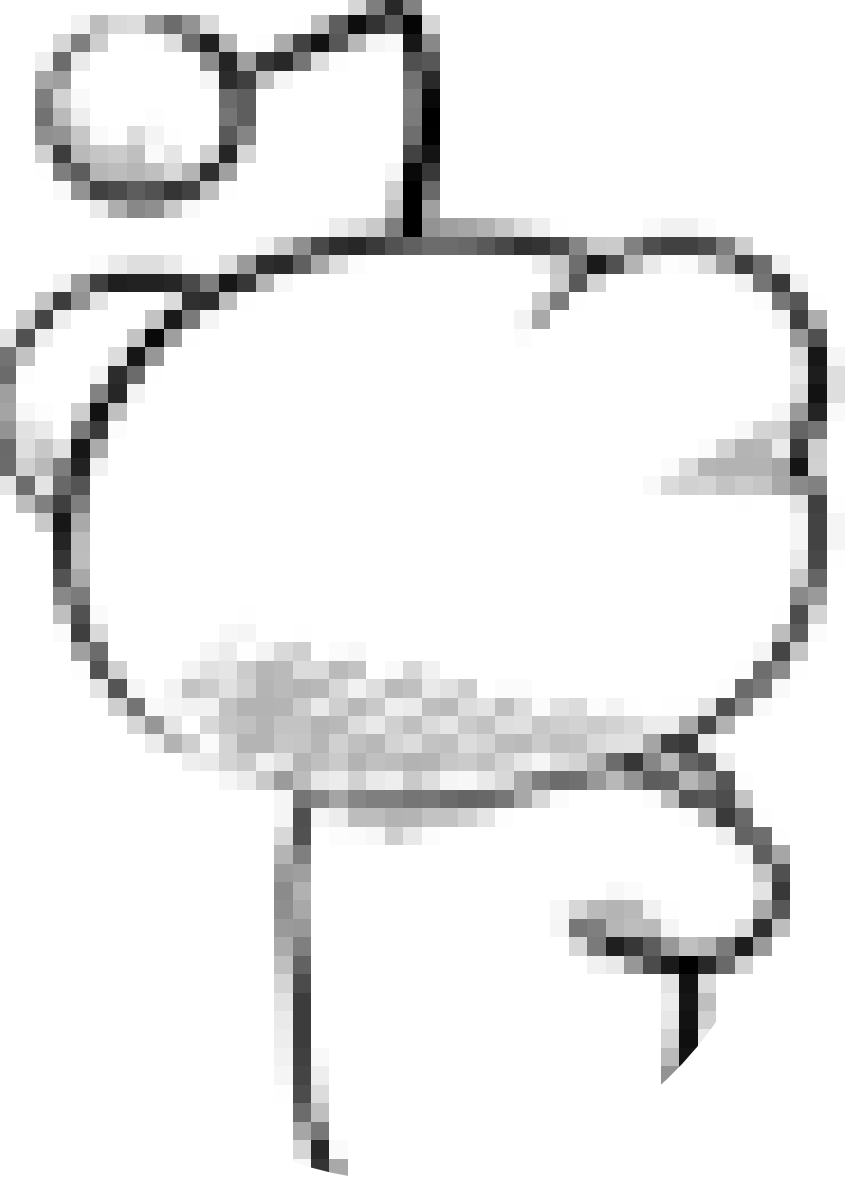
7-year-old's response: "Tell her to be my girlfriend or she'll never see her parents again."

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• [13y ago](#)

Why are you crying?

"Bad man"

What bad man?

"There." Points behind me at a dark corner of the room

Lamp on bookshelf next to said darkened corner falls off as soon as I turn to look.

She slept in our bed that night

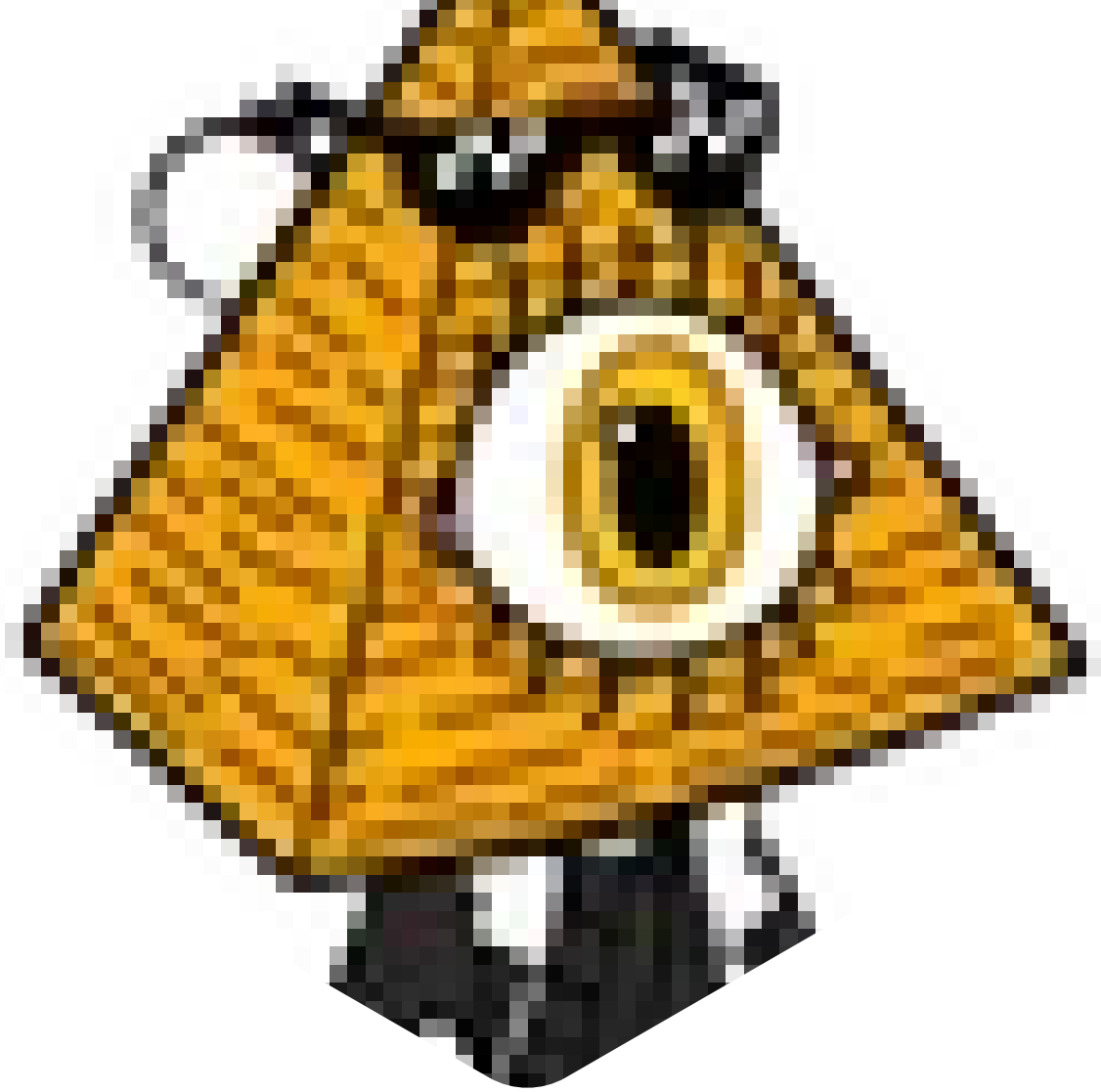
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[eldgeNroffles](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This sort of relates... It still makes me laugh hysterically... My childhood friend recently found his journal from when he was about 6 or 7... One entry said something along the lines of, "Sometimes Mommy gardens. Sometimes Daddy works inside the house. When Daddy thinks I'm with Mommy, and Mommy thinks I'm with Daddy, sometimes I like to go into the neighbors garage and play with their dangerous tools."

For some reason I find this to be hysterical, specifically tricking the parents and the "dangerous tools" part. He has no recollection of this happening.

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• [13y ago](#)

My two year old has been running from rooms screaming lately. The reason is always "a guy! a guy!"

I'd go in the room and ask what was the matter. She would point into the empty room, terrified, whispering "a guy!!!"

At first I thought I'd need to rethink everything I thought I believed about ghosts. Then, I realized "a guy" was actually "a FLY."

She is terrified of flies.

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[jelb32](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My five year old son asked me last week "what do you see through the black circles in my eyes when you're controlling me when I'm at school?"



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13y ago

"So I shouldn't throw him in the fire?"

3 year old daughter holding her baby brother for the first time.

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s0tcrates

13y ago

"eh, why don't you just give me that baby back."

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[psalm_69](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I was sound asleep, and at around 6am I was woken up by my 4 year old daughters face inches from mine. She looked right into my eyes and whispered, "I want to peel all your skin off".

The backstory here is I had been sunburned the previous week, and was starting to peel. In my sleep addled state however, it was pretty terrifying for a few seconds. I didn't know if I was dreaming, or what was going on.

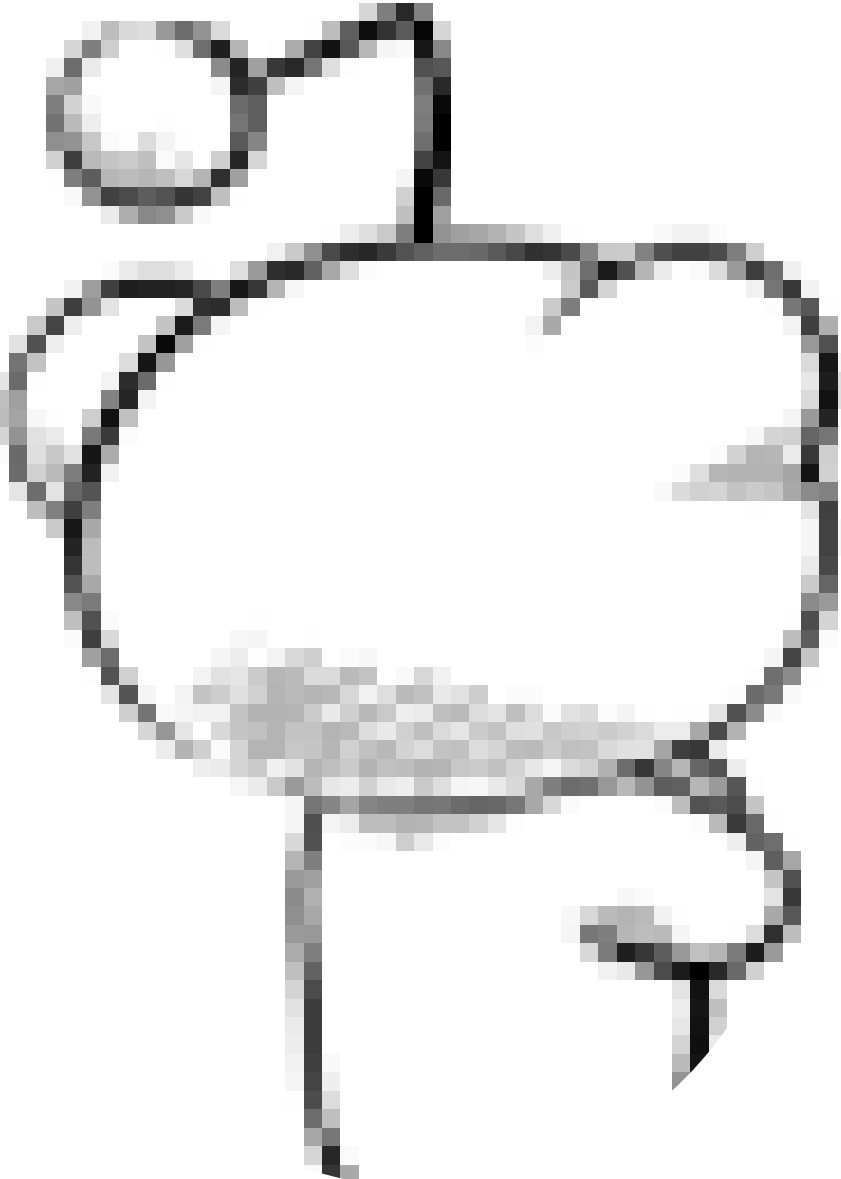
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[jonuggs](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I don't have kids, but once, visiting some friends on a farm, my buddy's youngest girl (5 or 6) at the time, was afraid of the chickens. I tried to explain to her that the chickens weren't there to hurt us but she wasn't having it.

So I'm sitting around the fire pit, looking at one of the chickens a few feet in front of me when I feel hot breath in my ear as she whispers:

"See. He's always watching."

Horrific and hysterical all at once.

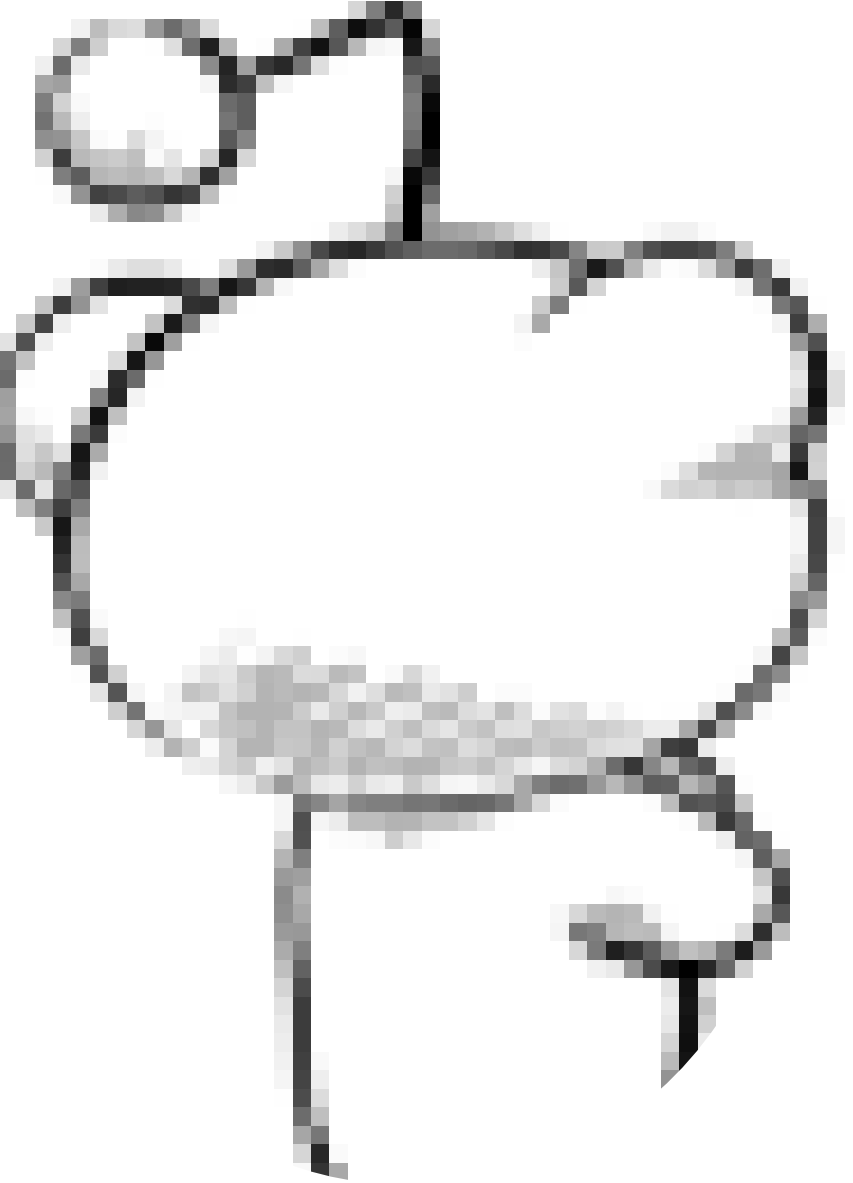
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[hasnfebr](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son (about 6) asked my mother to lay down on her stomach, then he sat on her butt and started bouncing up and down and proclaimed, "Now we're mating like reptiles!" Thanks Discovery Channel!

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[darinfjc](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My co-worker's four year old daughter always thought that the rattling of the water pipes in the kitchen cupboards were "white wolves" and the sound always scared her.

One day she was sitting at the kitchen table and she said, "Mom. The white wolves aren't bad... they're our friends!"

Her mom encouraged the idea by saying, "Yes! The white wolves are protecting us. They are our friends."

Then her daughter added in, "They're our friends, but not the man who crawls on the floor and stands by my bed".

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[maryamorevna](#)

[👤](#) • [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I work in a preschool. Creepy shit gets said and done all the time. The one that sticks out to me happened last year. There is a small kitchenette area in our classroom that the kids use during free time for playing house or whatever pretend games they think up. There was



the little girl that I was keeping a close eye on, mostly because of how withdrawn from the other kids she was. I noticed she was playing with a babydoll in the kitchenette, rocking it back and forth and singing to it.

She then took the baby, shoved it into the play oven and slammed the door shut. She turned around, looked straight at me, and said, "Sometimes bad babies go in timeout" in the creepiest little girl voice I've ever heard before smiling and running off. That one kind of shook me.

edit: I've had a lot of people messaging me and telling me that I should keep an eye on her parents/suggesting she was abused. The concern is very heartwarming and I'm glad to see it but I can assure you that this was not the problem. She just enjoys saying outlandish things because she enjoys the reaction. It's pretty common for kids to do, this was just a more terrifying example.

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[Tom Zarek](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 3 we had a cat that had still born kittens. I asked my father if we could make crosses for them, which he did. As he was making them I asked:

"aren't those too small?",

Dad: "What do you Mean?"

Me: "aren't we going to nail them to them?"

Dad: (after several moments silence) "we're not going to do that"

Me: "oh"

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• 13y ago

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[tittakesacrane](#)
• [13y ago](#)

this is the first one in the thread that made me laugh my ass off

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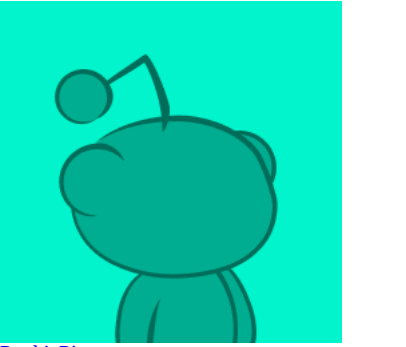
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[PookiePi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My toddler went through a phase where she would just constantly say 'hi' to things. "Hi hi hi hi hi hi"

One day, it came out sounding more like "Die die die die die"

So I say to her "What's that you're saying?"

And she turns to face me and just whispers "Diiiiiiiiiiii....."

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[emilydm](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Dang. I have a recording the parents made of me doing the exact same thing at age one - playing peek-a-boo and laughing my head off, then suddenly DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE.

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[NosyargKcid](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I just imagined that as her head turned 180 like in the Exorcist and said that. I'd be out of that fucking house and calling every priest I could find...

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[bortson](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

"My brain is telling me to do things I don't want to do."

He's 4.

Edit : A little context. Like many kids, he has an imaginary friend, he has just correctly identified the imaginary friend as "my brain." So when he says "my brain is telling me to do things I don't want to do," he means "my imaginary friend wants to play a game that I don't want to." Now if only the game wasn't "burn them! burn them all!"

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[bhrhomer](#)

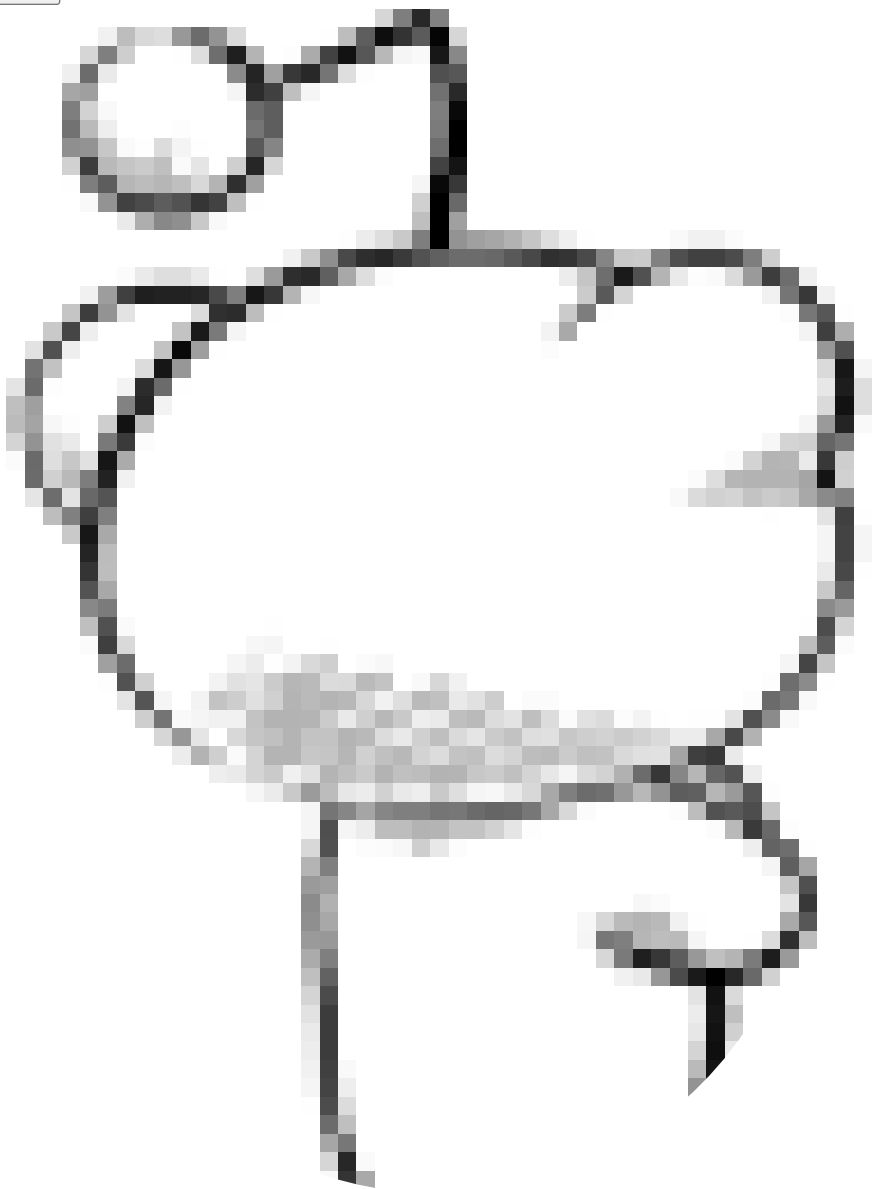
• [13y ago](#)

My niece was sitting on the couch with a weird look on her face. Her mom asked her what she was thinking about, and she said, "I'm imagining the waves of blood rushing over me."



Turned out they had been at a local science museum with an exhibit on the circulatory system. One of the features was a walk among some giant fake blood vessels, and she was remembering that.

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• [13y ago](#)

Blood for the Blood God, I guess

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[seethella](#)
• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

When my son was little he, maybe 3, he used to do this weird crawl where he would slide his forehead along the floor. That was pretty creepy in itself. Then one night he crawled down the hallway into my room like that and stood up a few inches from my face and made a weird meow sound. He got into bed with me and went to sleep. Another time he was freaking out about a monster in the basement so we went down and saw nothing, of course, and as I turned out the light and headed upstairs and he said "Hes right behind us now." I *might* have peed a little. Possibly *the* creepiest thing he did was one day I scolded him for misbehaving so he hid his head under his blanket. I pretended I couldn't find him by saying "Where is my little Carson?" He slowly lowered the blanket and with a dead evil stare said, "Carson is gone, I am Rick." I'm certain he's possessed. We never knew any Ricks, as far I can remember. Still don't. Never figured out where he picked up the name.

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[skisslet](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

You were Rick rolled

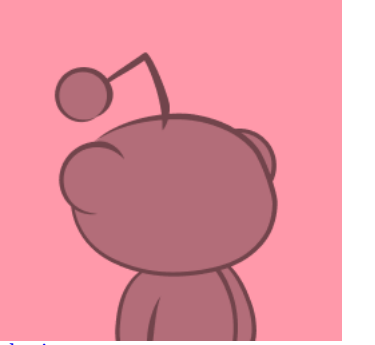
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[classicesco](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Carson is gone, I am Rick

That is some creepy fucking shit

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[utcursch](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Reminds me of [u/GeneralOffensiveUnit](#) from [a similar thread](#):

Getting my two and a half year old daughter out of the bath one night, my wife and I were briefing her on how important it was she kept her privates clean. She casually replied "Oh, nobody 'scroofs' me there. They tried one night. They kicked the



door in and tried but I fought back. I died and now I'm here." She said this like it was nothing.

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[rheabs](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a little girl I lost my shit when I saw some guy at the grocery store, it was unusual because I was generally quiet and well behaved. I never had to be taken out of somewhere for misbehaving, but we had to leave the store. When my mom asked what was wrong when we got in the car, I told her he took me away from my first mom and hid me under his floor and made me sleep for a long time until I woke up with my new mom. I then refused to sit in the seat of the car on the ride home, but insisted on cowering under the dash board so he couldn't take me again. It freaked her the fuck out, as she is definitely my biological mother so obviously my "first" mom.

ETA: I remember the incident, and I remember being afraid of the guy because I thought he was going to kidnap me. I couldn't tell you where I got that notion. I assume I had nightmares about being kidnapped and he resembled whoever I was dreaming about.

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[cleaver_username](#)
• 13y ago

Well, at least she has the soul of a fighter?

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• [13y ago](#)

My noticeably pregnant sister and I were having a conversation at the dining room table. My 4 year old son was also present and asked my sister if there was a baby in her belly. She affirmed. He, completely straight faced, slid from his chair and headed for the kitchen saying "We need to get it out. I'll go get the knife. " I don't even know...

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[PikaPikaChick](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My daughter is four and has taken to telling nonsensical knock-knock jokes (e.g. "Why did the Mama cross the road? Because her arms were noodles!"). One day she busts this one out:

Why did the butt cross the road?

Because it had a plug in it!

I have never felt so many conflicting emotions about my child.





[dinkypickles](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

My niece's favorite joke (when she was 4):

"Knock knock" "Who's there?" "Dead moose." "Dead moose who?" "Dead moose on a hook."

Then she'd run off laughing. It was pretty creepy.

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[bladel](#)

• [13y_ago](#)



My mom likes to tell this story: Apparently when I was 5 or 6 I told her that aliens had stolen her real son, and replaced him with me, an exact copy. Someday, I would return to my home planet.

But she shouldn't be sad, because her real son had a good life in our zoo.

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[infowin](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 3 year old nephew was at my cottage. He's asked me numerous times about the "girl over there" while pointing at one of the back bedrooms. The place is small, and there is definitely nobody there so I just dismiss it as a really active imagination (he has lots of imaginary friends).

Then some friends are visiting and they have a daughter around the same age. She has never met my nephew. Twice in the one day she asked about the "pretty girl" while pointing at the exact same room. Definitely caught me out and I didn't know what to think.

Then at Christmas my family was over at my place and my nephew points at a picture of my wife and asks if she is coming to visit us here or does she just stay at the cottage. My wife died ten years ago. Personally I don't really believe in paranormal stuff so it's probably just my logical brain putting together a bunch of kids ramblings but it definitely got my attention.

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[borkmeister](#)
• 13y ago

My five year old adopted little sister has a game she would play, where we would pretend to go around to people's houses and take their children. Once we rounded up enough we would eat them, violently and maliciously. This was her idea, through and through. The name of the game? Social worker.

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[Mellon95](#)
• 13y ago

After reading through most of these, I have come to the conclusion that imaginary friends are in fact, dead people.

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[matthewo](#)
• 13y ago

My father tells me this story of my childhood every once in a while:

When I was around six years old, my dad's best friend committed suicide. We'll call him "Joe" for the sake of the story. Obviously, it was a very rough and emotional time for my dad. Joe was my dad's best man at his wedding, the one guy who was always there for him. After my dad got married, he and my mother left Joe and the town they were in to start a life outside of the town they grew up in. After years of moving around California, my family eventually moved to Utah, where my father worked for a successful internet business. Joe stayed behind in Washington. Because my family were so far away from their old life with Joe, there wasn't a lot of foresight/warning that Joe intended on ending his own life.

Joe's sister apparently had been blaming Joe's wife for her brothers suicide. Joe and his wife drank a lot of booze, and probably as a result, fought a lot. My father always said that they were a passionate couple; yes, they would fight often, but he hardly knew two other individuals who were so completely in love. For this reason, he didn't believe it.

A few days after Joe committed suicide, his widow called up my father sobbing about how she thought it was her fault. After about an hour of trying to console her, he told her "If there was a way for me to talk to Joe now, I guarantee you that he would tell you that he loved you, and that it wasn't your fault that he ended his life." Crying, she still didn't believe him, but she thanked him for the kind words and let my father go.

My dad was obviously distraught after that long, hysteric conversation. He had been down in his office for a while, and he decided to come up and check on his kids while making a pot of coffee to take his mind off of things. We were all supposed to be napping, but he thought he'd peek his head into our rooms to make sure we were safe/maybe try to have a little smile or brightness added to his day.

Sure enough, when my dad got to my room, I was fast asleep on my bed. He went to my brother's room, and he was also sleeping. Finally, he checks on my sister, who is sleeping as smugly as an angel. He decides to go back towards my room and into the kitchen to make some coffee.

As he walks by my room, he notices a whimper. He turns around, and enters my room, where he finds me weeping. I was five years old, so the way I was crying seemed odd to him. Normally a five year old would cry drastically over dramatically. I wasn't. I was just sitting on the side of my bed, weeping.



My dad enters my room and says "Matty, whats up? Why are you crying?"

It's then that I stop crying for a moment, look up at him with teary eyes and say "Rick, it's not her fault. I love her. It's not her fault."

With that, I stopped crying, rolled over back onto my bed, and fell swiftly back to sleep.

Needless to say, my dad shit his pants.

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• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

"Go back to sleep, there isn't anything under your bed".

"Hes behind you now".

Still haven't gotten over that one and shiver at the memory.



[AllTheYoungKrunks](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My Stepmom got "Monster Spray" to get rid of the monsters in my room. It was really just water in a spray bottle, but I swear it kept the monsters away.

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[thingsimeanttobe](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My 5 year old at the time had night terrors and would scream in her sleep. One night I said "mama's here its okay". She looked right at me still asleep and screamed "mama? But who is that behind you?"

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• [13y ago](#)

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[awrobot](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I was very, very afraid of the dark and of monsters. My mom recently told me that she was pretty convinced my childhood home was haunted because of how paranoid I was. Evidently I was a big sleep walker until about 7, and would talk to invisible people as I trudged around the house, and scream bloody murder if she tried to wake me up from it.

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[floatingyoghurt](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

We were having roast chicken for dinner. Son (3) has lightbulb moment. Holds up chicken skin. "When we say 'chicken skin', is this really the skin of the chicken? Like my skin?" Next day after some Sondag nappage we play cars. I see a fresh scar on his foot. Straight line with a little dry blood. Ask the little sir about it: "I cut myself. I took a knife because I wanted to see what my meat looks like under my skin but it hurt a little so I stopped. I still don't know." Good thing he didn't want to see his sister's flesh!

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[bonkus](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

When my 2.5 year old and her friend were hanging out, the topic of T-Rex and other dinos came up. I asked her friend:

"If you were a T-Rex, what would you do for fun? "

He answered: I'd chase herbivores!

I then asked my daughter this question:

"If you were a T-Rex, what would you eat? "



he got very serious and looked me right in the eyes and said:

"Children. I'd eat children"

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[Ethaxi](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

"Mom, can I have your phone to take a picture of the birds in the yard?"

"Sure"

"I want to go squish those birds and kill them and hang them on our wall"

"Ethan!"

"No mom, it's ok. It's just for decorating the house"

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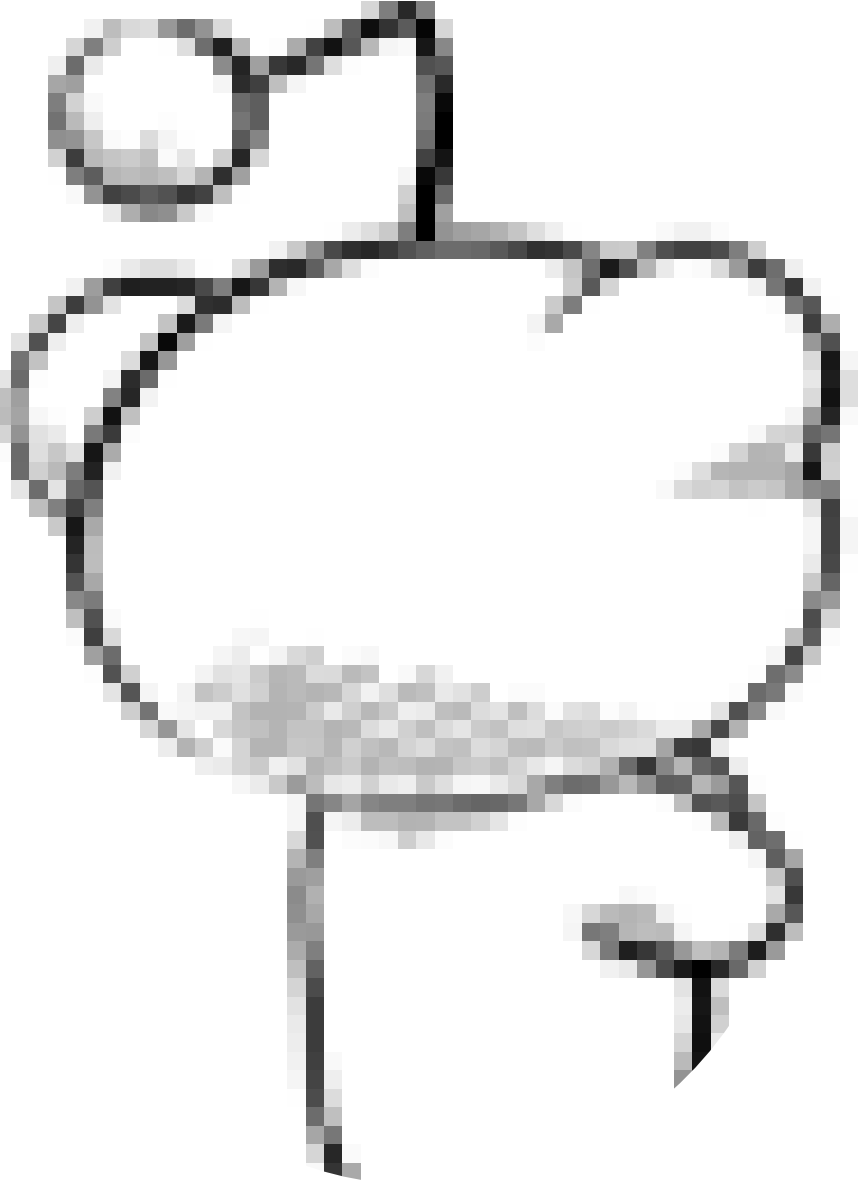


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• 13y ago

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• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 4, I would remember talking to "Mr.Peterson" whenever I was at my grandmothers house. He looked like a hobo from the great depression and had a guitar and sang me old timey blues, he told me that he died when he fell of a train he was riding whilst drunk on moonshine. I stopped seeing him when I was about 6.

Anyway, 6 months ago I found my dads old acoustic guitar and started playing, and my little cousin told me "Mr.Peterson is proud of you!" And left.

I dont know what to think

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[JamesOctopus](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Bless you, Mr. Peterson. You finally inspired a kid to give music a try, and by doing so, earned your spot in Hobo Heaven.

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[pipperfloats](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

5 year old: "Mommy, when you die I want to put you in a glass jar so I can keep you and see you forever"

To which the 6 year old responds: "That's stupid. Where are you gonna find a jar that big?"

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[Jmersh](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

My wife was getting my 2yr old son up one morning. He was standing in his bed/crib. As she said good morning and walked over to him he picked up her shirt a little and crooked his head to the side. She asked him what he was doing and he said, "looking for my baby sister in your tummy." She laughed it off as a weird kid imagination thing. We found out later that at the time she was 2 weeks pregnant and it

as, in fact, a girl. We are due in September. We had never really had the talk about where babies come from nor did we talk about having another child at all around him. So spooky.

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[PersonMcNugget](#)

• [13y ago](#)

A good friend of mine and her husband bought what is considered an 'old' house around here. (Western Canada...not many houses over 100 years old). They were renovating the basement one day while I was visiting. I was down there alone with their son, who was barely 2 at the time, and could not yet speak in full sentences. He took my hand and led me over to a brick chimney-like thing thing, with a rusty metal door on it. He looked up and said 'That's where the dead babies go.'

I was horrified. Firstly, because, like I said, the kid could barely talk, let alone say something like that. I doubt he even knew what 'dead' meant. I'm positive that no one would have told him that, and there were no older kids around that would have said that as a joke. Still creeps me out to this day.

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[surethingsugar](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"Before I was born here, I had a sister, right? Her and my other Mom are so old now. They were ok when the car was on fire, but I sure wasn't!"

He was maybe 5 or 6 years old? It was totally out of the blue..

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[TaffetaDarling](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my daughter was around 4 or 5, we lived in a house that had been converted into three separate apartments. We lived in the basement portion. Because of the way they converted the house there was a small recessed area under one of the stairways that formed a small closet/storage space in her room. One night while she was getting ready for bed I overheard her talking to someone in her room. I poked my head in and asked if she was calling for me. Her words - "No. I was talking to the little boy who lives in my closet... He's dead." Insta-chills.

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[catch22milo](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Around four or five months ago, at like 3:00am I was awoken by a very weird growling sound. Disoriented and in the dark I started to come to and for the life of me couldn't figure out what the sound was. I had fallen asleep on the couch in the living room which added to my confusion. I was thinking maybe the cat had caught something, but really had no idea.

As my vision started to come around, this three foot grotesque looking shadow thing starts to appear a few feet in front of me. Just standing there growling. Creepy. Even though in reality it only took me a few seconds to figure out what was going out, I imagine my appearance would have been that of someone who was visibly shaken.

It was my son. My three year old son had snuck out of bed at three in the morning, found his hulk mask in the dark, and decided to go find daddy to play superheroes. I guess his idea of playing was to do a hulk growl two feet from my sleeping face until I woke up in a panic.

He ended up doing the same thing to my wife a few weeks later which, to me, was way more hilarious.

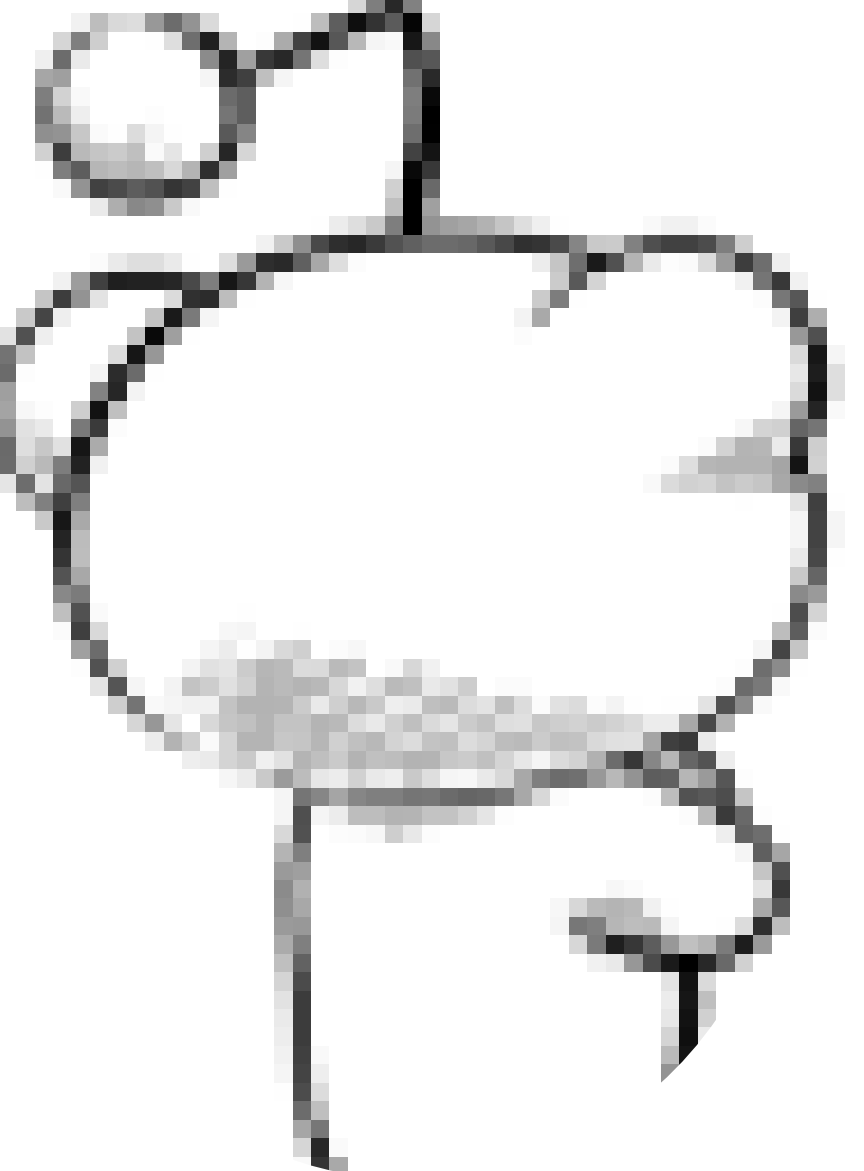
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[Opud](#)
• 13y ago

When my son was in Kindergarten I received a call from his teacher while at work saying he refused to go outside at recess time and was sitting there terrified. He said there was a guy named Otie who had brown hair and a brown beard who kept telling him to "come here buddy" over and over while he was playing outside before school started. They reviewed tapes and didn't see anyone. Scared the crap out of me that some man was trying to abduct him but I'm pretty sure he either sees ghosts or has a very active imagination. He also said this guy talked to him at the bus stop or outside his window (on the 2nd floor). He also refused to go anywhere near an entire half of one of our old homes when he was 1-2 years old. He would just stand in the doorway and point. After further reading the question to this Ask Reddit this isn't really what you asked but I already typed it out... tldr: My son is creepy

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[Wyway](#)
• 13y ago

When I was three I came out of the ball pit and told my mom i was "sweatin like a penis"

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• [13y ago](#)

From when I was a kid:

"Mommy look what I learned!"

inserts tongue into moms mouth during good night kiss

"I learned it from a movie! It means you love someone!"

mom calmly gets up without saying a word and walks to her room

I still cringe pretty fucking hard whenever I remember doing that.

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• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

When I was coming out of anasthesia, I had a really dry mouth. I told my mom "my lips are dry", and she said "would you like a sip of water?" I didn't feel up to swallowing anything, or holding a cup, so I just said "No, can you lick them for me?"

I was in high school. double-charge.

*edit: jesus christ, it was just my wisdom teeth guys. No I didn't break my arms, and no she didn't go ahead and lick them for me.

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[smileatu](#)
• [13y ago](#)

oh crap i did that when i was a kid. i was asking why people kiss like that

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I've done that too.... *oh god why*

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[MmJuicy](#)

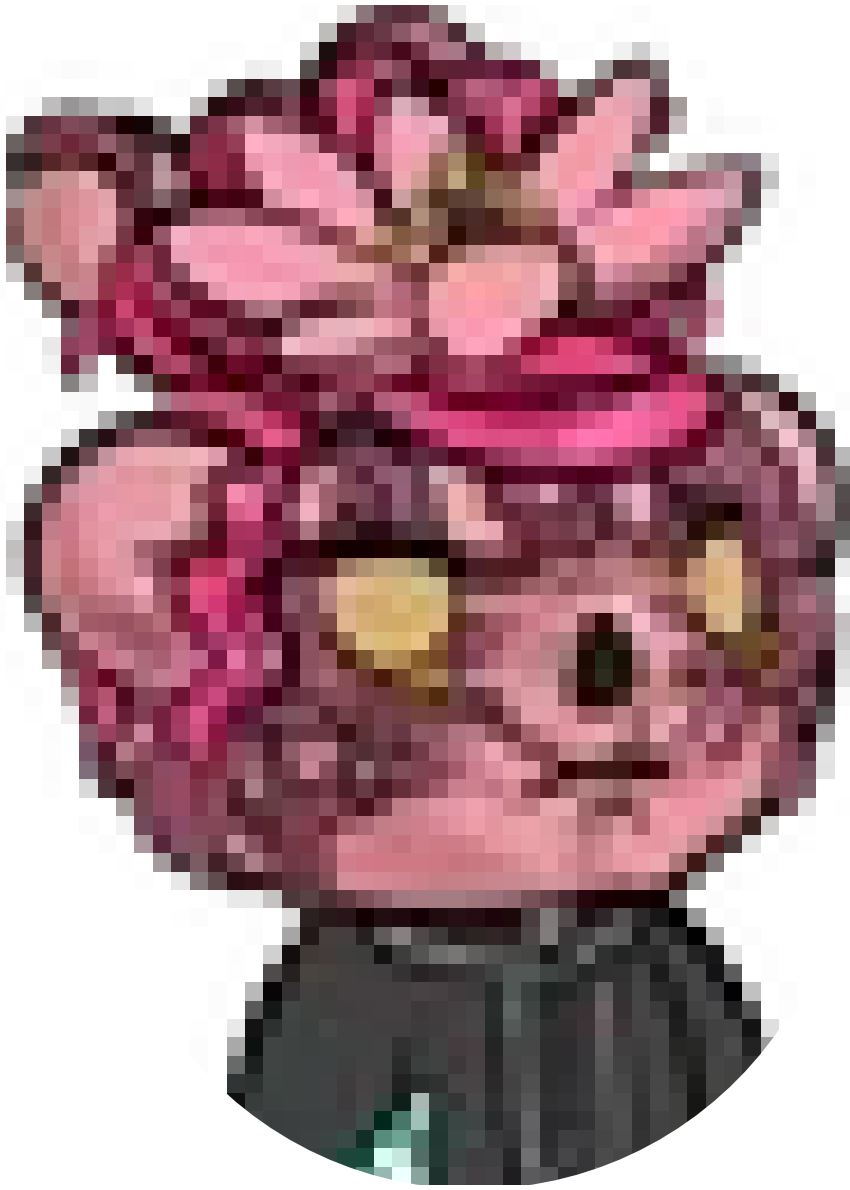
• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 4-5 I tried to dress up as Batman using stuff from our pantry. I used my Mum's leather jacket that reached the floor on me, some black boots and a ski mask with an open face that kinda drooped down over my eyes.

So, I went into my Mum's room to wake her up and show her my cool outfit. (At this age I thought to wake people up, you open their eyes, people who are awake have their eyes open, right?). I then tried to open my mum's eyes by pushing her eyelids back. She woke up in a poorly lit room to a three foot thing wearing all black, with no visible legs and a ski mask poking her in her eyes (I can't imagine the horror). She jumped away screaming until she realised it was me, we then burst out laughing.

I'd actually forgotten about this story until I saw this thread. I'm sure my Mum hasn't though.

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[universicorn](#)
• 13y ago

This isnt paranormal creepy but I could only imagine my dads reaction.

Backstory: my dad works for the Canadian military and went overseas and cross country often due to his job.

One day he came back and when he was home, saw me drawing a family picture. He points at the man in the picture and asks if that is him and I say "that's the man that mommy let's sleep in your place when you aren't here" to which he replied "one second sweetie, mommy and I have to go have a long talk"

Tl;dr I snitched to my dad about my mom's not-so-secret sexual deviant side.

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[haWriter](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was tucking my 3-year-old son into bed and asking what was his favorite part of the day... Son: "It was playing with that man." Me: "What man?" Son: "THAT man" <points to empty corner of his bedroom...which is on the upstairs floor of our old house>

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[howmanykarenarethere](#)
• [13y ago](#)

why am I still reading...I am never sleeping again

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[Chester A. Arthritis](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my child...but, my 3 yo neice told my wife to dance in the middle of the room while she hid in a closet watching through the crack in the door. ๐_๐

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[BenFranklinsCat](#)
• 13y ago

Must be that time Little Einstein did an episode about the works of David Lynch ...

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[EightenWurdz](#)
• 13y ago

something she learned from her parents...?

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[BossLackey](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Kill it.

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[perpetual_nom](#)

• [13y ago](#)

All my childhood games would end in a mass murder of all but one of the toys. The last one would have to watch the others die. I'm surprised my mother didn't put me in a mental institution .

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[eps421](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter said to me that there is a woman who watches her watch movies in her room and sleeps on the ceiling above her bed when she sleeps. she also says it dose not like me and wants to eat my heart. my kid watches elmo and fucking dinosaur train. where in the hell did she get this from?

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[The Year of Glad](#)
• [13y ago](#)

where in the hell did she get this from?

From the old woman who watches her and wants to eat your heart. I thought that seemed pretty clear...

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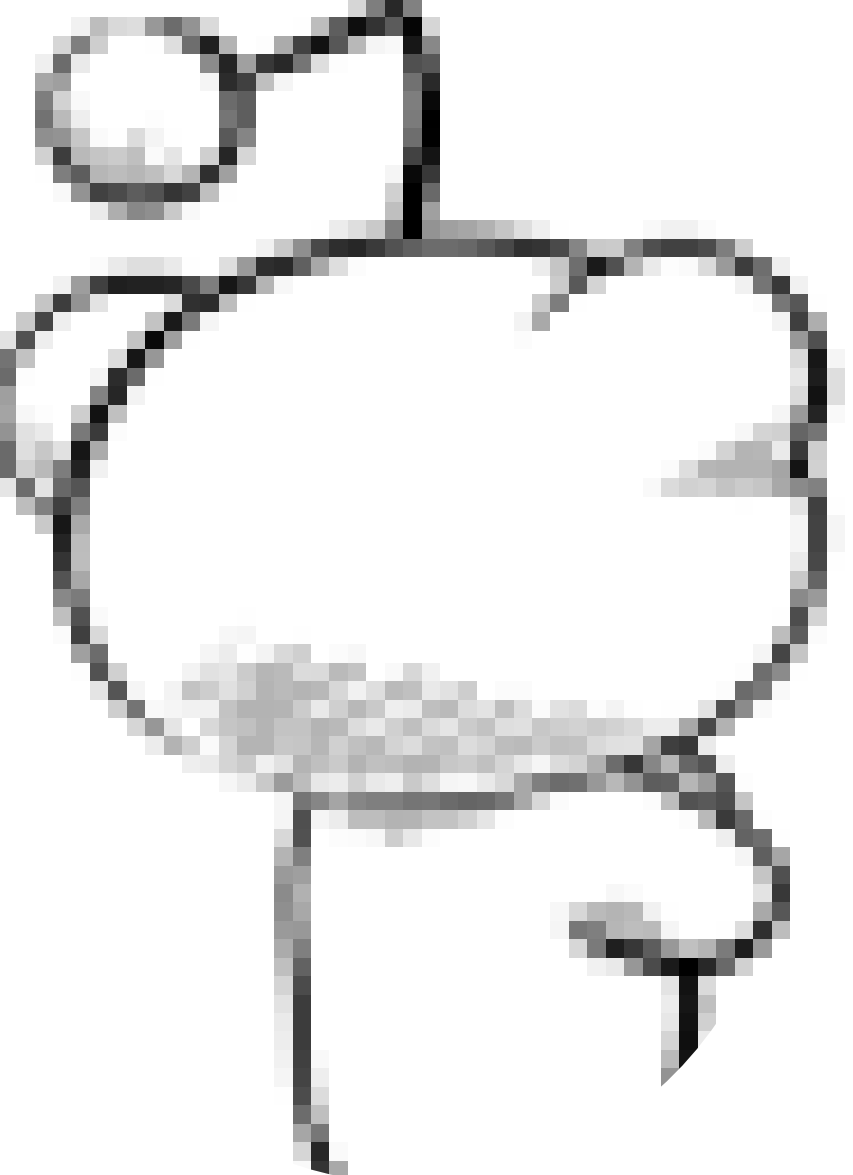
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• 13y ago

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[Nilliak](#)
• 13y ago

While not something my own child has said, my younger cousin (around 5 at the time) once drew a picture of a a black monster, looked up at me, and said "He told me to draw this. He's coming for you. You better hide."

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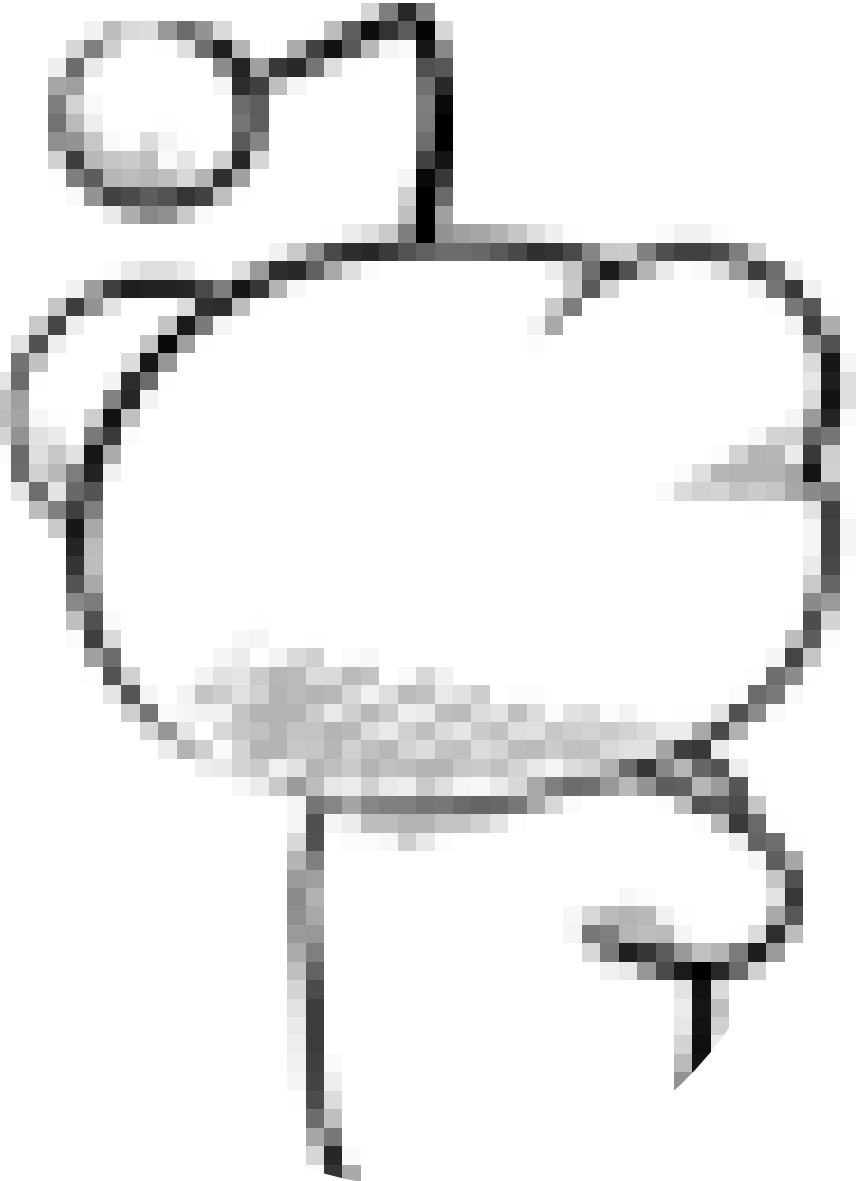
[GatorMcGovern](#)
• 13y ago

A friend of mine's child told him "Daddy, I love you so much that I want to cut your head off and carry it around so I can see your face whenever I want."

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[Hoovinator94](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my little sister was younger she used to walk around the house with a picture frame with a picture of my great grandpa in her hands crying and saying "I miss you Harvey." Harvey had died before even I was born. Other than this common occurrence my mom told me that she would constantly say things that my great grandma Lucy would say.

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[msdarth](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not children but very old people (who can sometimes be quite childlike in their acceptance of all that is) but I used to work in a nursing home for nuns and often before they died they would do strange things. One night I was working a midnight shift and it was about 3am and I was out in the dark hallway cleaning wheelchairs when Sr. Francis came out of her room and wandered towards me saying "listen..do you hear that beautiful music?" She took my hand and led me down the hallway, I was creeped out but intrigued, she led me to a window and opened it and said again "Listen, oh my, its so beautiful..that music." I didn't hear a thing but I agreed with her and led her back to her room. A few days later she died. Before Sr. Francis became a nun she played piano in theatres for the silent movies. Music was a huge part of her life.

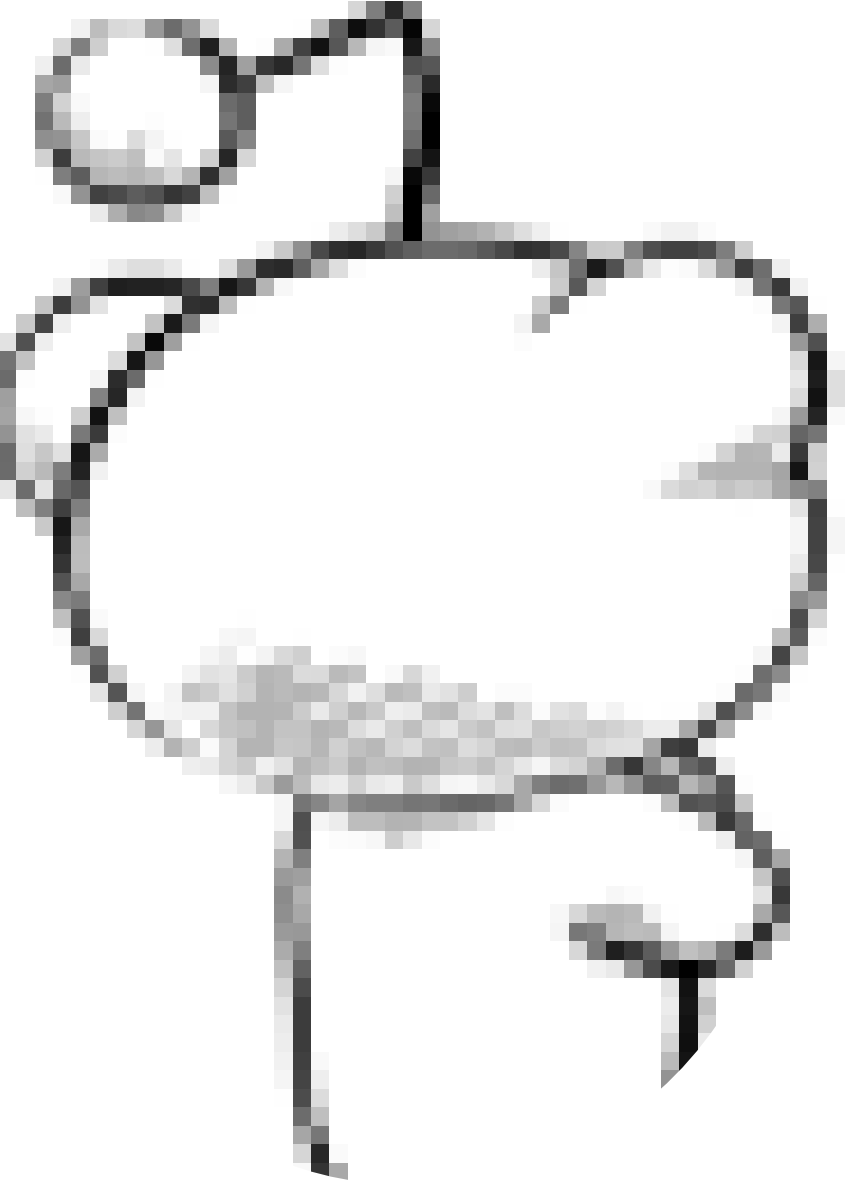
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• 13y ago

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[PersonMcNugget](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Both my kids have done this, and so has my mother. It's actually happened so often, that I have to wonder if I somehow project my thoughts or something.

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[mythopoeia](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I have a daughter, and one day after her bath, she told me about this dream she had, where she was the monster terrorizing other kids. I found out later that she was being bullied, and this was right after Monsters INC came out, so it makes sense in hindsight. But I was shocked when she said how much she enjoyed hurting and scaring them.

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[8packabs](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Reading that made me kinda sad :(

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[babyinthebathwater](#)
• 13y ago

When my nephew was around 3 or 4, he called his father a "demented peon".

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[AmpleWarning](#)
• 13y ago

That's pretty hardcore for a dude that probably stopped wearing training pants like six months ago.

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[bigsol81](#)
• 13y ago

I heard a five year-old literally refer to her mother as a "glassy-eyed, slack-jawed troglodyte!" during a tantrum in a doctor's waiting room once.

I couldn't help but start laughing, and she gave me a dirty look.

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[sociallyawkwardjess](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I don't know if this is relevant but heres something I had said when I was a youngster.

When I was about 5ish my dads cousin shot his 7 year old son and then shot himself (his wife filed for divorce and wanted custody of their son and he went crazy). Well after this happened my dad and his brothers had to clean out their cousins house. Since I was the youngest one at the time they all decided, "Oh! Jess should get this dead child's toys! That's great!"

So I ended up with one of those Little Tikes outdoor play castle. You know the one that was like a little plastic castle tower and you could sit inside? Such a cool fort.

Anyway, The one day I was sitting inside the tower part and my mom was on the deck and she heard me talking to myself. So she comes over and asks who I'm talking to this time (I had a lot of imaginary friends). I told her I was talking to the little boy whose castle it was and told him not to cry because my mommy could be his mommy. My mom promptly had my dad throw the castle out.

TTL;DR - I told my mom that a dead little boy would be her child now too.

Edit - Heres another fun part of the story! When my dad was packing the boys stuffed animals and stuff into his truck to bring them for donation, he heard a little boys voice say, "What are you doing with my toys?" Now my dad is the manliest man I've ever met and he said that he got freaked out by the voice because it was so clear. You'd think this would be a good sign to not give me any of his toys.

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[The Year of Glad](#)

• [13y ago](#)

She probably made that ghost child cry. I hope she's proud of herself.

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[RachelSays-](#)

• [13y ago](#)

have a three year old who says some pretty strange stuff....

Last night: "Mommy.. the man, the very big man with big yellow eyes is looking at you."

I look.. nothing. I tell him there is no man and he is make-believe. My son laughs, "Oh he is hiding now." --- 2 minutes later, "Oh no Mommy, you made him very mad. Now he says he will come when you are sleeping."

Few weeks ago he tells me, "I'm not going to be four. I'm doing to die. And you will put me down, down, down in the hole." I tell him that isn't true, and who told him that. He gets quiet and goes, "The man told me. But I will be scared, so after three night-nights you die too and come with me."

Sheesh. As if I didn't have bad dreams already.

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• [13y ago](#)

I request updates and contact info to perform periodic still alive checks. ୭_୭

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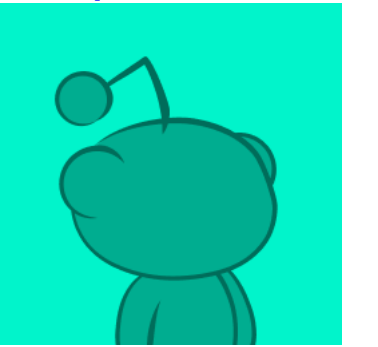
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[quackchick](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

When my little sister first started talking she used to say some really disturbing things. She used to tell us about how her old family would put things inside of her and would make her cry but her Daddy eventually burned her so much that she was able to find us, her new family. She spoke about things like that from the ages of almost two to four, she was much too young to have ever been exposed to any content where children, or anyone else could be sodomized, so my family has always thought she held memories of a prior life.

EDIT: Whoops sorry I haven't replied to many people, it's the next day now and I didn't realise my post had gotten a bit of attention, I've gone through and tried to upvote most people who tried to respond to me and tell your own stories :)

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• [13y ago](#)

I have a similar story. Well, not in the way but in the afterlife sense.

Between the ages of two and six my son would tell me the same story of how he picked me to be his mother. He said something about being with a man in a suit and picking a mother that would help him accomplish his souls mission (I'm atheist, so we didn't discuss spirituality at that point, nor was he raised in any sort of religious environment). The way he described it was that it was similar to grocery shopping, that he was in a bright room with people who were lined up like dolls, and that he picked me. The man in the suit asked him if he was sure, he replied that he was, and then he was born.



My son also had an early fascination with WWII era planes. He could identify them, their parts, what region they were used in and the like. I still have no idea where he got that information. I'm a science gal, his dad is a math guy.

We have always called him "Grandpa" because of his peaceful and gingerly demeanor. This kid seriously has an old soul.

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[clothesallowence](#)
• 13y ago

We got my little sister a puppy over Christmas break. We waited till she was asleep, then went to pick up the puppy. So, the next day she woke up, and when she saw the dog, instead of going all googly-eyed and happy, she said, "my baby! It's not time for you yet!" And tried to pick up the dog and shove it in her mouth.

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[benedictishii](#)
• 13y ago

My older sister was born the year my Dad's mom died. According to my dad, as soon as my sister was old enough to say the words, she said "I am your mother."

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[acefamilia](#)
• 13y ago

When my oldest was about 3 years old I had a really weird dream where an alien was trying to take my son. I was lying in bed watching this alien take him by the hand and started taking off towards the window. When I went to scream I woke up. Here is the creepy part....I wake up to find my 3 year old turning on the night light in our room. He turns to look at me and says "oh, its ok mommy. The alien is gone." I didn't sleep for the rest of the night.



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[narcberry](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Kid (4 year old): I want a cupcake

Me: No.

Kid: I want a cupcake, please?

Me: No.

Kid: *Whispers* If you give me a cupcake I wont cut your neck.

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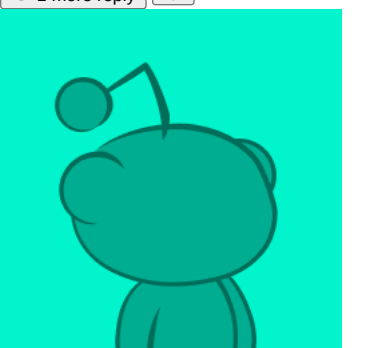


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[tjennings21](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I babysit my little cousins all the time. The 4 year old was in the sandbox stirring up some stuff in a bucket. I ask her, "What are you making, Mya?" She looks at me with a straight face and says, "Unicorn blood." and then goes back to stirring. I just kept thinking...I'm babysitting Voldemort.

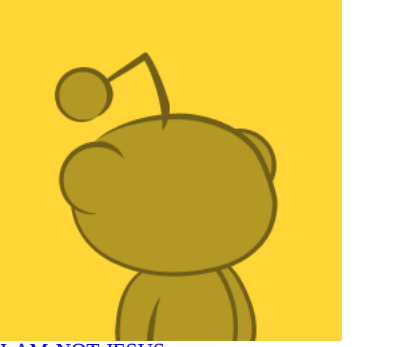
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[I-AM-NOT-JESUS](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My daughter told me she wanted to live with me and my wife forever. She's 17

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[TractorGeek](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I don't know if this is "creepy" or not, but when my son was two he started asking me "you fucking with me?" He said it like he was De Niro. I would kinda' flip out on him, telling him not to say that. I couldn't figure out where he learned it. Fast forward to Thanksgiving dinner, with my entire family, and my wife's entire family, in attendance. Right as dinner started he asked my wife's grandma' "you fucking with me?" Holy shit, the whole place fell apart, with everybody raising their voice at my little two year old who had no idea what he was doing wrong. Of course, everyone figured he learned it from TractorGeek. Swell. Fast forward a few more weeks and he finally is able to annunciate: "Play football with me?" He's six now. I can't wait until he's old enough to hear this story.

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[kotacub](#)
• 13y ago

When I was young, like maybe two years old, my grandma was in the hospital, dying of cancer. Obviously i had no idea what was going on, but apparently one day when my mother and aunt were watching me, I suddenly looked at them and said "Only one Grandma"

they kept trying to convince me otherwise, that no, i had two grandmas, but I kept repeating that line over and over

Then the phone rang. It was my uncle calling to tell my mother that my grandma had passed a few minutes ago

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[lovemypups21](#)
• 13y ago

My brother had a similar experience as a child. We had gone to visit my grandparents earlier in the day and everything was fine. When it was time to go to bed my brother, he was about 5 at the time, started crying and saying he wanted to "talk to Papa because he's sick". My mom and dad kept assuring him that he was fine as we were just over there earlier in the day. My brother wouldn't stop screaming so my mom called my grandparents. My grandma was awake and said my grandpa was asleep but she decided to take the phone into his room so he could talk to my grandpa. When she went in to the room my grandpa was unresponsive and had just had a heart attack. Fortunately for him my psycho brother knew somehow and he was able to survive. That was 23 years ago and my grandpa just passed 2 years ago.

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[hissxywife](#)
• 13y ago

"One day I want to step on a squirrel and watch its eyes squish out"

we stared at each other for a moment (my husband and I) and told him that hurting animals is not ok

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[Craiggomyyeggo](#)

• 13y ago

I don't have kids of my own yet, but my little brother did something that creeps me out to this day.

He was around 3 when it happened. My mom called me from my room to grab her a towel so that she could keep an eye on both of my little brothers that were playing in the tub. I had grabbed the towel and was just walking into the bathroom when my three year old brother, who normally had that adorable broken little kid speech suddenly sat up straight in the tub, cocked his head and said in the most serious pronounced voice "look mom, I can't die!". He had crossed his arms over his chest and slid underwater. It took a second for me and my mom to react, but she pulled him out pretty quick. He had inhaled a bunch of water and was crying, but he was ok.

So fast-forward a couple of years, we were replacing the trim in my little brothers' room that was adjacent to the bathroom. We were tearing down the trim in their closet that adjoined to my parents room, and we found an old penciled height chart on the wall where the trim was. There was only one kid named "Alan", and the height chart stopped at the age of five. The old lady that had owned the house before us had sold it to us so she could help take care of her husband in an assisted living home. She had mentioned on more than one occasion that they were the first owners of the house and had never had kids. So we did some research, and (thanks to the public library's amazing newspaper archive) found an article from the 1950's stating that the old couple had, indeed, had a kid. He had drowned in the tub in the same bathroom my little brother had his episode in. The conclusion in the paper followed somewhere along the lines that his mom wasn't supervising him in the bathroom when he had stood up in the tub, slipped, and hit his head His name was Alan. I refused to even go in my parents bathroom after that

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[BuddyChrist117](#)

• 13y ago

I have a younger brother who had an imaginary friend when he was younger. He was also an avid sleep walker. When he was around three or four, he started talking to someone he called Friya (Fry-uh). He described Friya as a dark skinned man with little clothes who loved to hunt in the wilderness. Then one day he told me that Friya used to live nearby the house a long time ago. And then some white people came and burned him alive and killed his village. Not exactly something you expect to hear from a four year old. I remember I would be in my room and hear him talking like he was having a conversation and when I would try to check on him, he would immediately become silent and turn his head as soon as I peeked around the corner. Very unsettling. Well my other brother, the middle child, was visiting his dad for the summer but the day before he got back, my youngest brother told my mother and I that "Friya does not like when (brother) is mean to me. He's going to scare him." The night he got home, my mom and I were downstairs and heard a scream that I can still hear to this day. We ran upstairs and found the middle brother swearing that someone was shaking his bed violently. It was a bunk bed. My youngest brother was sound asleep. A month later, my youngest brother took a bad fall and cracked his skull. He was fine, but never talked to Friya again after that. He would also sleep walk constantly. And show up right next to my bed and stare at me until I woke up and promptly shit myself. One night I heard my front door open and close. Since it was 4am, I went to check it out. I opened the door and found my brother at the far end of the yard, in the snow, only in his underwear, staring right at me. Then he slowly waved. Those shivers weren't from the cold.

TL;DR My youngest brother had an imaginary friend who could have been a Native American. Scary stuff ensued.

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[DanishWonder](#)
• 13y ago

buckling my 5 year old into her car seat she told me she had a dream that we got in a car accident and she was "all red" and mommy had to come get her. I asked where I was, she said at the hospital and mommy was crying.

Yeah, I drove slow that day. FTR, I have not been in a car accident since before my daughter was born, I have no clue where she got this context.

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[blushberry4](#)
• 13y ago

My little sister was about 11 (not very young, but young enough) when our dad passed away. A few days after he passed, my mother and I were woken up in the wee hours of the morning by a furious banging. We went downstairs to find my sister trying desperately to open our back door, yelling "He wants back in! We have to let him back in!" She has no recollection of it, and we believe she *may* have been sleepwalking...

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[Lord of hosts](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My 3-year-old son generally has a happy-go-lucky attitude, so this is pretty odd.

Sometimes when he's cuddling with his mommy, he'll say, very seriously, "Mom, I promise I won't *ever* chew on your bones. I promise."

Absolutely no idea where he got this.

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[beckysmom](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My youngest daughter (no, not Becky) told me that she would never be able to go to college like her sister. Why? Because her dad & I would be dead and there wouldn't be anybody to pay her tuition. I told her orphans get scholarships, not to worry.

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[pelayobesa](#)
• 13y ago

My cousin was thrown out of a preschool for taking off his shoe and telling a nun: "Shut up or I'll take out your eye with my shoe 'cause I'm the son of the devil." Apparently that was the last straw.

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[tabascotazer](#)
• 13y ago

I came here expecting some kids say the darndest things, and ended up reading some scary shit and having amorphous blobs in my house.

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• [13y ago](#)

My daughter keeps telling me stories about when she was big and I was little. She talks about taking care of me when I was little.

Probably just a kid being a kid.

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[clerkim12](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 3 or 4 I would tell my dad stories about how I was good friends with his grandfather. I provided names and traits that had never been said around me before. I also claimed to have ghost brothers who were buried in a cemetery we often drove past.

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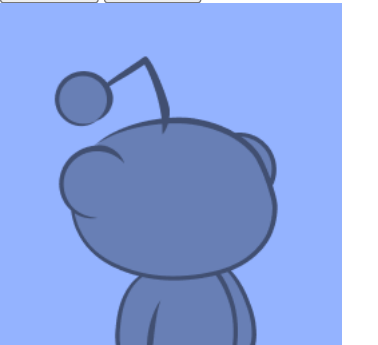
[NejKidd](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Is there room for a freaky paranormal one?

My mum's dad died 10 years before I was born. I was about 6 or 7 when my parents divorced. The day before my mum told me they were divorcing apparently I was at the kitchen table drawing or something while my mum cooked tea. She says I stopped instantly and looked toward the front door as if I'd heard it open. I stared for a long time, then giggled, turned toward my mum and said "Grand-dad says don't worry, everything will be okay and he won't let anything bad happen." I then began humming and went back to my drawing. My mum says it's the single creepiest thing that's ever happened to her, and I have no memory of it happening.

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[yentruck](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This one creeped me out because at first I thought it was my sister posting it. She did almost the same exact thing when she was little except it was my mom's mom who had died before she was born.

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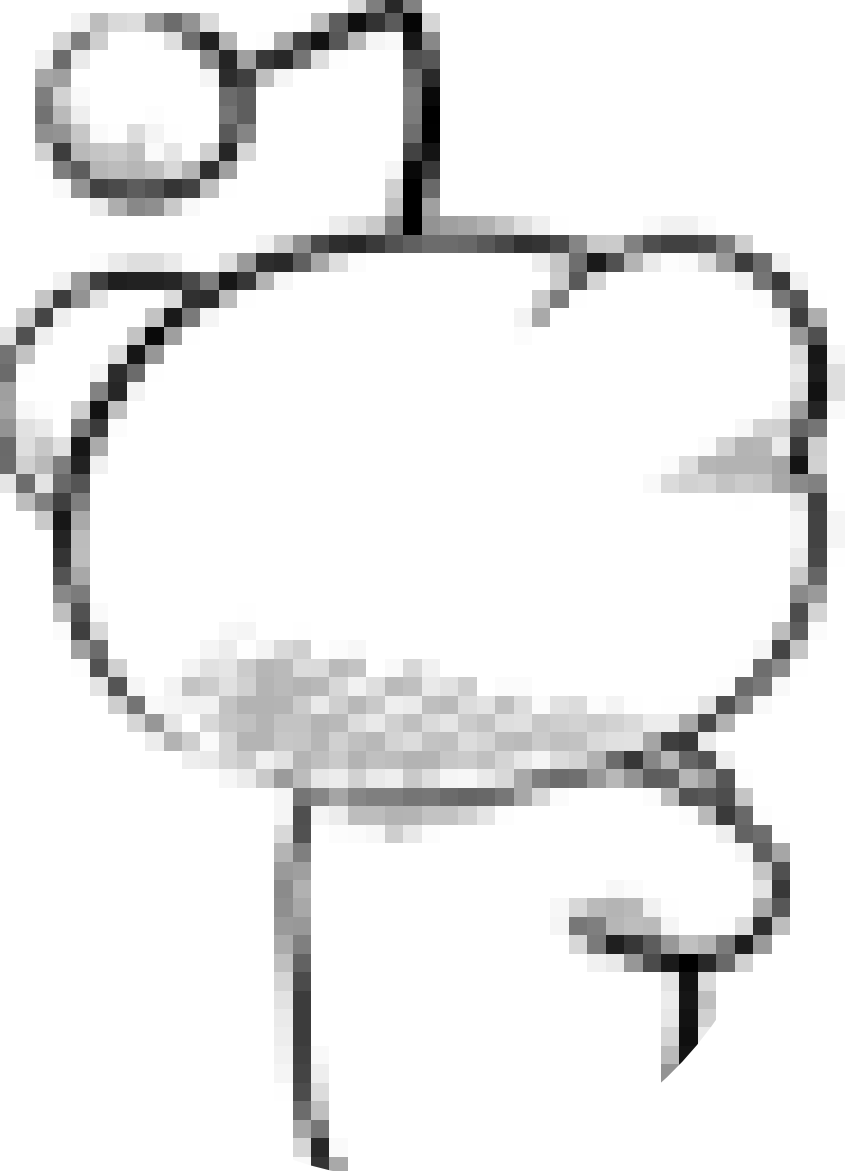
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• 13y ago

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• 13y ago

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idgman94
• 13y ago

He wishes he could be in the world of Pokemon with his own Pokemon friends going on an adventure. The kid just has an imagination.

Source: I wanted to be the very best, like no one ever was.

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[Pinklette](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Yesterday my 3yo son told me "today's [sister's] birthday!"

I went into labor last night.

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• [13y ago](#)

and you're on reddit now? Your dedication is unquestionable

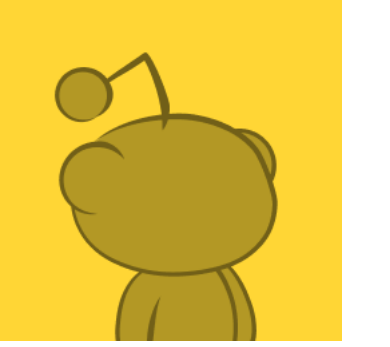
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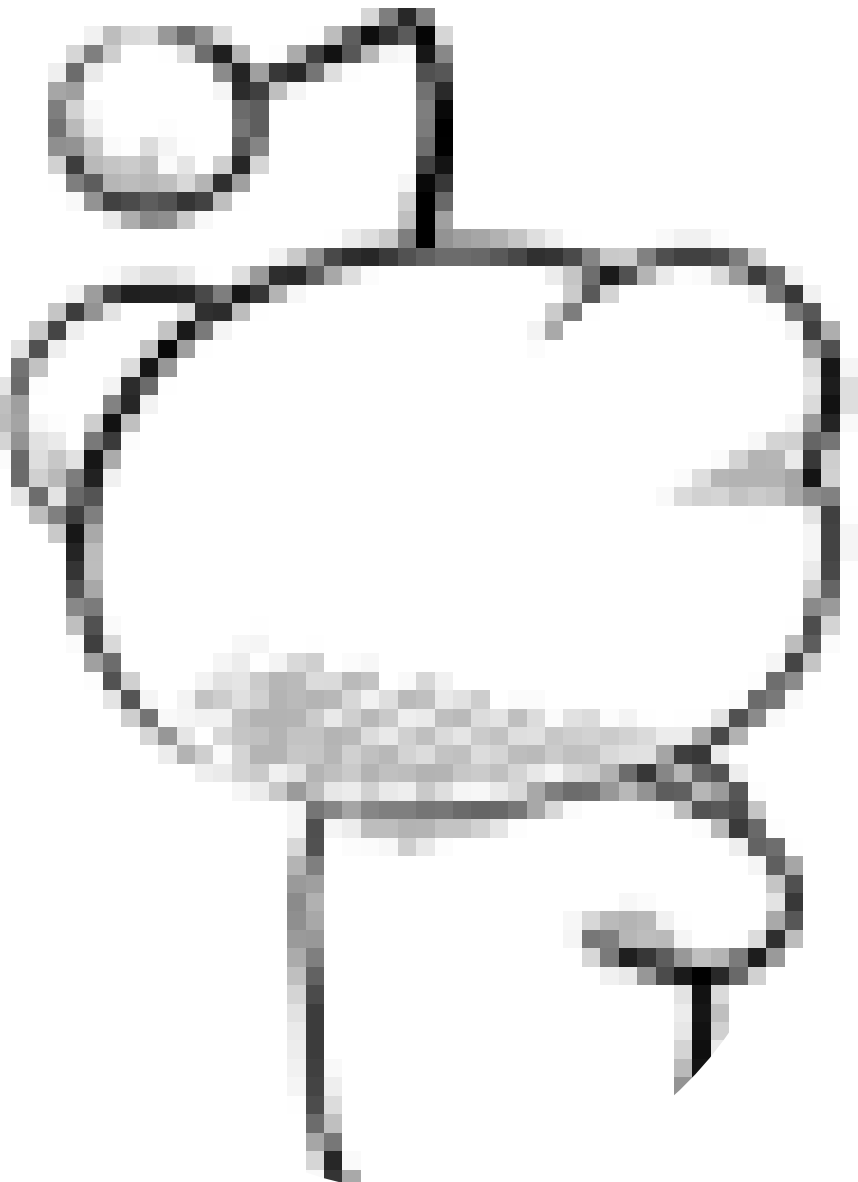
[amy_mcg](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Apparently my brother did something similar when I was born.

My Mum and Dad went to the hospital and my Nanna stayed home to look after my brother who was 18 months old. At about 10:15pm he looked up at my Nanna and said 'Mummy baby, Mummy baby'. 15 minutes later my Nanna got a call from my Dad saying I'd just been born.

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• [13y_ago](#)

I asked my 3 kids what they wanted to do when they grew up. 10-year-old Jason said, "I want to be a teacher." 8-year-old Mitzi said, "I want to be a writer." 6-year-old Nick said, "I want to run the machine that cuts the heads off the chickens." Alll-righty then.



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[Kukuroo](#)

• [13y ago](#)

While having a fire in the back yard my baby cousin lit a branch on fire and stared at it for a few minutes while muttering
"burn.....burn....BURN!" Eventually as more of the stick caught fire he started laughing manically and yelling in a deep demonic voice,
"**BUUURRRNNNNINNGGGG BUURRRNNNINGGGG BUUURRRNNN!!!!**"

It was terrifying.

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[JabbaDHutt](#)

• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

He will grow up to be the king of Westeros.

EDIT: I love how everyone thinks I'm talking about a different king.

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[Jimslam](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

My then 2-year-old daughter used to scream in the night, and told my wife and I it was because she was visited by a lady. A few weeks later, she stopped screaming. Off handedly, I asked if the lady had stopped coming. She answered "No, she's just nice now. Her name is Shelia. She sleeps in my bed sometimes."

A year later, my youngest daughter turned 2 and started having the same screaming fits. Talking to her, she described the same lady named "Shelia".



Skip forward 3 years. We'd never talked with our kids about it, figuring there had to be some active imaginations and sibling story telling involved. Hadn't come up in at least 2 years. We moved with our three kids, including a 2.5 year old son. First night in the new house, he asked "Where will Shelia sleep now?"

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• 13y ago

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[chaoticpix93](#)
• 13y ago

This needs to be posted to [r/creepypasta](#)

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[caledoniav](#)
• 13y ago

Thank you for having my entire household (including myself) in complete hysterics as I conducted a dramatic reading for everyone.

P.S. My Mum says you're a pussy.

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[doktorknow](#)
• [13y ago](#)

We recently moved into a new house. My daughter's room has a closet that is down a narrow little hallway. I woke up one morning after having lived there for like a week, and my daughter isn't in her bed. No biggie, she's downstairs. Nope. I looked everywhere for her and nothing. I went back to her room and called to her, "Are you in here?"

"DON'T COME IN HERE!!!" from the closet. I went and looked down the little hallway but couldn't see her, as she was inside and to the left.

"DON'T COME IN HERE!!!"

" Please come out."

"DON'T LOOK AT ME!!!"

"What are you doing in there, Kaitlyn?"

"I'M NOT KAITLYN!!!"

I noped right out of there for a second because I was pretty freaked out. I went and got my wife out of bed. Wife came in and checked on her. Turns out, she was in there putting on a Strawberry Shortcake costume to surprise me and didn't want me to see before she got it on.

Freaked me right the fuck out.

TL;DR Daughter acted possessed from inside a dark closet.

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[jarecis](#)
• [13y ago](#)

A few months ago my 3 year old daughter had the flu. After she was feeling a little better my wife took her outside in our backyard to play.

My wife was sitting on the back step and my daughter came up and asked her if she could play with the little girl on our slide.

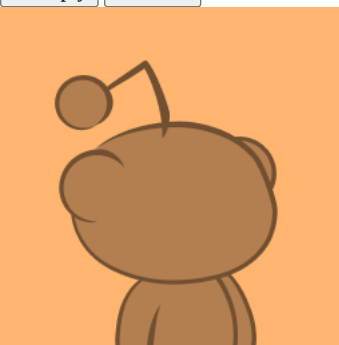
My wife said " I don't see a little girl" and my daughter said "she is right over there on the slide mom, can't I play with her?"

My wife said "I don't see anyone" and my daughter insisted, "she is on the slide, and she is blue, can I play with her."

My wife, now freaked out said "lets go inside and make a snack" so they did.

For the rest of the day my daughter kept going and looking out the back door and kept telling my wife that the little blue girl was lonely.

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[Shablahdoo](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Da ba dee da ba di

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[finklefunk](#)

• [13y ago](#)

One could easily write a new season of American Horror Story with this thread.

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[selinajane](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Happened the other day... 8 yr old "daughter1" eating caribbean food with the family. She loves those fried dough balls.

Daughter1 said, "mmm I love these balls in my mouth. They fit so perfectly."

Husband and I burst out into uncontrollable laughter and almost choke.

daughter2 says, "why are you laughing mommy, is it because you're thinking about balls like on a boys penis?"

daughter1 says, "mommy do girls really put boys balls in their mouths?"

daughter2 says, "mommy do you do that?"

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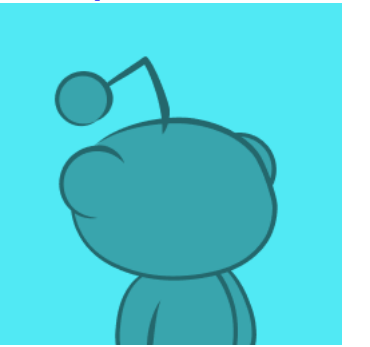
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[eriksatx](#)

• 13y ago

My Boss had two daughters one of which died very young in life due to a medical condition, she passed away in her early twenties.

Anyways the family found it easier to not keep picture up of her or really discuss her as their way of mourning. Anyways the other sister had five children and on a quite frequent basis one of her little girls at a very young age would say she was playing with her imaginary friend Lisa, which is also the name of the deceased sister. Not too much was paid attention to that fact until one day she also added that her friend was her Aunt, and she visited her quite frequently. The little girl had never been exposed to the fact that she had a Aunt and she had passed away before she was born nor had she been told her name. I am close to the family and when I heard that story it freaked me out.

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[KypriothAU](#)

• 13y ago

I'm not a parent myself, but a friend of mine has a 4 year old son who lives with his mother (they're separated). One time (he would have been nearly 4) another of the mother's housemates had a litter of puppies and was in the process of trying to find homes for them.

The kid put one of them in the front-loader washing machine with some laundry and managed to set it on a spin cycle, then went back into his room across from the laundry to play. My friend (the kid's dad) was visiting at the time, and heard the machine going. He went to investigate, then saw the puppy and realized what had happened.

He just figured the kid didn't know what he was doing, and quickly removed the dead puppy, to spare his son being traumatized. The kid saw his dad walk past the doorway, went to check the washing machine, and then asked him "Where is that dead puppy daddy?".

Quite possibly the creepiest thing I had ever heard of a kid saying / doing. Apart from that one incident, he has always been a completely normal boy.

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[GodNK](#)
• [13y ago](#)

maybe the puppy was already dead before he put it in

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A small, empty white rectangular box with a thin black border, located in the bottom right corner of the page.



[ShutUpLori](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter likes to come into our bedroom and wake me up by wispering into my ear, "There is no Aida, only Zuul" in this really creepy voice.

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[FryerFace](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Hey now, Ghostbusters isn't creepy. The ear whispering though, yeah, slightly off putting.

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• 13y ago

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[⊕ More replies](#)



[fleafartzz](#)

• 13y ago

According to my mom when I was younger I would tell her about how I had died in a fire a long time ago. I don't remeber that but one of my biggest fears is my house burning down or Just being around open fire scares me.

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[KibokotheHippo](#)

• 13y ago

My son was about 4 and a half and his sister was 18 months. I said I was really sorry I wouldn't be able to read them a story that night as I had a meeting to go to, but I would read two the following night to make up. My son said, "It's ok, Mama, Auntie Tracy will read to us". I felt the hairs go up on the back of my neck. I thought he must have that wrong, so said, "Who?". He answered, "Auntie Tracy, Mama. She looks just like you. After we go to bed she reads and sings to us". I had never told them that I was an identical twin and my sister was stillborn. Her name was Tracy.

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[LikePullinTeeth](#)

• 13y ago

Not a parent, but when I was eight I asked my mother what it was like to die and when she told me she didn't know I told her not to worry because I'd find out when I was twenty-one.

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[classicesco](#)

• 13y ago

Well how old are you now?

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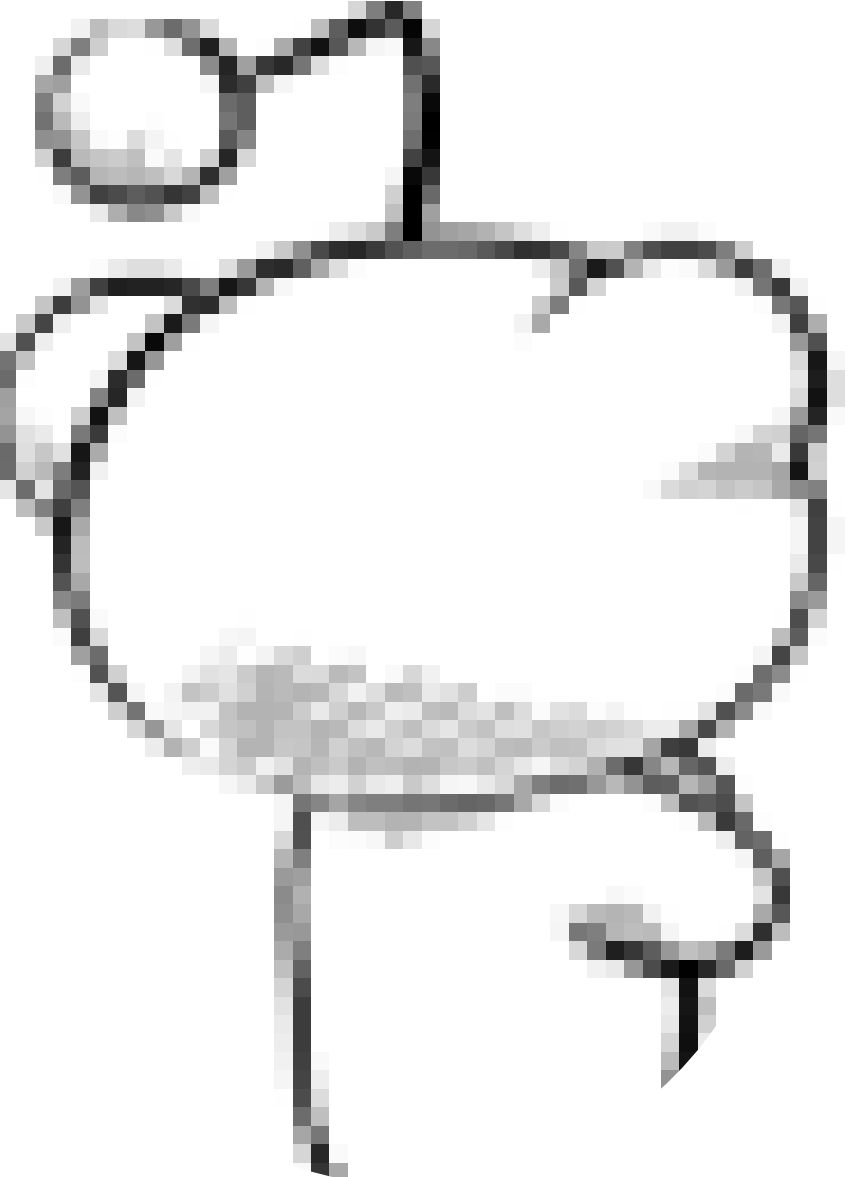
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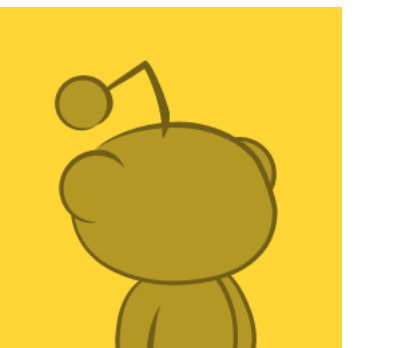


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• 13y ago

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[NecroGod](#)
• [13y ago](#)

The best part of this story is the *I-told-you-so* insinuating "HA!"

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[whizperz](#)
• 13y ago

About a year ago my daughter (who was about 3 years old at the time) started screaming around 2 AM. I could tell by the sound of her voice that something wasn't right. I was still very groggy and half asleep but still managed to rush down the hall and into her room without turning any of the lights on so I wouldn't wake her brother up. I go over to her bed and hear her screaming like crazy right in front of me but I pull back the covers and she isn't there. Because of how early it was and how quickly all this was happening, my brain is having a really hard time processing the situation. I could hear her RIGHT in front of me but I can clearly see she isn't there. I turn the light on and still can't find her. Meanwhile, she is getting more freaked out because she can hear me and can tell I can't find her either. After what felt like minutes, I finally realized she had fallen out of bed, rolled underneath it, and had freaked out because she couldn't move and couldn't tell where she was. I can still remember that moment of sheer panic I felt when I pulled back the covers and she wasn't there, while still hearing the scream coming "from" her bed.

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[DWM88](#)

• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

So a friend of mine was six years old when she told her mother that "the lady who use to live here told me that she hates the wallpaper" and that "you are covering her note". My friends mom just thought it was make believe rambling and forgot about it. Well, twelve years later when the mom is redecorating and taking down the wallpaper in the attic, she finds a suicide note scratched into the wall. The mom freaks the fuck out and calls my friend and starts crying asking if she remembered anything more about the women who spoke to her. My friend starts to recall the woman and starts to freak out saying she only remembered talking to her in the attic.

EDIT: deleted

EDIT: OK so address is not OK to post. Sorry about that.

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[Galika](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Whelp, thats enough Reddit for me today

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[lauradice](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my kid, but my brothers' four year old came up to me, looked me straight in the eyes and said, very seriously: "The day I will become a grandfather, you will die". He then turned around and continued to do stuff kids normally do.

He's 27, single and has no kids, so I'm save for now ;-)

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[Deucebot](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 15 month old daughter and I were looking at pictures of animals and I was asking her what sounds they make. She would shout the responses. "What does the cow say?" "MOO!" "What does the lion say?" "RAWR!" "What does the polar bear say?" She looked me right in the eyes and said, softly, "murttttttderrrrrrrrrr."

I mean, she's not wrong. Polar bears are badasses.

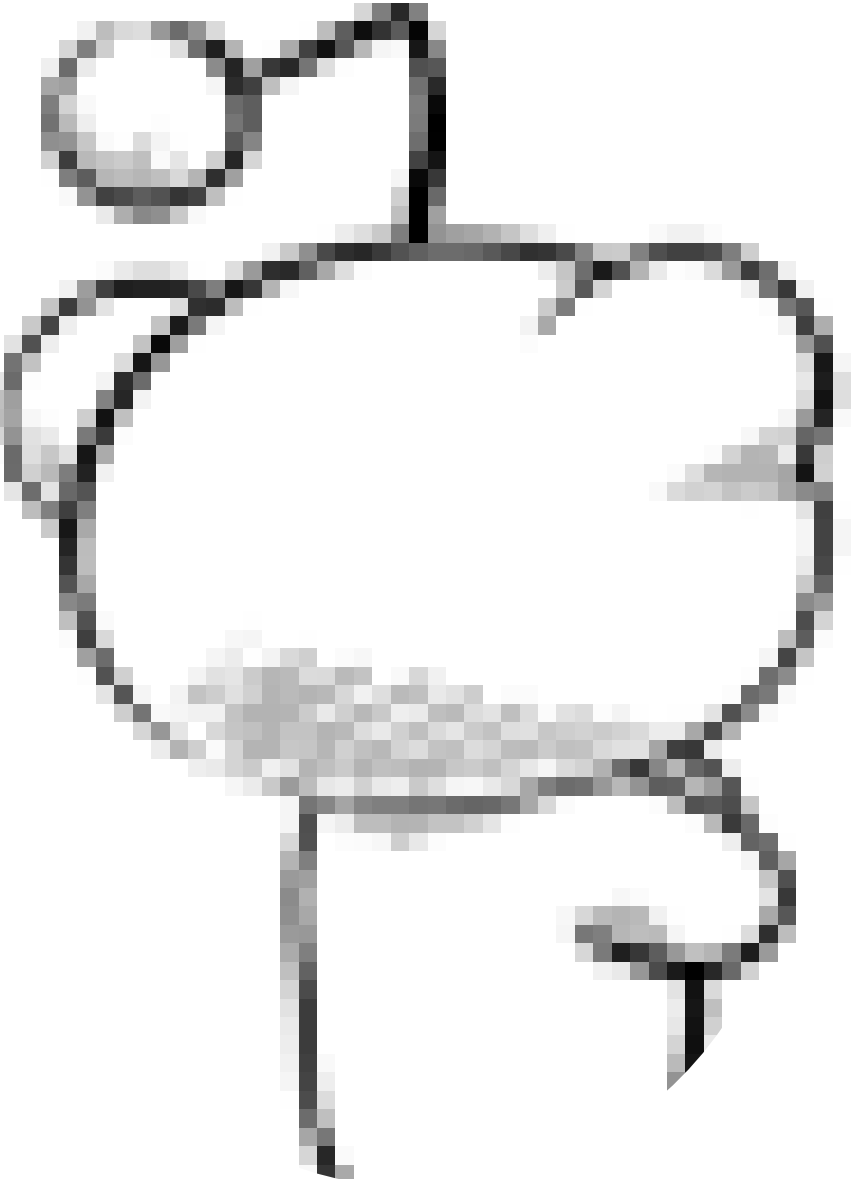
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• [13y ago](#)

My kid's catholic school is over 100 years old. there is a basement under the gym that's used for storage. I was subbing once and during recess one of the kick balls goes down the stairs. A little girl was standing at the top of the stairs yelling "just throw it up to me". I went over and asked who she was talking to and she replied "that big man down the stairs" I went down and there was nobody down there and it was the only way in.

I asked some of the other kids if they have seen the man before and they said "yes, but sister told us not to talk to him". I asked them to describe "sister" and they described a nun and there haven't been nuns at the school in 40 years.

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• [13y ago](#)

I hope you're lying about this....

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[MajorMuffinCakes](#)

• [13y ago](#)

You went down there??? You went down into the basement with the big ghost man to retrieve a kickball??? Those things are like \$3 at walmart.

"SCREW the kickball. SCREW this sub job. SCREW the dead nuns. I'm out." - MajorMuffinCakes, had she been the sub that day.

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[sackofpotatoes](#)

• [13y ago](#)

About a week after moving out 2 year old upstairs into her own room, my wife and I were up there playing with her and she says

"Cedric comes out to play with me when I go to bed."

My wife asked her where he comes from, and she says "From over in the corner."

I had recently walled off a lower section of the room (slanted ceilings) that used to have a creepy 3 foot tall door in it. She pointed right to where the door used to be.

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• [13y ago](#)



OK, backstory time. When I was a kid "Mr. Rand" used to come into my room 4 or 5 times a week. He'd talk to me and tell me about 'stuff' and how he was killed in WW2. See Ol' mate Rand was a figment of my 4 year old imagination. Any way one day when I was 9 or so Mr. Rand stopped showing up.

Fast forward to about 3 years ago and my son, who is about 5 at the time, walks out of his room one night at about 11:30and says there's a man in his room. I flip out And run in his room to find nobody to which he then says "Mr. Rand said you can't see him anymore, but he's ok!". The kids got his own imaginary mate called Mr. Rand, but they only chat once or twice a year.

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[quasifandango](#)
• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

[Ancestry.com](#) lets you search with specific parameters... WW2, Feb 5 1942... Looks like 3 Rands come up: J Rand, Lewis Rand, and W Rand. You need a membership to the site to get any more details. Anyone have a membership??

Edit: Corrected date - Ancestry search was correct with Feb 5.

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[gawkl](#)
• [13y ago](#)

.... I'm gonna want updates on this - ask him what Mr Rand tells him!

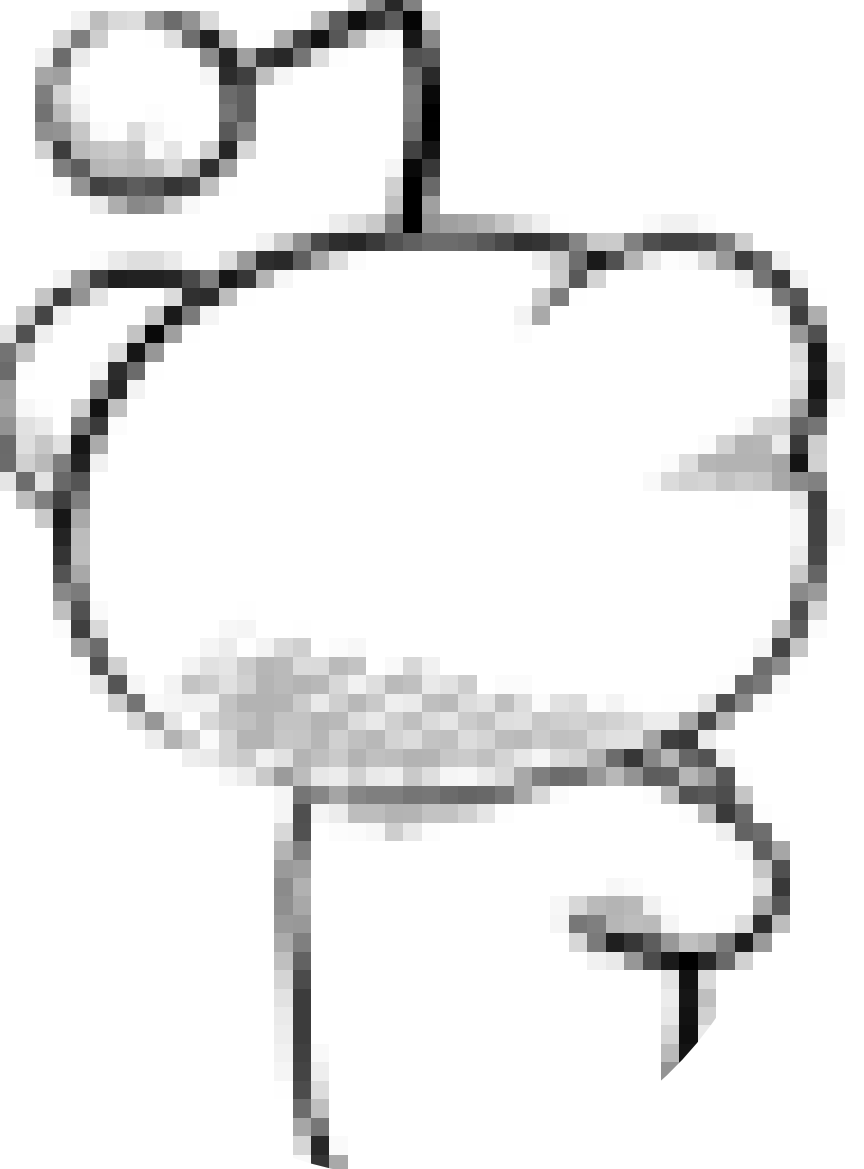
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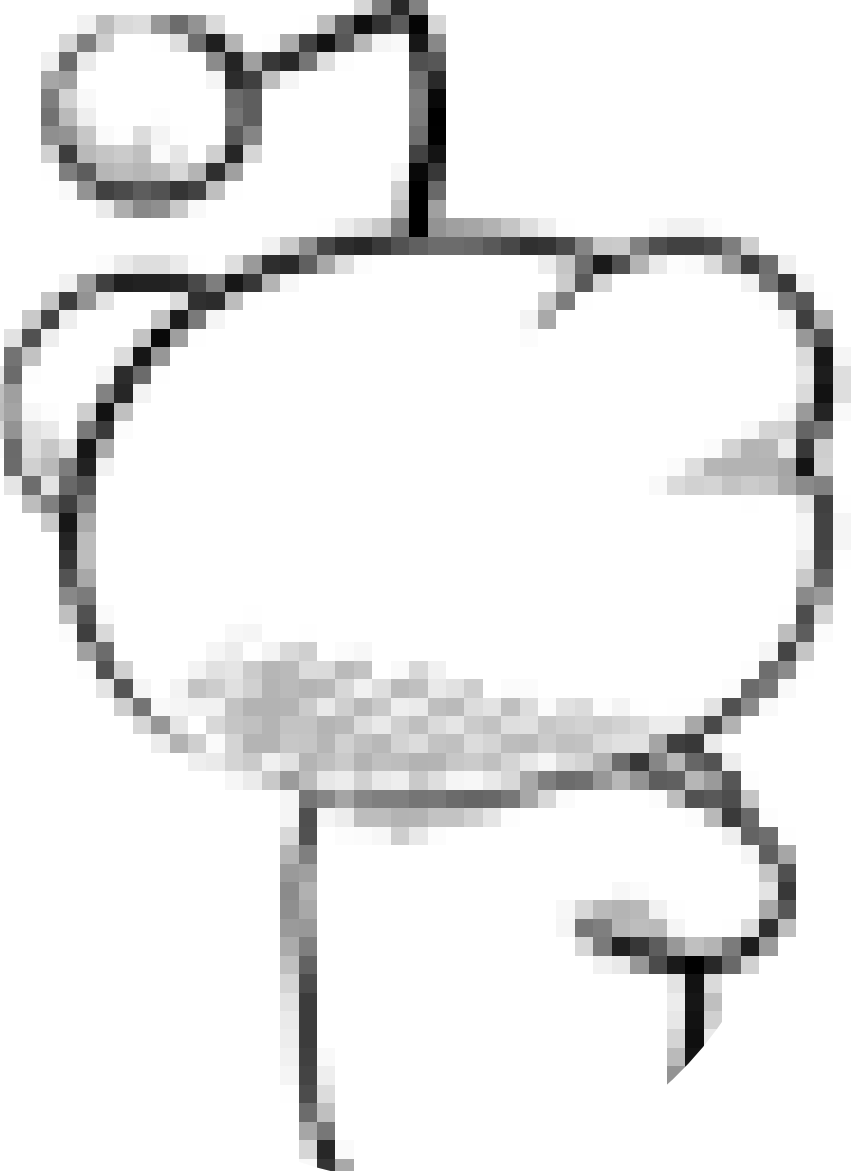


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• 13y ago

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• 13y ago

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[ridik ulass](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"Daddy, some day I'll be dead, but thats Ok"
2 yr old daughter while watching a film.

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• [13y ago](#)

"Fuckalicious"

-my six year old daughter

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[implementor](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My son was about 3 years old, and was putting up his stuffed animals into a bin. He would pick each one up, say it's name, and then into the toy bin it went. He picked up his bear and said "Bear", then put it away, his dog and said "Puppy" and put it away, then picked up the stuffed Cthulhu one of my friends gave him, looked squarely at it and said "Master", then put it into the bin and went onto the next one.

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[paulohagan](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Walking through a graveyard to "visit" some departed family members, we walked across the grave of a baby boy who died shortly after being born.

There's a family relationship, so we know for a fact the mother is still alive. My 4 year old son turned to my wife and said "Why is that baby crying? Why won't his mom hug him? Just writing about it makes me shiver.

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[level1biscuit](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Babysitting my nephew, he was around 4 or so. Me: Will you go get the cup from the living room? Him: No. I don't go in the living room. Me: Why? Him: That's where the fireplace is. Me: So? Him: That's were the scary girl lives. Me: Well, I guess I don't go in there either.

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• [13y ago](#)

My 1 year old daughter had an awful flu that wouldn't let up last winter. I remember putting her tired, grouchy self to sleep one night and, after much tossing and turning, she finally fell silent.

I started doing some light housework a little later and accidentally knocked over a glass and it shattered. I cringed, thinking I had woken up my finally sleeping baby and I went upstairs to check on her. She was still out like a light so I softly kissed her forehead and smiled.

However, once I had turned to leave her room, I hear this raspy voice say "mooOoooOommmmmmyyyyyyy..." almost like a low growl from right behind me. I turned around and she was standing up in her crib, swaying slightly back and forth and staring at me with her eyes wide open and arms limp by her side.

I did not sleep well that night.

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[lov3lyladym](#)
• 13y ago

I was tucking my three year old son into bed the other day. We say the typical slew of I love you's , then he just stops talking. Extremely atypical. He has maybe shut up one time since his larvae stage. So he puts his head down on his pillow, kind of pointing his face down and rolls his eyes up to look at me. His arm was down by his side, and he just points one little finger towards the rocking chair in his room, without moving his arm. He says, "Mommy, before you leave, can you take the rocking chair out of my room so the man will leave me alone?" I'm pretty sure all the color drained from my face. He then proceeds to tell me that the mans name is Johnny and he's a bad man and very mean. Johnny doesn't say anything though because he doesn't have a mouth. He just sits there and stares at my son... :-/

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[wife of bmacnz](#)
• 13y ago

Not "creepy" exactly, but gave me the chills... My 5 year old son asked if he was going to be old enough to take care of himself when mommy and daddy died - and if he would have to take care of his sister (she is still in utero) by himself.

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[Aldermere](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My mother took my son to an antique car show; I think he was maybe 3 or 4 at the time. He looked at a Model T Ford and said "My brother had one of those!". He doesn't have a brother.

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[kinsey3](#)
• 13y ago

When I was little (so young I don't remember it, but I had just started talking), my parents were watching something on tv or something (like I said, I don't remember, this is just what I've been told) and I was playing on my own not really paying attention. My dad said something like "Hey, look at that old record player!", to which I responded "That's not a record player. That's a gramophone." My mom asked me how I knew that, and I casually replied "I used to have one" and went back to playing with my alphabet blocks or whatever.

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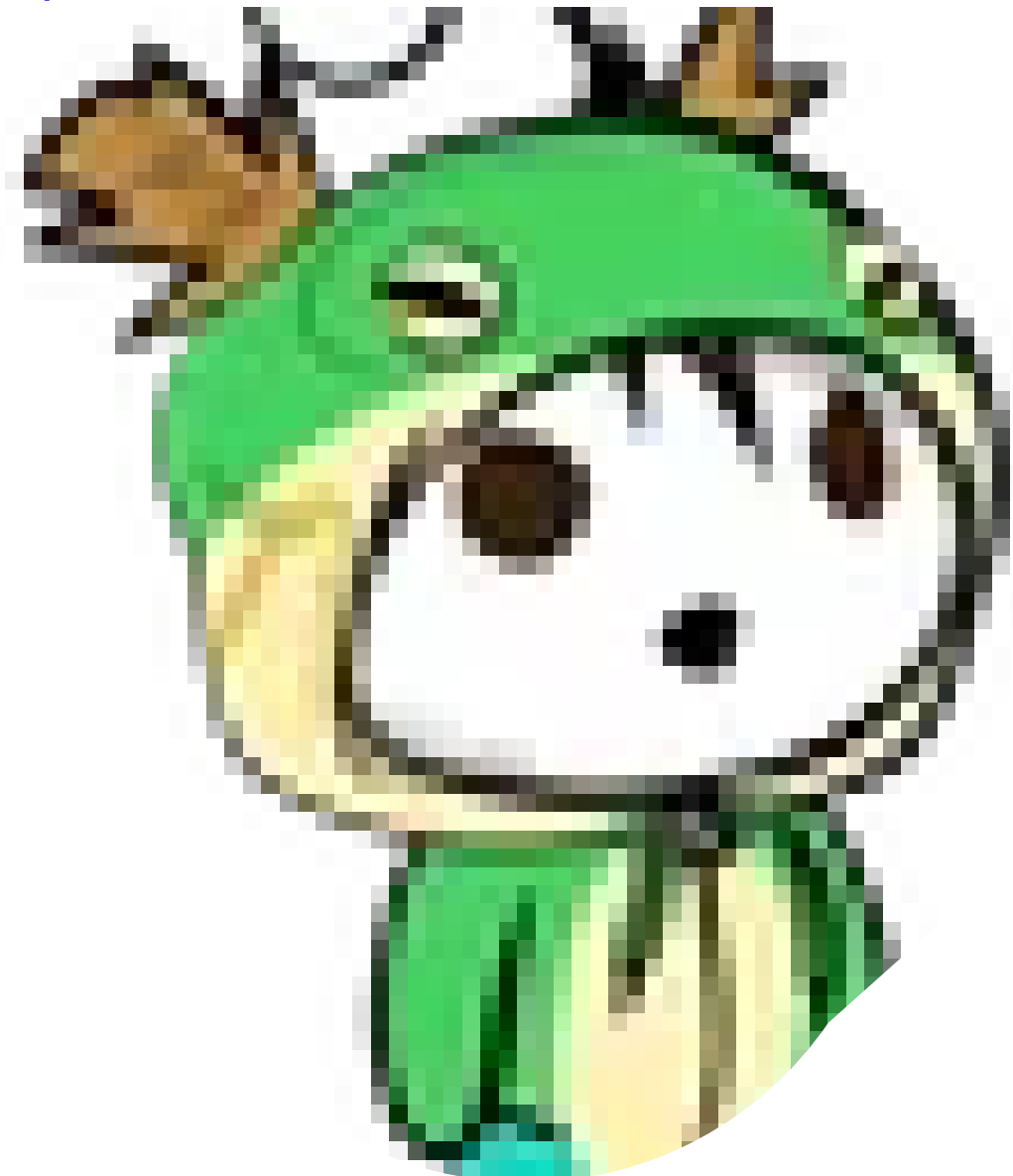
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[inevitably alone](#)

• 13y ago

he was 6 going on to 7 and we had this thing where I would hold him down and pretend to eat his face *insert nom nom nom sounds* and he would always just respond with "stop it" * and laughter. Well this day everything is going as usual and when I get up he says, "I'll never eat your face, papi, I'll cut it off and where it as a mask."

Holy Shit. GULP...

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[CMC81](#)

• 13y ago

"Daddy, there is something wrong with my room."

"Honey, there is nothing wrong with your room."

"Yes there is. There is a monster over there (point to her kitchen set)."



After a few minutes of her crying and promising that she saw a monster, I walk over to the kitchen set and moved it over to show her that there was no monster there. At that moment a big mouse ran out from under it and I started crying louder than she did. I still feel bad as she had been complaining about that "monster" for a few nights and I can only imagine how scary it was for her to see that little fucker pop out when no one else was around.

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[awwwwmman](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my younger brother found out my mom was pregnant again, he wasn't too happy. When people would ask "Do you want a little brother or little sister?" his go to answer was always "Zero".

We had company one day, fawning over my mom's about to pop belly when he comes into the room pointing a nerf gun at her stomach.

My mom playfully calls "Oh, no! Don't shoot me!" His response? "Oh don't worry, mamma. I'm not tryin to kill you. I'm just trying to kill the baby".

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[cordy88](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

My brother grew up being terrified of water, i'm 4 years older than him and during the nightly battle for bathtime when he was about 3 or 4 I asked him why is so scared of the water (being a water baby as my mum put it i just didn't understand) he looked at me and i remember this word for word 'i was in a big unsinkable ship, we hit the biggest iceberg and then it was really busy and then I got really cold and wet I went to a warm bright place and waited until my next family came' my mum heard it all and decided bathtime was over. creepy thing is my brother was born April 15th 1992 - the Titanic sunk April 15th 1912. he's over his fear now and doesn't remember it all and he's even a swimming instructor now but it creeps me out just thinking about it.

- I just mentioned it to him and he say's he's still scared of sea water and he's not a fan of boats

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[bluebelt](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

My two year old daughter: "If you're quiet you'll stay alive"

I still have no clue where that came from.

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• [13y ago](#)

My 2yo daughter told her dad that she wanted to wear his face...in a demonic tone. No worries though, he still has his face as of now.

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[GoogleJuice](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My youngest, at 6, was bathing with a couple of Barbies and one of the Barbies had no head. The head was floating in the water. I asked to please reattach the head, as it was creepy. She responded "Why Mom? It's not REAL. If it was real, the bath would be full of blood, and THAT would be creepy..."

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[rwd93](#)

• [13y ago](#)

one time i caught my little brother sleepwalking, except he was doing a crabwalk through the hallway, this was just after i had watched the exorcist so i was scared shitless

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• [13y ago](#)

TIL all 3 year olds are psychopaths

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[E-Riot](#)• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I used to live in south Texas, on a small Navy Base in Flour Bluff. My two young boys at the time, used to wake me and my wife frequently after claiming all manners of paranormal. I won't lie, the place was creepy as all fuck. We started finding glasses with various amounts of water inside them randomly around the house. I asked my oldest, who said it was my younger boys thing because he was helping a friend.

So me and my wife ask him, "Whats with the glasses?" To which he told us, "I leave them out for the black man. He doesn't want to spit all his water on our floor." My wife asks him, "Black man? Like a shadow?" The kid shakes his head no and says black like a friend of his from school, to which he adds, "Whenever he tries to speak he just coughs and spits up water." Pretty freaky to hear from a 4 year old.

Fast forward a few years, and we are having a family discussion. We are talking about the haunted house. My sons do a bit of research. Turns out, there was a hurricane in the area in 1900. The worst hurricane America saw up until Andrew hit Florida. Thousands of people died, mostly from drowning. The government bought the land shortly after, cleaned it up and it eventually became NAS Flour Bluff. My younger still remembers seeing the water ghost, and says if he was a better artist he could draw him as easily as us. My older son just says he remembers all the noises, and telling them to stop. Only to have them start a few minutes later. We all saw shadow figures. The boys also told us the kids on their school bus would talk about their sightings, which seemed pretty frequent.

Edited: To many red squiggles.

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[th3cabl3guy](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Your user name makes me reluctant to tell you anything about a child.



[dr_handjob](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Im a doctor though.

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• [13y ago](#)

I can easily say what my dad would have thought was the creepiest shit that ever came out of my mouth.

My grandparents on his side were in their late 80's when I was about 7 years old. Due to Alzheimer's decease my grandmother was in a caring nursery for, let's say, "whimsical people". At one of these visits (when the caregivers changed her clothes) I had overheard my father's wife mentioning that despite her old age she seemed to be well-preserved physically..

I, a young hero, wanted to contribute with a positive compliment and did with my best effort try to add something that would put her in 'good light'. Said and done - the next time we were there I waited long and hard for an opportunity best suited for flattering.

With a solemn look on my face I said in a holy boy's voice: "She's so old, and must really be suffering from this terrible sickness. But at least she still has nice tits." :)

The look on my father's face is indescribable. *whatthefuckiswrongwithmyson*

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[Mmwilson](#)

• 13y ago

Not my child, but a friend of mine came over to my apartment with her some last week. I asked him what his favorite holiday was. His answer: "I like Halloween because I like candy and death!" He's 3 years old.

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[DaRocketeer](#)

• 13y ago

My five year old cousin didn't know what the word 'sexy' meant, he only knew that it was a bad word. A few weeks after learning not to say this word he got mad at my aunt. He proceeded to yell at her, "Oh yeah Mom, well you're sexy". He then ran away because he knew he was in trouble. My aunt said she just sat there laughing. She couldn't even yell at him.

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[jeffholes](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter would say Spanish curse words in her sleep in a Tony-from-The-Shining voice when she was 5. She didn't know how to speak Spanish while awake.

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[Gordo774](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was looking at houses with my Uncle and his sons (one is 3) as well as my fiancée. The 3 year old was being cute as we passed community places and said "If you buy a house here, that's where your kids will go to school!... and that's where your kids will go to the pool!...." Then we passed a cemetery and he said "and that's where you'll bury your kids!"

Biggest WTF.

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[MasterBidder](#)

• [13y ago](#)

As a child I would tell my parents daily that they were not my real parents and that my real parents died in a train accident. They thought it was cute at first but after months of this, they had to put a stop to my story.

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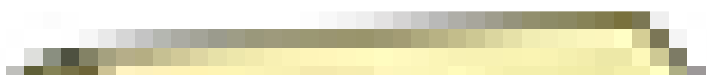
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[Floonet](#)

• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I take care of my niece full time so it's like a daughter. She has done some weird things but here are some of my faves.

When she was a toddler. I woke up to my hair being brushed and when I opened my eyes she just said "shhhh" and tried to manually close my eyes like you would a dead person.

Another time she was sick and she and I were laying in my bed watching a movie. She drops this complete non-sequitur in the middle of the movie; "Don't lay with your feet hanging off the bed like that, the devil can grab you and pull you to hell"

She's only 5 so she probably picked it up from a kid at school right!? Right?!

And last but not least. I was making dinner and she casually walks through the kitchen and says "ill get you, and ill make it look like a bloody accident".

Scared the shit out of me, later found out it came from Cat in the Hat. **EDIT** [here is the clip in which she got the quote](#)

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[404_NotFound](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

can't stop reading

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[MidManHosen](#)

• [13y ago](#)

During my daughter's sixth year, I had impacted sinuses. In one strenuous effort, a mass the size of a grape broke loose and hit the tissue with a sound straight out of a horror flick. I glanced at it to check for traces of brain matter and quickly refolded the tissue. My daughter asked if she could see it. I declined. She responded with, "I promise I won't eat it". That is all.

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[turanthepanthan](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was cooking dinner on the stove one night and my 4 year old daughter comes up to ask if she can help. I like to to ensure that she is remembering the things I've taught her so I ask her if she should touch the stove.

She correctly replies "No".

I then ask her if she knows *why* she shouldn't touch the stove. In a very serious tone she looks at me and says:

"Because I might get burned, and die, and then you'd have to eat me."

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• [13y ago](#)

My mom told me that when I was about 4 or 5 I would sit and talk to an imaginary friend. When she asked me who I was talking to, I said it was Viola and she was teaching me how to draw. My mom flipped out because Viola was my great grandmother and she was an artist. She died nearly 20 years before I was born.

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[108Temptations](#)

• [13y ago](#)

One of my baby cousins clearly said HAIL SATAN. Then started laughing hysterically while making strange, primal noises.

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[AmpleWarning](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Maybe he was just playing backwards.

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[paleo dragon](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Is his name Damien?

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[gangnam_style](#)

• 13y ago

He sounds like some guy who stood next to me at a metal concert. After every song, he just yelled HAIL SATAN. He also had a pentagram tattooed into this head.

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[Tomshot](#)

• 13y ago

Sitting at my friends kitchen table late one night talking when her daughter walks into the kitchen "mommy, when I was older I crashed the car and died. Can I have something to drink?" My friend calmly gave her daughter milk and sent her off to bed. It gave me shivers and my friend didn't want to talk about it. She started crying and told me not to bring it up ever.

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[ElegantPete](#)

• 13y ago

My daughter just turned 1. She'll wake in night screaming bloody murder. Pick her up she'll stare right past you, always over your shoulder.

One night she's growling like she's possessed, go in there and she's pointing at the corner of the room behind my right shoulder.

Adding to this, we use a monitor to hear if she's crying or whatever, one night we hear a male voice through the monitor. Talking softly to her, get in there, not a thing. Good times.

Turns out that she learned to growl from chasing our rabbit and pissing it off enough to growl at her.

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[Narfatron](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I passed out reading my 3 year old niece a book at bedtime. Then, woke up around 2am and sat up. It was dark and silent. There was a nightlight on that gave my nieces face a rembrandt lighting effect. She had her eyes wide open looking at me and whispered... "How did you get out of your box?"

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[BW900](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not my kid, but I was at a friends house when his 4yo cousin was getting ready to go to bed. He walked around, giving everyone hugs goodnight, and I said to him "Sweet dreams."

Then he stopped at the top of the stairs, turned around with a very serious face and said "I'll control your dreams and make them nightmares." A 4 YEAR OLD CHILD!! WTF?!? That shit still gives me the chills.

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[leilawolford21](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I joined Reddit JUST so I could share this! When I was 9 years old, my aunt had a miscarriage. During my teenage years, she had two children who were 4 years apart. One day when her oldest son was 2 or 3 years old, he said to her "Are you happy I came back, mommy? I went to heaven but you were sad, so I came back to you." I get chills to this day just thinking about it!

All of these stories make me feel so peaceful about the after life... cannot stop reading!



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[Qbaxter77](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My 3 year old nephew was over my parents house where my dad has a military collection from WW2, and when I went to show him some of the stuff. He started crying so I asked him what's wrong, he replied "bad memories, a lot of friends lost" so I asked him where and he continued "32 tank division in the south pacific, only tank division in the pacific theater" immediately went to the internet and he was spot on, nearly shit myself

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[juliagulia41](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Three-year-old's Christmas card: "Merry Christmas, hope your last one is the best."



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[needabetteridea](#)
• [13y ago](#)

After reading 80% of all comments, I cannot put my feet down on the ground, can't look back, can't go to the bathroom, only can grip my laptop tight.... Thanks Reddit, now I'm haunted.

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[MundiMori](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I lost my grandma when I was about 4, and started having dreams about my parents dying. Originally, I would go to their room and wake them up to make sure they were alive. I pretty quickly realized that they didn't like being woken up on a nightly basis, however, and started just going into the room, watching them until I saw them breathe so I knew they were alive, and then just going back to bed.

As it turns out, my dad is a VERY light sleeper, which I didn't find out until a decade or so later. So all those years that I thought I was being nice to my parents by not waking them up, my dad was instead waking up on a nightly basis to a 5-year-old standing over his bed staring at him, and then just silently turning and walking away.

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[Samsquatch9](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My boyfriend's 4 year old son was quietly sitting in the kitchen eating popcorn by himself while I was in the living room READING THIS FUCKING THREAD. The child then quietly says "I'll never let you see your family again" I asked him what he just said, since I did not want to believe what I just heard him mutter. Instead of repeating himself, he slowly turns his head to look at me and whispers "That's just the way it has to be"

WHAT IN ALL THE FUCKS

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• [13y ago](#)

I was babysitting a while ago for a girl that had some sort of mental block; when she was born she didn't get enough oxygen so she was behind a lot of her classmates and just acted weirdly. Anyway, when I came over for the first time, she asked where I had parked my car, and I pointed out the window to the van which was across the street. She looked at me and said, "Go to it without looking both ways." I asked her why and she said "I want to see someone die."

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[mateusrayje](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not me, but a friend of mine snores a bit loudly, and at the time, her daughter would occasionally sleep in the same bed with her. One night she wakes up to her daughter hovering over her with a pillow going "Shhhhhhhhhh..." and trying to put the pillow over her face. Apparently she was snoring quite loudly that evening.

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[Jeninatx](#)
• [13y ago](#)

So my mother in law an I were talking about her cat and how it needed to be put down becuse of how sick she is. My son walks up an says "Why don't you just set her on fire?" After a serious talk it came out that's how he thought cremation worked. He didn't realize the person/ animal needed to be dead already and there was a special process.

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[lambertlane](#)
• [13y ago](#)

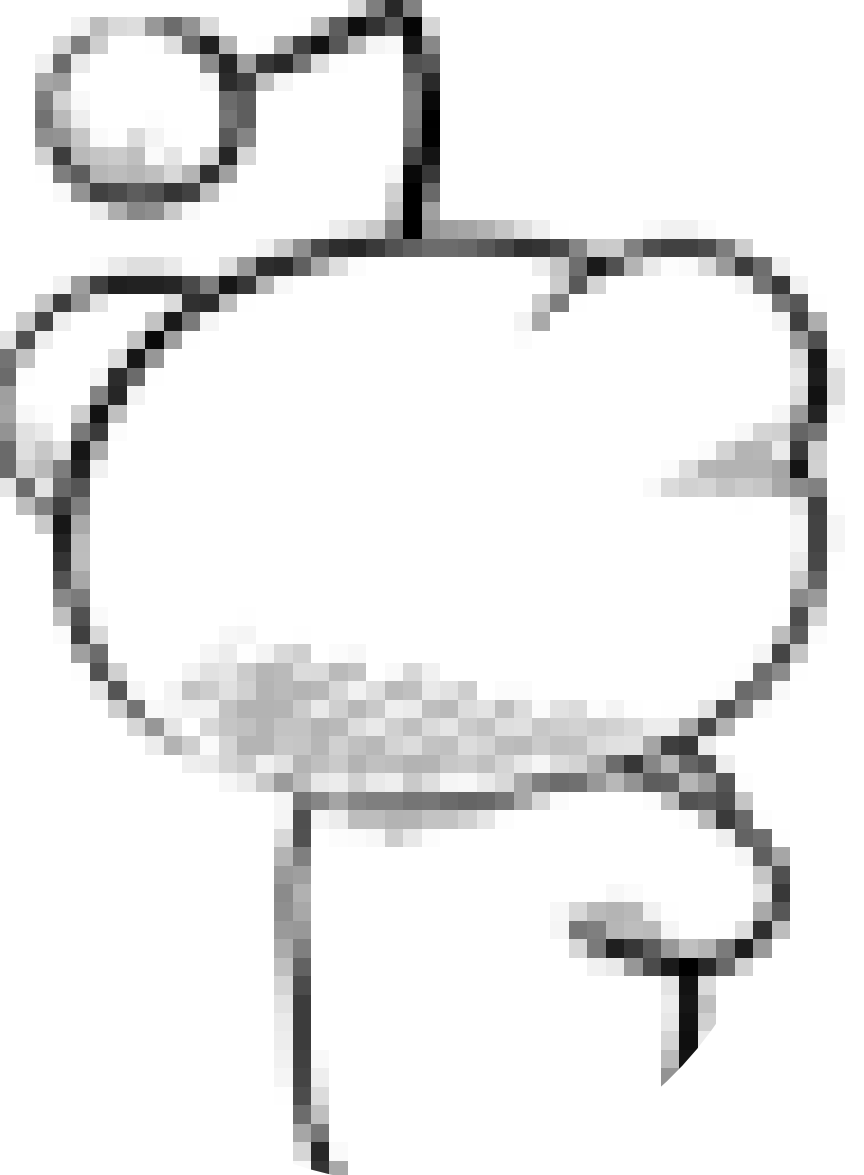
Every day for about a week last summer I awoke to the sounds of the downstairs neighbor's 7-year-old son screaming over and over at the top of his lungs: **I will MUUUUURDER YOUUU!!**

I got really worried about his home life - but I found out later he'd been zapping ants with a magnifying glass.

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• 13y ago

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[yakkafoobmog](#)
• 13y ago

Not so much *said* as *did*: my wife went over to him to tell him it was time to go. He got a mean look on his face, drew his finger across his throat, pointed at her, and did the finger across the throat thing again.

He's grounded for infinity.

And no, I don't think he really knew what it meant; just something he saw his friends do and was imitating them.

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• 13y ago

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[theschmeck](#)

• 13y ago

There's a few other stories on here about "finding" imaginary friends in Florida. Freaked me out because my little sister "found" her two imaginary friends in Florida when were on vacation. Tina and Mikey... Mikey eventually "died" when he was hit by a car and some time later Tina "ran away". My sister cried for days when they left her/died. They were very real to her. They always creeped me out...

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• [13y ago](#)

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[sympathyboner](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This entire thread is just reaffirming my decision not to have children.

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[Cry Havoc](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I didn't say anything creepy, but I sleepwalked as a child and would stand over my parent's bed and stare at my mother for hours, apparently.

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[fidgetty2002](#)
• 13y ago

My 10 yr old niece was sleeping over at my parents, one night. She had all the lights on in the spare bedroom. I asked her if she was afraid of the dark, and she said no. "I am afraid of what is in the dark."

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[supercaffeinated](#)
• 13y ago

my four year old sitting on the couch quietly staring into the middle distance... turns her head to side and asks me "Do you know what I'm thinking? Always?"

No, I say, honestly. Her head rotates back to middle.

"good"

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biagidp
• 13y ago

My two year old isn't much for staying in bed at night, but she knows that if I catch her out of bed I'll put her back. She has a tendency to find dark parts of the house and just hang out in them. Being two and tiny she can move silently even though we've got an old creaky house.

Last Halloween (of all nights) the wife and I are chilling in the office. The whole house is shut down to encourage the 2y/o to stay in bed, so it's dark everywhere. After a while I hear something out in the dining room and go to inspect it. Queue my two year old standing perfectly still, staring in to a dark corner whispering to herself. Super creepy.

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Lonelan
• 13y ago

Told my son it was time to go to sleep.



But the ghost isn't here yet!"

...is there usually a ghost that you go to sleep with?

"Yeah"

Ok, we'll just sit here and wait.

After 30 seconds of watching tv, he looks to the door like he hears something, turns back to me, grins, hops off my lap and walks to his bed.

He's 3.

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[sleepingmoon](#)
• [13y ago](#)

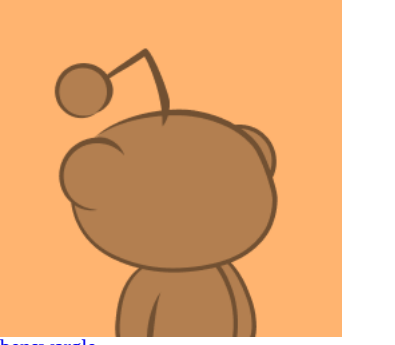
Not my child but my husband's nephew...he was I guess around 2 1/2 or 3, still using baby-talk. His parents took him to the Philadelphia Museum of Art, which has a great hall filled with medieval and other types/eras of knight's armor. when they entered the hall the nephew - in a "different" voice - clearly said: "oh, brave knights! I survived this." He then immediately went back to baby-talking.

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[benswargle](#)

• [13y ago](#)

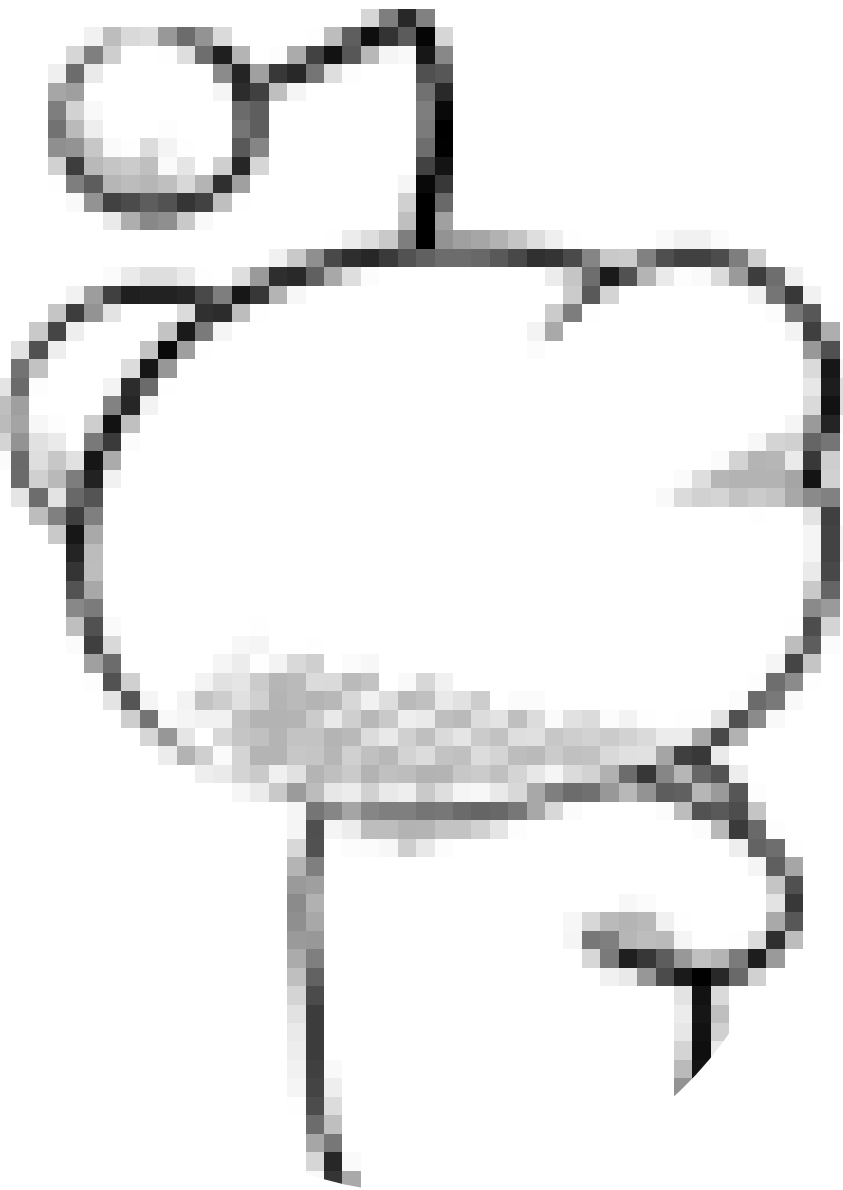
when my son was about 4 or 5 we were in the toilet before his bedtime and he was brushing his teeth and he dropped his tooth brush and i picked it up for him and when my eyes met him he just stared at me and said "dad why does that man have a knife" and pointed behind me. Quickest 180 i've ever fucking done

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• [13y ago](#)

At the house I used to live at in North Carolina, if I wasn't keeping a good eye on my 2 year old while he was playing he would disappear and I would find him in my closet. He would be sitting in there with the door closed saying, "Hi Baby!" Then he would turn to me point to the dark corner of the closet and ask me, "Do you see that baby?" A lot of creepy stuff happened at that house like books flying off shelves, an my wife feeling something shove her.

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[broken_ankle](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

When my niece was three we let her be "santa" at Christmas. This just means the person who hands out presents to everyone. She became so excited and I think overwhelmed that she suddenly clasped her hands together and in the DEEPEST SCARIEST fucking voice screams "SPIIIIDERS" and then just giggles. That was 4 years ago and we still will walk around as a family randomly screaming the word spiders in a deep voice.

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[icechains](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

When I was young my mom was a flight attendant and she was leaving for a trip and for some reason I said "no matter what happens I will never forget you" she told another one of her flight attendant friends who theb refused to get on that flight

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[halftank](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

"What do you wanna be when you grow up?" "A stranger with a knife"

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[sacrengreus](#)
• 13y ago

Just happened the other day. My 8 year old daughter.

"My pet zombie murdered me today at school. My funeral is tomorrow at recess."

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[Flashzombie](#)
• 13y ago

My little sister used to talk to herself a lot when she was around 4. My dad asked her who she was talking to and she said it was a little boy and gave a description. He figured it was just an imaginary friend so he ignored it. A few months later he was reading her a book about the history of the town and she stopped on a page with a family and pointed to the youngest boy and said "I know him! That's the boy I've been playing with! Flipped to the next page, picture of our house. The kid died there.

When she was turning six and had to make a wish blowing out the candles she went from happy and excited to stoic and said in a flat voice "I wish... Everyone was dead." Then blew out the candles.

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• 13y ago

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• [13y ago](#)

:(this makes me sad. poor kid, no one deserves that. i hope he is happy now.

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[Hollicost](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My daughter and I woke up one morning and we usually lay there and talk for a while before we get up. I'm laying facing the wall with my back towards the door. My daughter is talking and facing me, pauses, and asks," Mommy, who's that?" And points behind me. I didn't know whether to turn around or just let whoever was about to murder me do it while I wasn't looking. I turned around and no one was there. Scariest moment of my life.

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[The Dead See](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My wife and I joked that we had a ghost cat in our house because at times we'd feel padding on the bed only to look up and see our cats snoozing across the room. We figured it was just the sheets settling. My three year old nephew would occasionally come over and play with our two cats. One day at a restaurant he saw a picture of our cats on my wife's phone and said "where's the lellow one?", my wife replied that we didn't have a yellow cat, only a black one and a white one. He looked at us like we were pulling his leg and laughed. My wife said "Dylan, how many cats do we have?" and he looked her straight in the eye and said "three, a lellow one, a black one and a white one!"

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[SusieAnn](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Adding to the creepy!

My Dad grew up spending most weekends and afternoons after school with his grandmother - my great-grandmother - in a big old house in southern California. She died only a few weeks after the house was sold in the early '60s, before she'd gotten settled anywhere else.

When I was about 12, more than 30 years later, we happened to be visiting friends in the area, and my Dad looked up the current owners to see if they'd mind us stopping by. Turns out their parents had bought the house from my great-grandma and they were very happy to have us stop by.

As we wandered around, my Dad commenting on the things that were the same and the things that were different, the woman, who was very friendly and warm, started looking at us very oddly. Finally she just couldn't help herself, and she said, "Look, I know this is strange, but..." and she began telling us all of these things.

Every radio in the house, no matter what, will only play my grandmother's favourite classical music station. Ever. Nearly every time they left the house, they'd come home to find it on.

Everything they planted in the flower box next to the kitchen window will die, and though they'd replaced the soil several times, poppies grew there everytime, without fail, and flower all year round. Guess what my Grandma's favourite flowers were? She always had poppies in that box.

Frequently their kids would talk about the "nice old lady in the sunroom" - my great-grandma's favourite room. Several times the woman talking to us was positive she had heard an old woman singing in that room, something she used to do in the late afternoon as my Dad played and she sewed.

Just then, their 6-year old son came home from school, saw me, and ran up to me, beaming. "Have you come to visit the old lady?? She'll be so happy, she talks about you all the time." Then he turned to my Dad, and here's the kicker:

He knew my Dad's name.

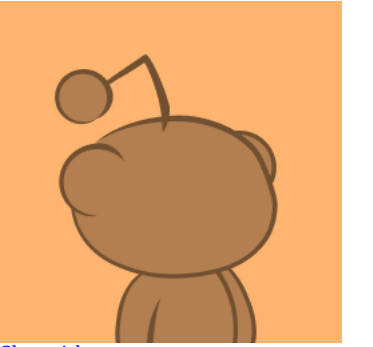
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[Slummish](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My ex-boyfriend's niece, an only child as far as she is concerned, when she was about 5 years old, asked why Jesus took her sister to heaven. The girl was one of a set of twins; the smaller one died during childbirth. This event turned about five people in the immediate family toward religion. The dead baby was purposefully and dutifully omitted from all thought and speech immediately following the birth. How the surviving twin had any clue really freaked out a whole group of atheists.

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[soundboy4](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I'm minding my own business working in the garage and the door creaks open, and my two year old son pops his head out and says: "Daddy, you dead yet?" "No...?" Then he squints and slowly closes the door. For some reason my wife thought it was hilarious.

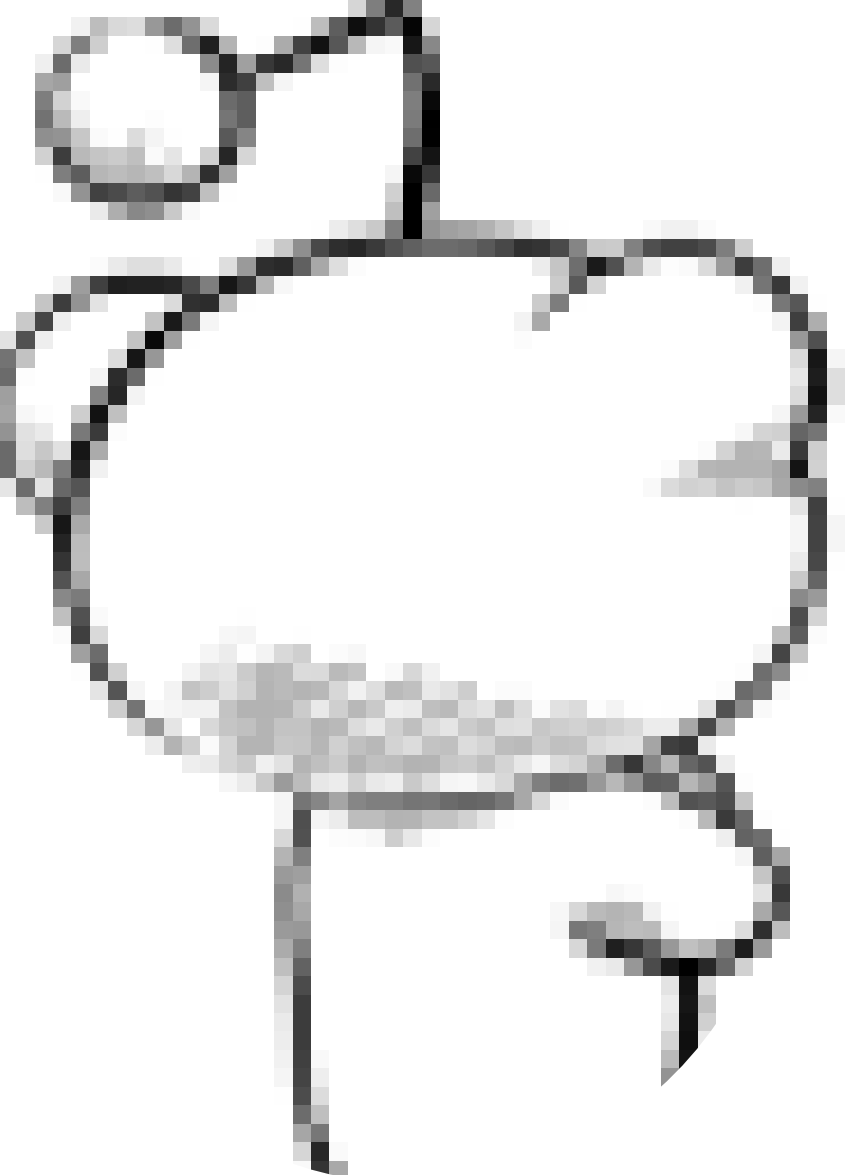
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[warpaint](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"sucked a dick today at school."

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[chancellorhelmut](#)

• 13y ago

First wife died shortly after we divorced...called my kids over to break it to them. After I told them, my 16 year old son's first words (while his siblings were sobbing) were "I finally have something to write about"

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[snuV](#)

• 13y ago

Anyone reading this comment: DO NOT READ THE ENTIRE THREAD AT NIGHT.

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[peacemomma](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When one of my sons was about 4 we had a National Geographic book with a photograph of one of the Mayan pyramids in it. One day he was looking at the book and came across that photo. He said "That is a bad place mommy. Bad men in masks do bad things in there. "

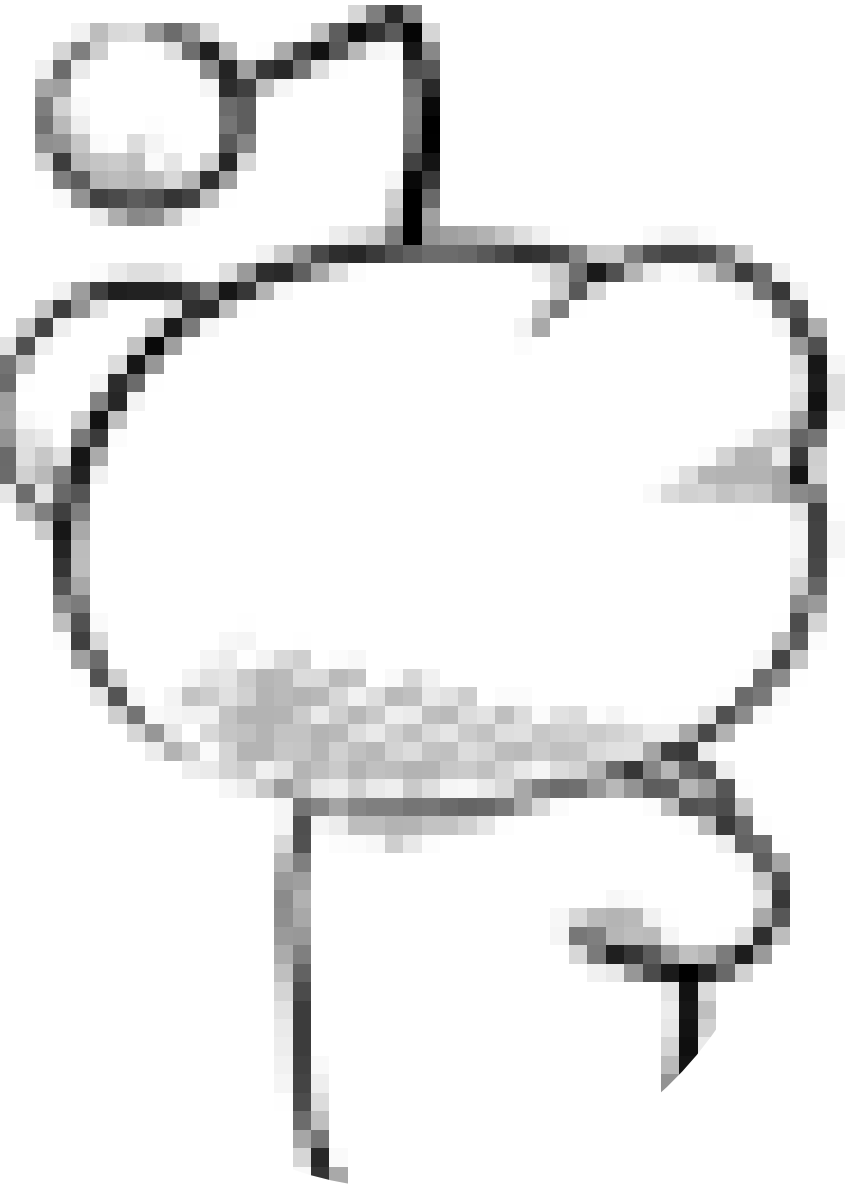
How did he know what went on in there? I remembered it many years later when I saw the movie Apocalypto which had a graphic portrayal of what went on in those pyramids- it seems men in masks did do bad things in those pyramids, his description was dead on.

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• [13y ago](#)

Three year old daughter playing with makeup in the mirror babbling like three year olds do, "I love makeup. When I wear makeup I look like the real me. Makeup makes me more like myself. Makeup is my identity." "Dad, what does identity mean?"

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[wellAdjustedMale](#)
• 13y ago

I've told this story before, but it seems to be relevant to the discussion. My daughter told me this story when she was around four years old.

(This is as close as I can remember to her exact wording, and told from her perspective)

I was with my old family that I lived with before, and they were very, very mean people. My mom was dead because they didn't like her anymore, and my dad and brother hated me; they tied me to a chair in the basement, beat me, stuck things in me (*I couldn't get clarification on this, how the fuck does a 4 yr-old know about this kind of abuse??!*) and never fed me. Sometimes I would get free and would have to eat dirt and bugs.

They let their friends do stuff to me too.

(Me:) What kind of stuff?

Bad stuff, I can't say, but it was bad. Their friends later killed my bad dad, and bad brother, and stole me away. They chained me to their wall and threw knives at me, and burned me with sticks from their fire.

When they got tired of my crying, they held my throat until I died, then they cut me up into little tiny pieces and put me in the blender, then they found mommy and made her drink me...and that's how I was born.

(Me:) Well, that's quite the sadistic dream, sweetheart.

It wasn't a dream, daddy, that's what really happened.

There were other stories she told me about her *old family*, and none of them were good. It wasn't just the stories though, it was the absolute certainty with which she told the stories, and the very matter-of-fact way in which each story was related. Still gives me chills.

edit: clarification

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[TraceyMmm](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This was two days ago - my kid is 5:

Him: "Mummy, I love you so much I wouldn't even kill you..." Me: "That's not a very nice thing to say!" Him: "I said I WOULDN'T kill you!"

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[ShipwreckTrent](#)

• [13y ago](#)

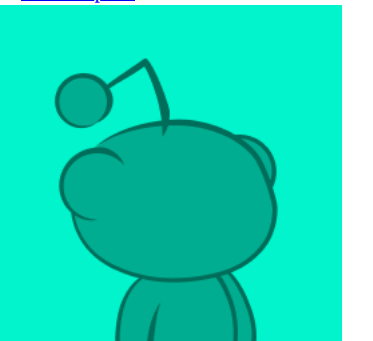
My four year old daughter and I were in the grocery store when she shouted, "Daddy, I have to pee so bad my VAGINA is drowning!" I was less embarrassed than the older gentleman who was on our aisle.

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[TugbackWookie](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My son's best friend, age 5: "I found Satan while I was digging in the sandbox. Now he lives inside me."

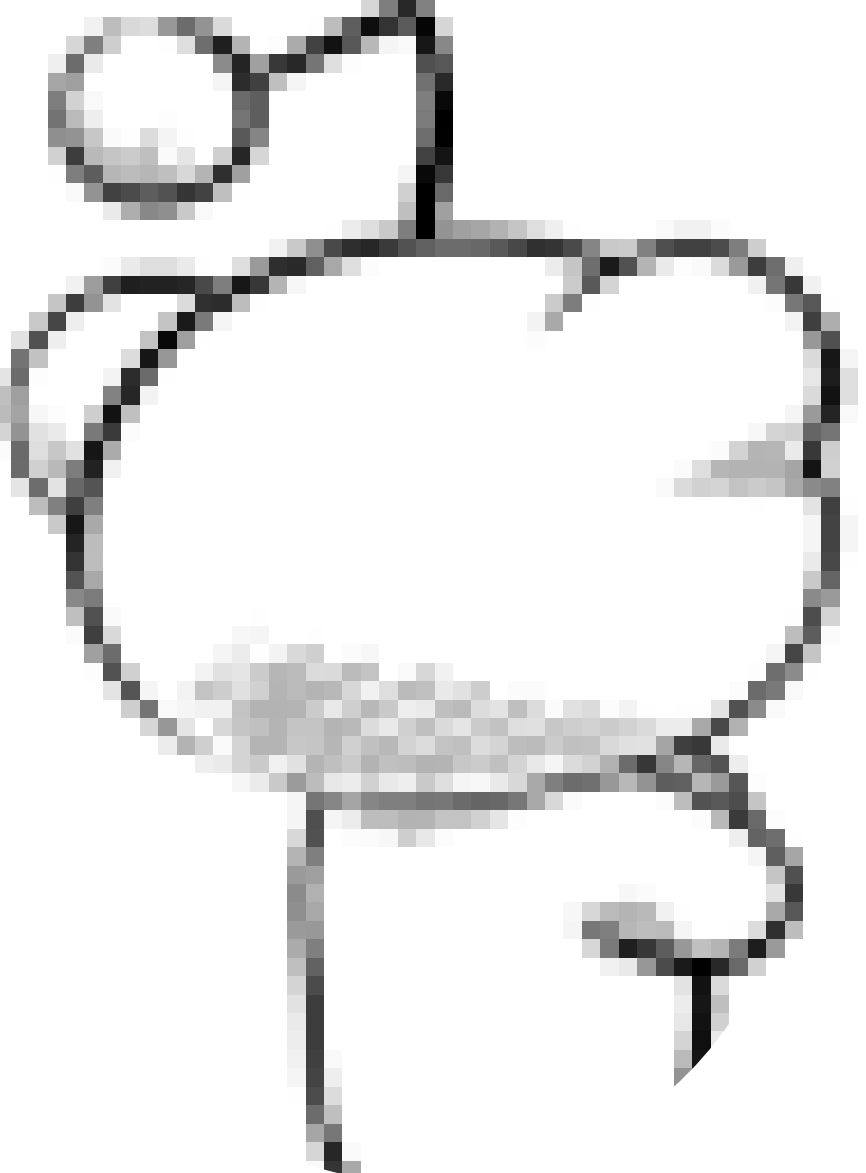
He comes from a christian family. That shit can't be healthy.

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• [13y ago](#)

"Are you my mummy?"

My son has the same blonde hair as that gas mask kid.

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[Gonzalez2012](#)

• [13y ago](#)

You should probably see the Doctor about that.

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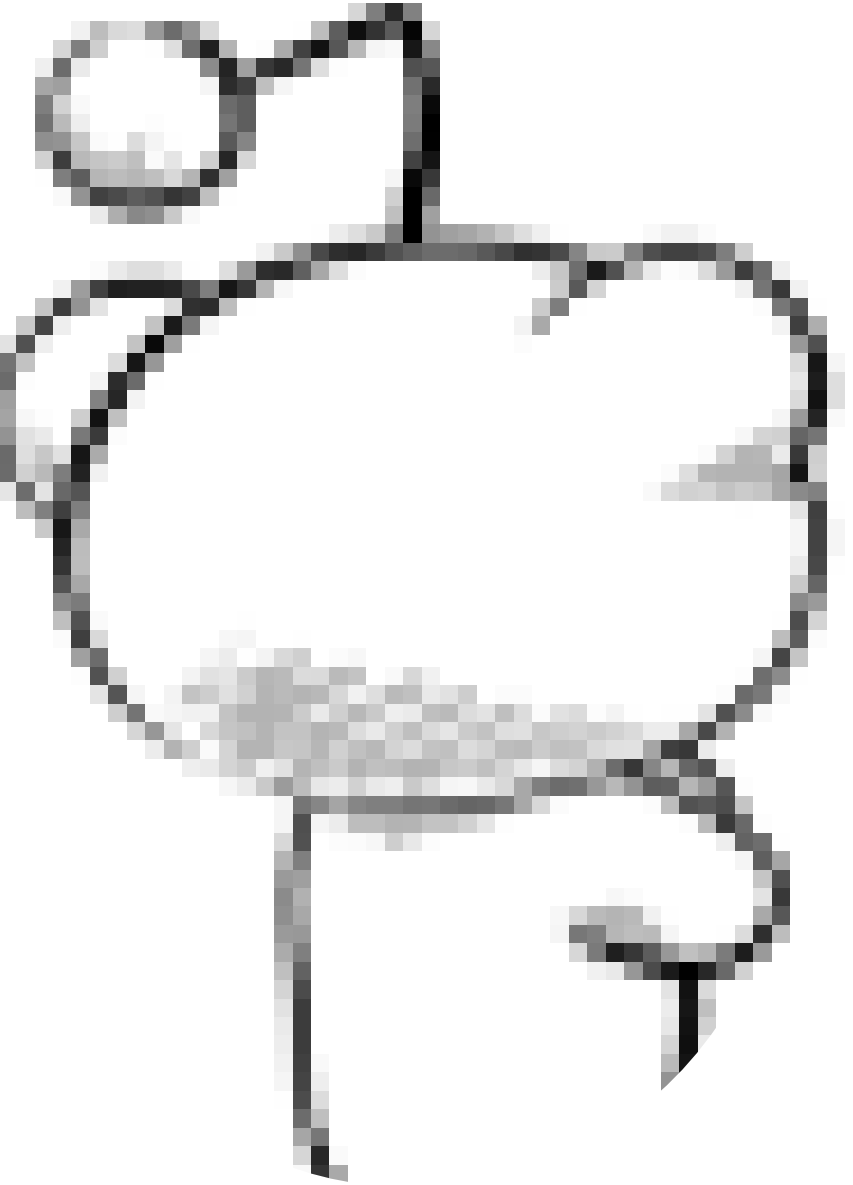
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• [13y ago](#)

My 3 yo niece and I were jumping on the trampoline one day and all of a sudden she comes over a whispers in my ear "Come to the dark side." It really freaked me out but her Mom said she got it from Star Wars.

She also always wanted to be the evil witch when we played Princess games, and had an odd fascination with Cruella Deville, even after I explained to her dozens of times that Cruella was evil and wanted to make a fur coat out of puppies. It only seemed to increase her interest.

I am very curious about how she is going to turn out.

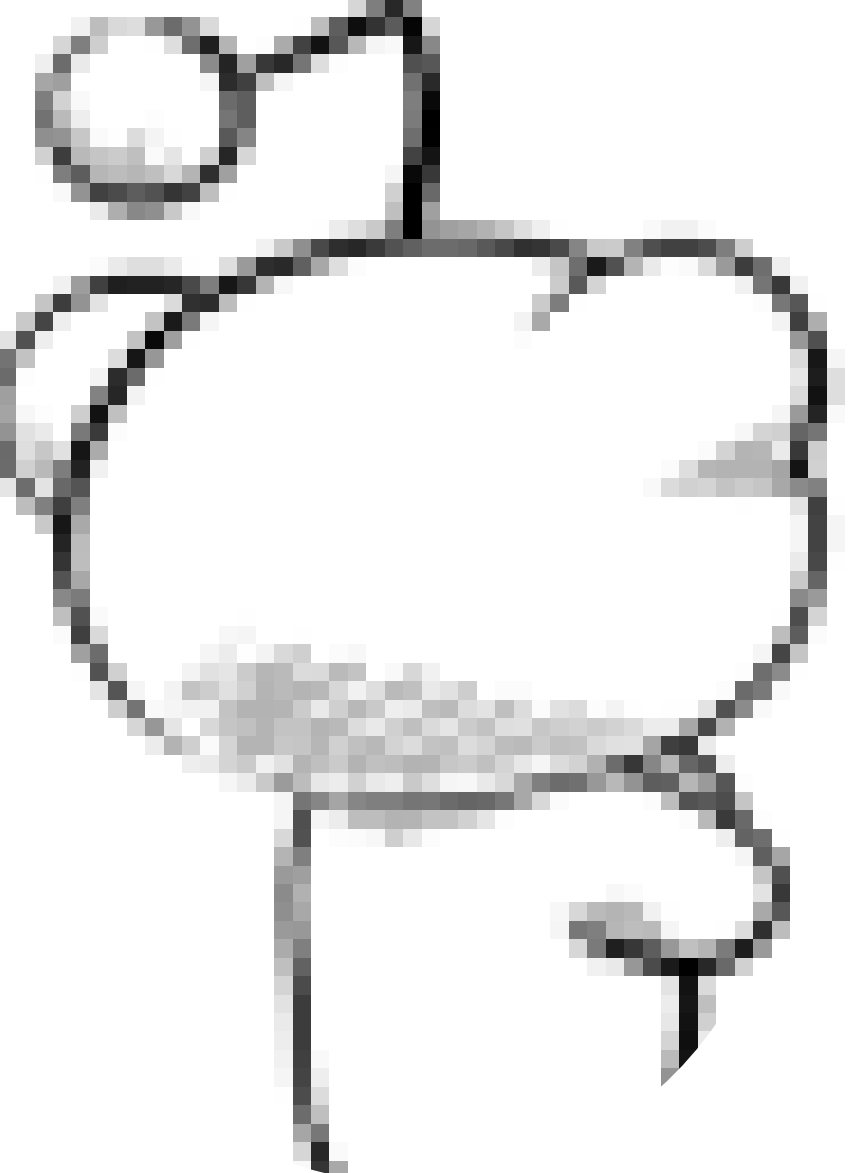
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• 13y ago

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• [13y ago](#)

Well I'm going get a vasectomy.

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[johnjosullivan](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My friend's kid was taught baby sign language, and would do rough approximations of the actual sign. Once she was trying to tell a visiting friend of the family she wanted a bowl of cereal and made her sign for bowl. The woman turned to see the toddler looking up at her from the high chair, slowly drawing a finger across her throat.

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[sarrafish](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I'm way late on this one, but my best friend grew up in a historical home in our town and there is a door at the top of the stairs that divides the upstairs from the downstairs. On the back of the door the name "chad" is carved. When my buddy and his brother were little they used to play with chad, he is a young white kid who just wants friends.

Well my friends mom remarried much later, had 2 more boys who are 11 and 13 years younger who without any prior stories and being too young to read played with Chad.

Now my friend lives in the house with his 2 kids, the little girl says "big brother chad" and the boy calls him "my friend chad"

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[13thmurder](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but my brother was born when i was around 14...



One night a few years ago when he was 4 or 5 or so, i was watching him for my parents so they could go to some sort of thing... i forget what.

Anyway, my brother for no reason ran out the back door into the back yard, and i brought him back inside, he insisted our dad was out there and that he needed to talk to him. I told him that our parents were far away, but he insisted our dad was out there. I even called to prove that he wasn't out there, he told my brother he wasn't there, but he INSISTED that he was out in the back yard, and that he had seen him there, and was just screaming and being a real shit of a kid, trying to run out the back door. I had to physically restrain him the best i could to prevent him from running out into the dark.

Anyway, i looked out all the windows in the entire house to see if i could see anyone out there, and i saw nothing. My night vision is awful, but still, i think i might have noticed something if someone was walking around out there.

I finally got him calmed down, then about a half hour later, when i went to use the bathroom, he started insisting our dad was out there again, and said he could hear him yelling for him from outside. I heard nothing... But i looked out the windows again, and noticed that in the front yard there was a styrofoam cup sitting upright near the porch that wasn't there earlier, and it was pulsing with red light... no, nothing too mysterious, it looked like some sort of red LED was in the bottom of it. It was odd... i wanted to go have a look at it, but couldn't get him to stop flipping out.

Anyway, about an hour later i looked out the window again because i heard something out side, no idea what, nothing too suspicious though... odd thing, there were 2 more glowing LED things. I could see smallish devices of some kind, it looked just big enough for maybe 2 AA batteries and the LED, but these were sitting in the grass, the one in the cup was still there. Still no idea where they came from, still unable to go out and see what these things were.

Anyway, later my brother insisted he saw a red dot light on the wall shining through a crack in the curtains... it sounded like he was describing a laser pointer... again, could see no one outside.

Anyway, i looked out the window on occasion to see if i could see anyone doing anything with those odd red LED things or anyone with a laser, but nope, nothing.

When my parents got home later, i checked out the window again, the glowing LED things were all gone, including the cup, and i asked them if they saw anything like it, they insisted they hadn't and said a kid most likely dropped a toy or something and came back for it... but i really doubt it.

It was all quite creepy and odd.



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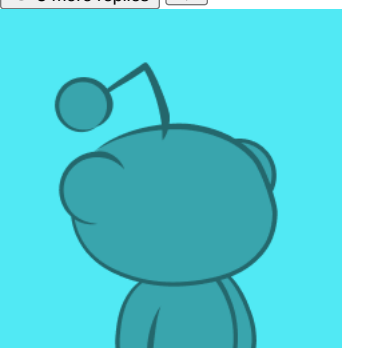


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• 13y ago

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[twizzler95](#)
• 13y ago

My Grandma died of cancer in February 2012. My whole family was up at my Grandparent's house to comfort each other. The night before her prayer service, my 4 year old cousin told my heartbroken Grandpa, "Good night Grandpa. Don't be so sad. You'll see Grandma tomorrow." We all heard and assumed she meant at the prayer service, but he died the next morning.

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[reltne](#)
• 13y ago

my three year-old daughter after i got out of the shower: you have a nice jagina dad. put her thumb back in her mouth and walked away. it was a bit cool in the room.

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[vitiates13](#)
• 13y ago

Related: growing up in our 100 year old house in a small town I had a vague memory of seeing someone I referred to as "The Animal Man". I have no real memory of what he actually looked like, and I would have forgotten about him completely except one day my mom's friend brought her young 8 year old son over to the house. A few days later I was talking to my mom (I lived away from home at this point, I was 20 or so) and she mentioned that Chad (the young boy) had said he saw the animal man. I guess my mom had forgotten I had seen him, or referred to him as that, or she figured it was just a big coincidence.

Anyway, nothing came from it until I was over at my friend's place catching up with him and his dad. I mentioned the story and how weird my mom's old house is, when he told me the story of the Animal Man.

In the 100 years the house has existed it started with an old family (The Ball Family) that built it and lived there for however many years. Then before my family moved in there was this guy who lived there and had a big shaggy dog that he loved dearly. The dog died, so the



guy had his dog made up a coat. This guy ended up committing suicide at a nearby beach by shooting himself in the head with a shotgun.

My mom is of the Bahai faith and my friend's dad said they had a huge seance to rid the house of the spirit after I started seeing him. I must have been really young as I forgot almost completely about this guy, until I heard that young boy mention him 10+ years later.

My mom never mentioned this seance to me or my two sisters and I guess the animal man still lives there today only visible to young boys.. And now I have shivers running over every inch of my body thinking about it.

EDIT: grammar

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[DanielFyre](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Not any relation to me, but I used to go to this family run comic book shop. The owner who I was close friends with had a few kids the oldest of which was about 5 or 6 at the time. Some of my friends and I had just moved the shop to a new location in the historical part of the city. We were putting some stuff in the finished basement. There was a door that lead to an unfinished tunnel that went on for a very long time. It was very old and dark and creepy with a single light bulb. My friend's son says, "That's where the ghosts live" and his father said "There's no ghosts in there!" The kid just looks at his father, stone cold serious and replies, "They're in there...you just can't see 'em..." My friend and I looked at each other and chuckled nervously.

Edit: This is my most upvoted comment to date. Thanks guys! And thanks Seba if you so happen to be reading this!

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[xMikeh](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Aha I'm probably too late to the party on this one.

My son was watching my wife make him a sandwich really intently. He was around 4-5. She asked what he was doing, to which he replied "I'm watching you make a sandwich. -*Insert short pause here*- So I know how to do it when you die."

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• [13y ago](#)

"So if Grandmama is 101 today, what will she be next year?"

"A skeleton!"

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[talkingmuffins](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Hot damn, my stepson has a great one for this! It's not scary creepy, but total creepster creepy. When he was five, he had a large coloring sheet of a picture of a dog. When he finished, he brought it to his aunt, saying:

"Here, Aunt Litha. I drew a weiner on it.... Just like you like."

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[arturomendes](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

My then 3 year old walked in while I was peeing and said, "You've got a nice penis, Dad. I like your penis."

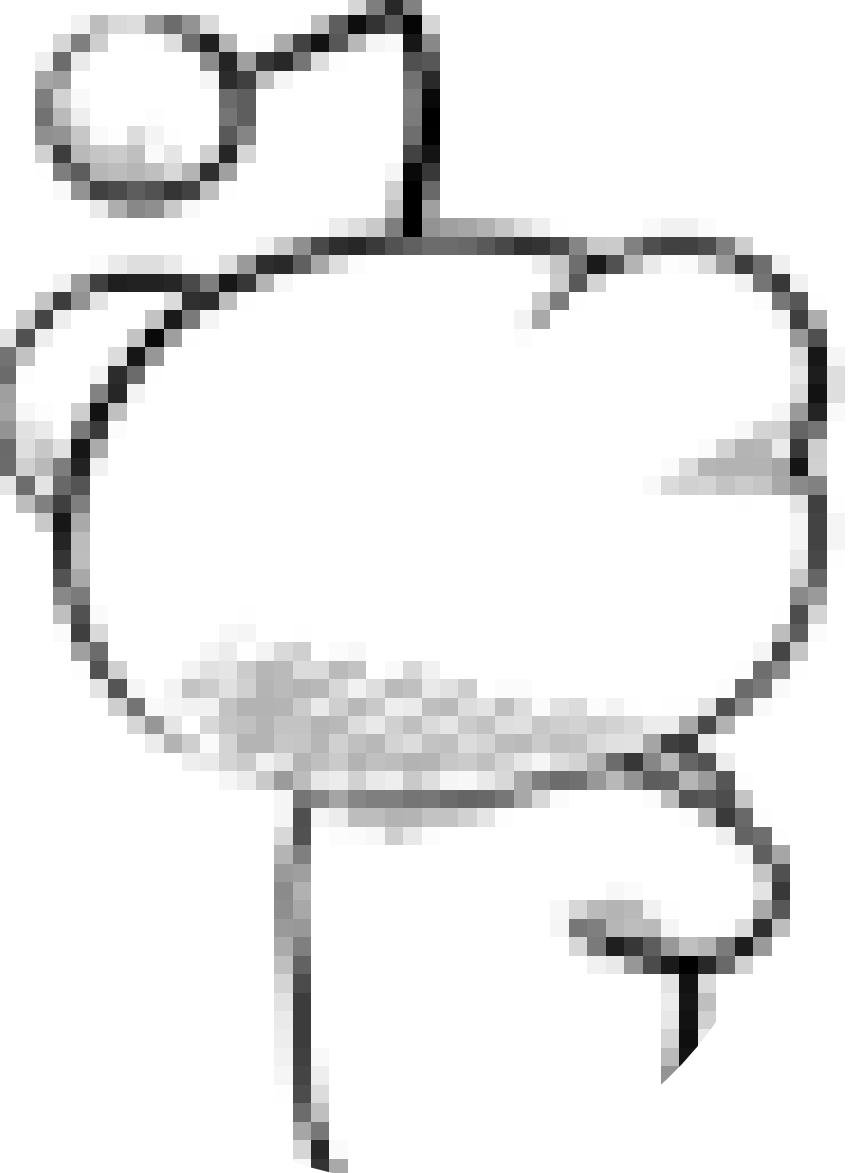
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• [13y ago](#)

My 3 year old daughter and I were cuddling with a book, and she turned to me and very tenderly said, "I love you so much Mama. I want to wear your skin!"

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[flu_csgo](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

ITT: things you shouldn't read before going to bed.

I'm 24 :(

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[birds_y](#)

• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

This happened before I was in preschool. My Mom was talking about my Father and when I asked her which one, she got really confused. I then went onto explain that I had another father, another mother, a brother, and a dog. I was able to tell her their names which were Spanish. My family's Chinese.

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[ironictwostepper](#)

• 13y ago

1. You always burn me with your miserable food. (His first full sentence at almost 2)
2. They have the perfect family, I think I'll join them. Me- How will you find them? Him They live by the river, I will follow the river... (3 this time, I bought tons of new locks, he wanted to live with my Mormon friends, and they did live by the river, but not right on it. It showed he was watching where I drove...)



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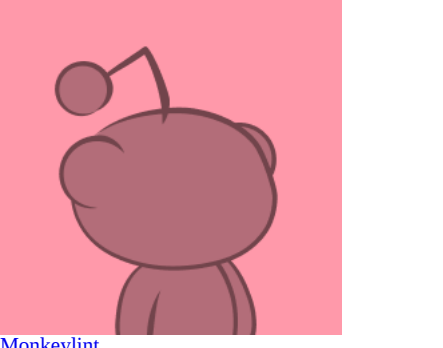
[birdiesoul](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my cousin was little, about 6 years old, she said to her mother "I'm only visiting here, I can't stay long. But don't worry mom, I'll go in good place". That worried my aunt (her mother). Year later my cousin was diagnosed of leuchemia. They tried to save her, but she died before she turned 9.

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[Monkeylint](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"Who that?" pointing into empty room.

"Did you see someone?"

"Other mommy."

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[RockingRobin](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

This is something I said to my grandma.

I was at her house during the day while my parents were at work. I was 4/5ish. My grandma was on the phone with her brother who lived in Florida. I was being a little shit and being under foot while she was trying to catch up. You know, dancing, singing, etc.

I suddenly stop everything and look out the back door (it's a sliding glass door). She is standing next to the door looking away from the door. I say, Look, Mawmaw! A coffin! as I point out the glass door.

She stops talking and turns around to look, visibly shaken. When she can't see it, she looks down at me and asks me where it is. I look back at her and tell her it's behind the fence. It's clearly not there for her. That's when I drop my creep.

"Uncle Randy (my grandma's brother's name) is in it!"

I mosey away and go to watch tv. She is scared. And my grandma's brother is laughing and telling her not to worry.

He died later that month in a traffic accident.

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• 13y ago

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[EL 31](#)

• 13y ago

Not as creepy as some I've read but still a little crazy. I had just found out I was pregnant and was stressing out. It wasn't planned. I knew the guy I was with would freak out and I was nervous to tell him. The guy I was with was my best friend's brother. So I was with my best friend in her room and her daughter just came in. She was 3 years old. I didn't want to say anything in front of her because I didn't want her to run and tell her uncle anything. So I just laid down on the bed. She came over and put her hand over my belly and just smiled and looked over at me and said, "everything is going to be ok" and just rubbed my belly for a while. Me and my friend just looked at each other confused. I know she didn't hear cause my friend's room is up stairs so she has to have someone watch her go up the stairs so we knew when she was coming.

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• [13y ago](#)

My nieces always talk about playing with "Grandma" downstairs when they come over. All of our grandmothers have passed away....truly terrifying. :(

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[Dazshar](#)

• [13y ago](#)

One day, my little sister who was probably about 3-4 at the time asked my parrents "are you going to burn my kitty in a fire" Of course they answered something along the lines of "no why would we ever do that, that's a terrible thing to say" and so on

The following week our previously healthy cat got very sick and had to be put down and cremated (my parents have always cremated our pets but my sister had never experienced it before)

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bardwick
• 13y ago

My three year old kept talking about setting my bed on fire. Asked me about it several times. We're a pretty well adjusted family, really started to bother me so I asked him about it. He went to set the bed on fire, by turning on the heating blanket on my wifes side... Rather proud of himself..

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avengerbri
• 13y ago

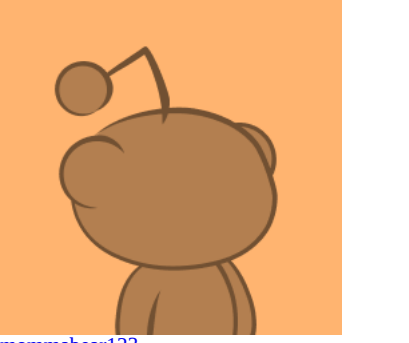
Not to me, but my wife - our 2yr old had picked up "Dammit" from me and would say it when frustrated. We started correcting him - "Jack, what do we say? Not dammit, darn it." It seemed to be working. One day, while visiting @ Granny's house, he's picking up very breakable nick-nacks and having them taken away from him so he doesn't break them. After the fourth or fifth, he says 'oh, dammit'. My wife says, "No Jack, not dammit it, what do we say?" He GLARES at her and says "GOD-DAMMIT".

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[mommabear123](#)

• 13y ago

I was on the bus with my 9 year old son. The bus stopped and a very very old lady got on very slowly. My son whispered in my ear, "Look what just crawled up onto the devil's backbone."

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[Deanimal](#)

• 13y ago

"Mummy is made of cells, daddy is made of Satan"

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[sallysallyt](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Friend of mine once asked his daughters, "What would be the worst Christmas present ever?"

Six year-old: "A Dora doll." Four year-old: "A stocking with mommy inside, dead."

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[gabo2804](#)
• [13y ago](#)

So, I have a 4 year old daughter, but she was 1 year and a half at the time, she was starting to talk but she talked clear enough for us to understand what she wanted. Anyway, since she was born she always wanted to be with her grandpa (my dad), when we came to visit my folks, she never wanted to leave, so one sunday she threw a specially dramatic tantrum when we left and was still crying when we got home. At the momment I was alone with her and she made me lose my cool, so I started yelling at her, telling her that we couldn't be all the time with my parents, that we had a house and we had to live in it, but I was getting kinda loud, and right there between sobbings she looked me in the eye and told me: NO!, you don't yell at me, I am your grandmother, I miss my son!. My grandmother died a few years before my daughter was born.

Backstory: my grandmother always told me that we were soulmates, and that she believed we had met in many other lives, and that we would keep meeting in others. When she was about to die she told me not to mourn for her, that we would meet again, and she specifically said: next time I'm gonna be your daughter, so you take care of me this time around. Still gives me the chills.

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[TheDestinyPie](#)
• [13y ago](#)

shit, missed my chance! ah whatever when my sister was about two my sister came into my grandmas room and in a little raspy voice screeched "grandma the devil is my master" followed by some crazy laughter. 14 fucking years later we were talking about the incident at the dinner table and my dad FINALLY admitted to hiding a walkie talkie in her cupboard and turning it on during her play time, trying for DAYS to get my sister to say this to my grandma TL;DR my sisters a demon, my dad hates my grandma, and my grandmas scared of my sister.

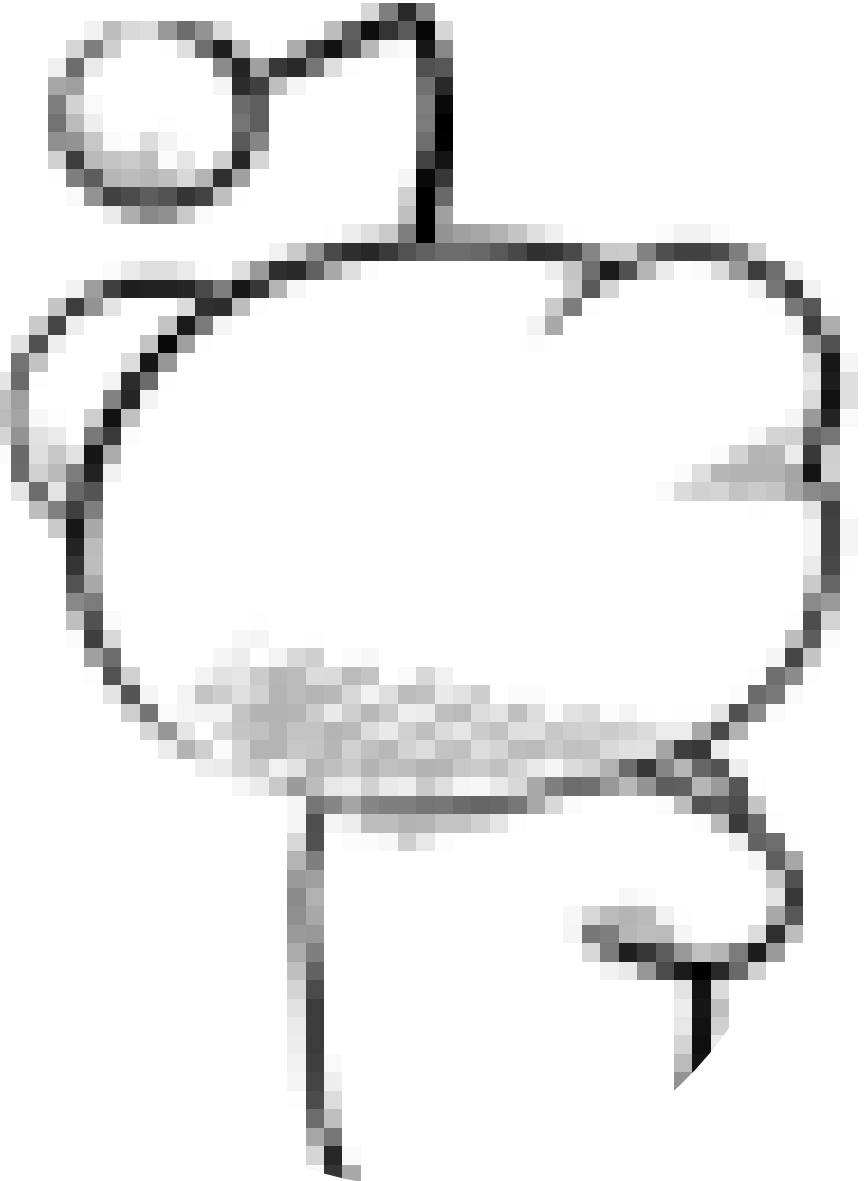
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• [13y ago](#)

Apparently, when I was about two years old, my I would take my Hotwheels and put them in perfectly straight lines all throughout the house, and I had a *lot* of Hotwheels, maybe about 350.

One day while I was doing this, My father came and slightly adjusted one of my Hotwheels so that it was out of place. I stared him down until he put it back. I also apparently was breathing pretty heavily.

He shouldn't have touched my motherfucking Hotwheels.

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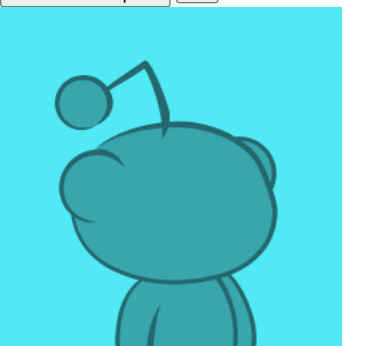


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• 13y ago

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[jacindab](#)
• [13y ago](#)

We were all at the hospital awaiting my husband's grandfather's last breath. Our niece, who was only 3 at the time, was getting fussy so we took her outside to run around for a bit. At one point she stopped playing, looked up and said "Bye, Grandpa!" When we went back inside, we found out he had passed while we were out with our niece. Eery.

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[mr_midnight](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I used to have night terrors as a kid, I used to do a few creepy things.

Once I stood silently in the dark in my parents room watching them sleep until they noticed me. They asked if anything was wrong, and I said I couldn't sleep. They said why not? I said because the man in the corner is watching me. Apparently, I meant my lifesize cardboard cutout of Babe Ruth.

Also (my dad just told me this one a few months ago), one time my dad was givin my mom the business when I sleepwalked into the room and right up to the bed and reached out and grabbed dad's foot, gently as an egg. He said he almost flew out his skin.

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[KOB4LT](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"I go into the wall at night."

Hes scared to go to bed because he doesn't want to go in the wall.

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[Letsnotloseourheads](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My two year old daughter held a plastic knife to my face and said "Cut ya eyes dad ?" To witch I replied " No dear we never cut anyone's eyes" You catch yourself saying some pretty crazy things once you become a parent.

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[Fakezaga](#)
• 13y ago

"When you die, can I take your bones and make a sculpture?"

My daughter, age 4. No backstory. She just wants to do that.

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[justzephy](#)
• 13y ago

My mom tells me this story about how when I was pretty young, less than 4-5, she had me on her shoulders walking toward an abandoned house. As she got closer, I tensed up and started freaking out saying, 'No mommy! no! don't go in there people died in there.' She figured it wasn't worth freaking me out to check it out and went home. We lived in a pretty small town so later on she ended up talking to the owner of the land that the house was on and she asked him about the house. He told her that a man had shot and killed his family then himself there.

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[jcimscares](#)
• 13y ago

This was a little strange for me, my cousin was almost two, and she was being baby-sat at my home. She had this fascination with this Jamaican flag magnet I got from a holiday, and always asked me to lift her up,so she could get a better view of it on my fridge door.. So I did so for like a minute, and then I put her down, and she toddled off into the living room. I put on some cartoons,and when I got back to the kitchen, the magnet was gone! I checked on the floor, even went back into the living room, incase I'd kicked it in there or something, and still couldn't find it. My cousin with her eyes still on the TV asked "What doing?" (She couldn't form full sentences yet) and I said "I can't find the magnet"; and she replied "He put it up,up"...I'm like who the hell is HE, and she pointed into the corner of the living room..an empty corner and repeated "He"...so yes I was freaked out at that point. Fast forward a few weeks later, I'd forgotten about the magnet,went to grab a cereal box from on top of the fridge, and what fell down...the magnet..

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Memechti
• 13y ago

Only two days ago my 2 1/2 years old daughter sat with me on the sofa, her back turned to me. I am still fascinated by her existence so I said to her: You are a miracle. She didnt look at me when she answered: No, I was a miricale, now I am a human. I found that creepy ;-)



[deleted]
• 13y ago

My uncle tells this one all the time about my cousin:

When she was around 3 or 5 she had an imaginary friend (lets call it frank, because I can't remember it's real name). Whenever things went wrong she blamed it on Frank. One evening my Uncle was in his living room while my cousin was meant to be sleeping in her room. My uncle hears all sorts of crashes and noises coming from her room. My uncle goes to her room and says "<CousinsName>, what's all the noise? Go to sleep!". She says, "It's Frank, not me!". My uncle, being the cool guy he is, says, "Oh yeah?! Where is he!?". She points over to the corner of the room.

My Uncle then went over to the corner, pretended to struggle with Frank, then threw him across the room. All the while my cousin is watching and even acted as if she saw Frank fly across the room. My uncle sprints to where he pretended to throw Frank, picks him up, opens the nearby window, and tosses him out. He closes the window and says, "That's sorted. Now go to sleep."

To this day my Cousin says she never saw Frank again after that.



L;DR - My cousin had an imaginary friend when she was between 3 - 5 that my Uncle killed by throwing it out a window.

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[outerdrive313](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not creepy, but... you be the judge.

This happened a few years back. My daughter was around 5 at the time. She was in the bathtub and had her toys around her, including her favorite, which was this motorized swimming toy fish.

My wife and I are in the bed, chillin, probably watchin some Maury or something.

"Daddy! Daddy!"

I go in the bathroom, "Yes, daughter."

"I got something to tell you."

puzzled look "Okay, what."

She smiles and goes, "Daddy, when I put the fish right here, it tickles!"

mortified look "HONEY!!!"

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[smileatu](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My little brother ran into the kitchen while my mom was cooking dinner. He goes look mommy it moves. He shows my mom his penis discovery. My mom tries to keep a cool face and tells him to go show his father.

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• [13y ago](#)

That's normal for kids. Erogenous zones are a source of curiosity.

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[Cool_beanzz](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My cousin used to freak he mom out as a child. Whenever her mom would ask her why she did something mean or wrong she would whisper , "The devil told me to do it"

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[WeenieTheQueen](#)

• 13y ago

My daughter (around 13 at the time) walked into my room at 3am and said over and over, "I killed (younger brothers name), I killed him". She wasn't even awake but I woke up with a start and didn't get back to sleep...

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• 13y ago

My son called me into his room one night and said that when he screams in his dream that "they" come even though his scream doesn't make any sound. I told him that it was just a bad dream. He then opened his mouth like he was screaming and behind me there were rushing footsteps (in a dark house mind you). The dog decided to run into his room at that moment and as a result I nearly shit myself.

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[kosherbacon29](#)

• [13y ago](#)

So, I'm not a parent but this is something I told MY parents when I was little. We had this...doll for lack of a better way to put it. It was like, three feet tall and made of blue green fabric, it had this weird face on it and it's head came to a point. It had wire running through it so it could stand on it's own and you could pose it's limbs and such.

I don't know, my parents say a friend of theirs gave it to them when I was younger. Point is, it was fucking terrifying. All the kids in my family (my older sister and younger brother) hated it. We called it Gonzo. I would refuse to have it in my room and when my parents asked me why I told them it was because I could "hear it breathing".

I don't remember that much about it, only that I was terrified of it.

A few years ago this story came up and my sister looked at me funny for a second and then told me that when "Gonzo" used to be in her room that one morning she woke up early and thought our dad was in the room. He would wake up early every morning to go to work and would check in on us and she thought it was him. But she felt something covering her mouth and holding her down. She couldn't move and all she could hear was just heavy breathing.

My parents have no memory of THAT story, but I found it freaky as hell.

No idea if it was just us kids being kids, but damn that thing was creepy as hell. We apparently still have it tucked away in the attic. I don't really want to find it...

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[leighbuzz](#)
• 13y ago

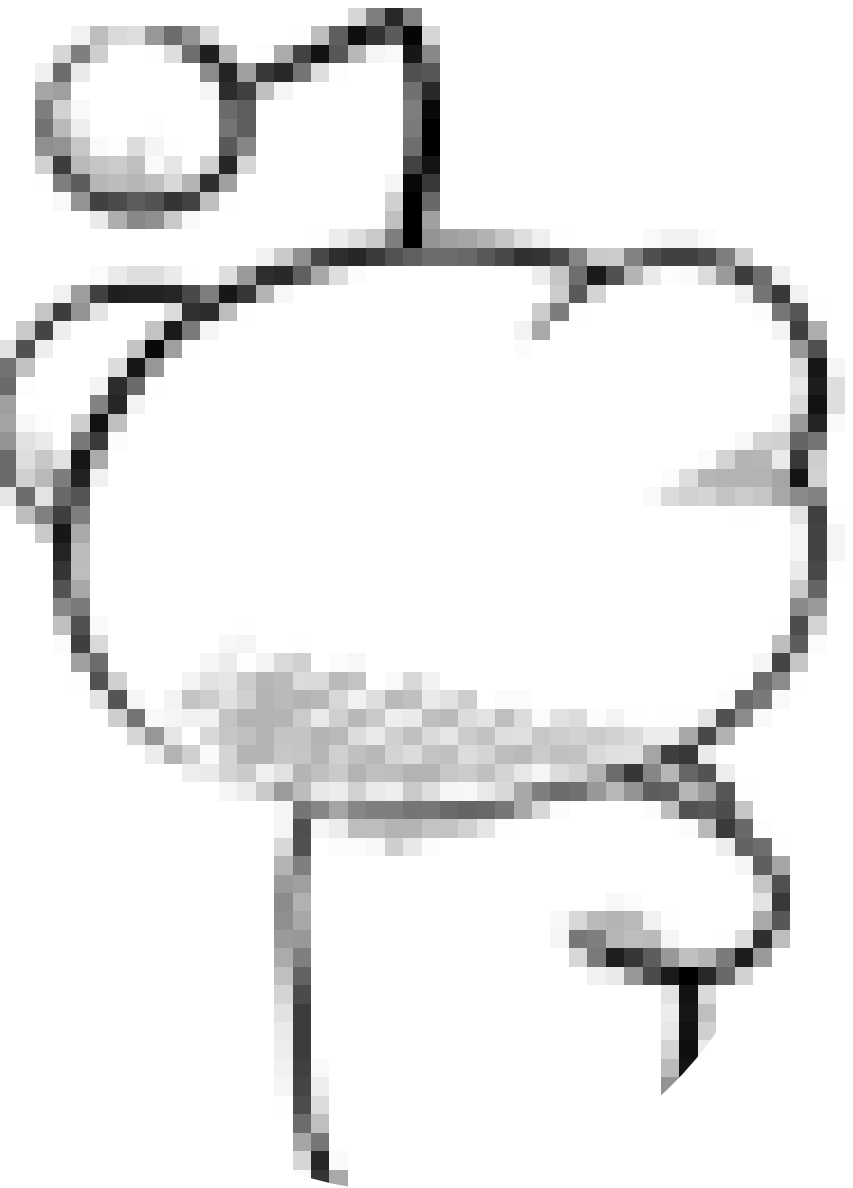
This is probably going to get buried, but when my boyfriend was a baby, his mother walked into his room to find one of his brothers whispering over his crib "stop breathing or I'll kill you"

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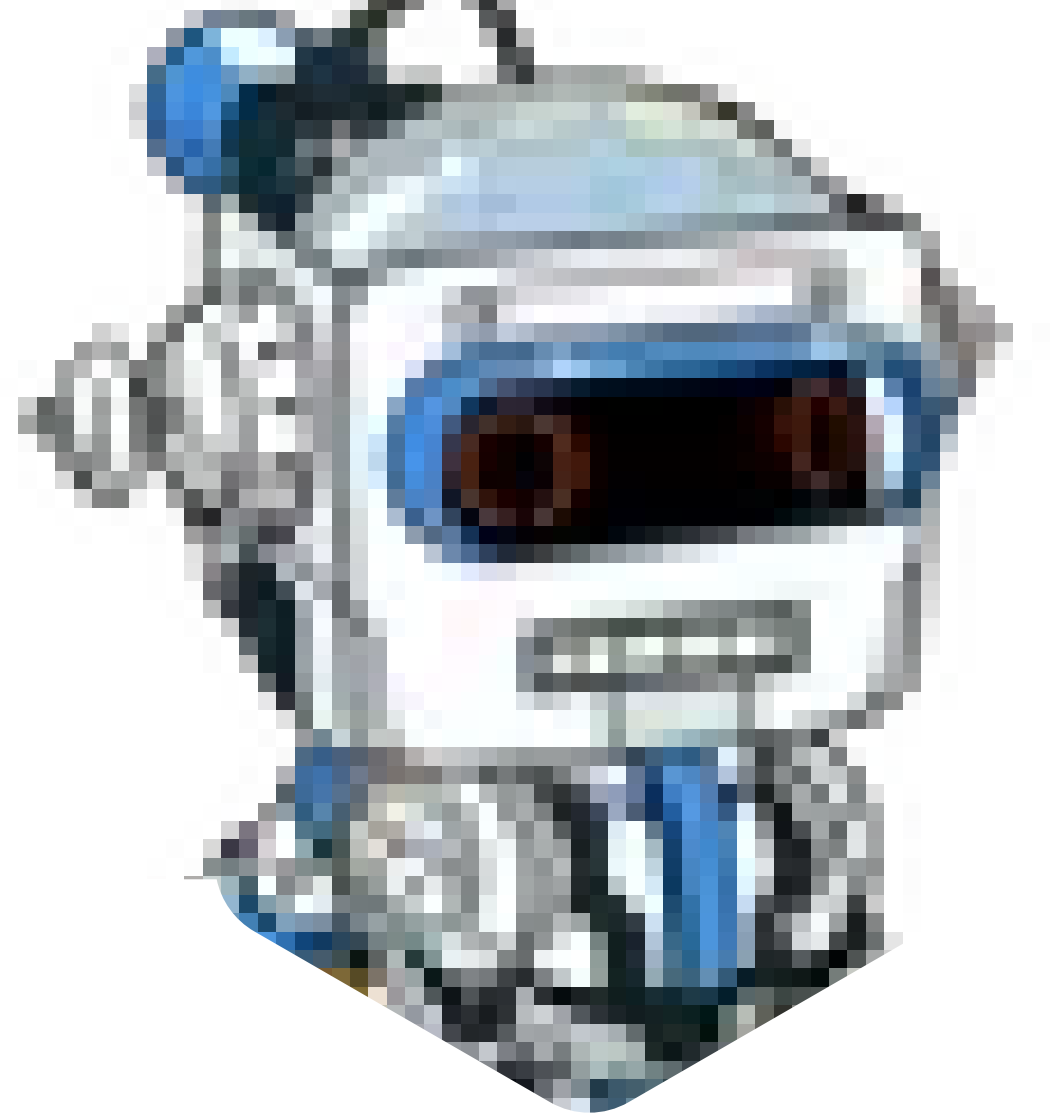
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• 13y ago

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[Oops!Sed2Mch](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Often, people come to pay their respects that may not have seen the individual in some time. It is comforting and offers some closure to be able to view the deceased one last time and in often what is described as a state of "resting peacefully."

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[Nicki Tikki Tavi](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I don't have kids, but I know I scared the hell out of my parents. My family is very devout Catholic (I not longer am), and I had been going to CCD (Sunday School) since birth. I used to have terrible nightmares and was scared of the dark. However, I associated everything that was bad or scary with the devil. So when I would crawl in their bed when I was scared I would tell them that "the devil scared me", "the devil is in my room", "the devil woke me up." They took me to an exorcist who figured it out right away. Womp womp.

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[Potatoexplosion](#)

• 13y ago

This is kind of happy, in a disturbing way. Well my mums mum had just died. About a week after her funeral, my sister was telling us all about this dream she had. In the dream, my gran was showing my sis these red, sparkly heels she was wearing. She said that gran was saying something like "I'm happy now, don't worry. I can finally wear some decent shoes." I just thought woah my sister is a weirdo, but my mum started crying hysterically. She explained that my gran had problems in her feet and couldn't walk very well. She only ever wore slippers. She was always saying that always wanted shoes like Dorothy, red and sparkly heels. Me and my sister didn't know this because we never really saw my gran and we were young so didn't really understand. And the time it didn't really faze me, but now I look back on it, it's pretty odd.

Tl;dr: my dead gran really likes shoes.

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• 13y ago

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[MrCrix](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My moms neighbour once told me a story about how when his son was younger he had his son sitting on his lap and the boy looked up and him and said "Do you remember when you used to sit on my lap like this when you were a little boy?"

The kid was like 2 and could barely string together a sentence but somehow said this perfectly. His father had just recently passed.

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[JamesWallis](#)
• [13y ago](#)

At seven weeks old, my second daughter said her older sister's name. It's a three-syllable name with a 'z' in it. There were witnesses.

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[braneworld](#)
• [13y ago](#)

The worst is being dead asleep in the middle of the night and feeling a presence - and opening your eyes to see your kid just staring at you "Paranormal Activity" style.

Or being startled out of sleep because your 4 year old crept into your room in the middle of the night and started pulling on your exposed toes.

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[tempestsoul](#)



[13y ago](#)

I'm telling my sister I want ot be cremated when I die. My nephew overhears..."Titi, when you die..can I have some of you to wear around my neck?"

"O_O um..why?"

"So you can stay with me forever, I love you."

"Ok, sure honey, I'll add it to my will"

"What can I get?"

"Huh?"

"Will I get a arm, the legs? Because I REALLY want a boob..."

He was 7...

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• [13y ago](#)

Not me but a workmate. He was doing some drawing with his nephew & they were doing machines. When asked what he had drawn the nephew replied "a skeleton making machine". On further inspection he hadn't drawn a skeleton making machine but rather a flesh removal machine complete with screaming naked men & a chanel for the blood. Creepy.

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[pjie2](#)

• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

He: <howls of disappointment>

Me: "What's the matter, darling?"

He: "I WANT TO BE GAY!"

Me: "..."

He: "DADDY, DADDY I WANT TO BE GAY!"

Me: "..."

He: "BE GAY! BE GAY! HELP ME, DADDY!"

Me: "... how?"

He: "MAKE THE LITTLE A GO 'WAY... I WANT A *BIG* A!"

Me: <Rearranges fridge magnets>

He: "... fanks."

[edit: should make clear that this was disconcerting/confusing rather than creepy per se]

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[gioyaya](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

This happened when I was about 10 years old. I was playing miniature golf with my mother and younger brother (he was 5). It was my brother's turn and he missed horribly. He then turned to me and said "stop! I'm trying my hardest!" I didn't even say anything. He then explained that he heard me say "This is going to take forever". Creeped out, I told my mother and him that I was thinking those exact words.

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[BobDunbar](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not exactly creepy but funny, and not me but my sister, so hope this is okay. My sister had just finished towel drying my nephew after a bath when the doorbell rang. She went to answer the door and it was a Jehovah's Witness. Just then my nephew comes strutting out with his dick in his hand and says "It's coming to get you!".

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[DubXero](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not my child, but my girlfriends niece. She was 3.

I was showing her how to play a didgeridoo. After becoming bored with it, she picked it up and whispered through it directly at me, "you're going to die in a fire."

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[bilbo58](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My nephew said to his mum: "Mummy when will I be reborn?", she said "what, out of mummy's tummy?" and he said "no, out of the darkness."

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[⊕](#) 1 more reply



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[kayfox](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was babysitting a three year old girl once. We were playing and she accidentally stepped on her plastic tiara and broke it. Not being able to find any glue, I tried to melt it back together with a lighter. While I'm doing this she looks up at me and says with a strait face, "When I was a grown up, I used to play with fire too."

Another time when she was two, she randomly bent down on the floor in the kitchen, put her ear to the floorboards, looked up at me wide eyed and whispered, "what's down there?" Overall creepy kid.

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• [13y ago](#)

The eldest, when she was ~3.

"I'm going to my room to see Billy" "Who is Billy?" "He's the little boy who cries under the floor, silly..."



[Rahallahan](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was sitting on the couch with my youngest child once. We each had a cat that we were petting in our laps. He all of a sudden out of the blue says to me, "Mom, sometimes when I pet the cat, I feel like I just wanna squeeze it till it dies" I was very worried, and have watched him very closely around the cats since. He was 5 or 6 at the time, he is 12 now.



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[sutroheights](#)

• 13y ago

"Why is that old couple looking at us through the window?" I didn't see anyone out the window. But he did.

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[RandomAccessMalady](#)

• 13y ago

My nephew, when he was around 3 I guess, said some creepy stuff. His mum was putting him to bed one night, and he started talking about, and gave detailed descriptions of a past life, and of old English landmarks that no longer exist, but are well documented. He said some olde English type phrases too, like he talked about how he shot his friend by mistake because "the sight (of the gun) was not true." Pretty creepy stuff. I don't believe in anything weird, but stuff like this makes one think for a minute.

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[k3rmatron](#)
• [13y ago](#)

BOTH of my sons at around the age of four (four year age difference between them) used to always be afraid to sleep in their room. Their excuse? The old man scares them. What old man? He's in the window, he looks at me while I sleep. Also, my youngest son had the creepiest imaginary friend named Mr. Chibbers. He would describe him as a skeleton but he had a mask on and dripped black blood. Anytime there was an odd noise or our dogs would bark for no reason my youngest son wouldn't miss a beat and would say, "Don't worry that's just Mr. Chibbers, he's here to see me." WTF

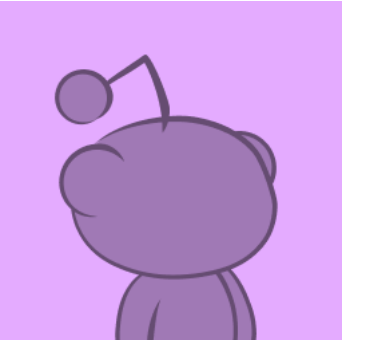
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[Argle](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Our cat died and we buried him, and a few days later my 6 year old daughter asked if we could dig him up and see his bones. I told her it was too soon.

When she was 4 I taught her to waggle her finger and say Danny's not here Mrs. Torrence. I got into a lot of shit for that.

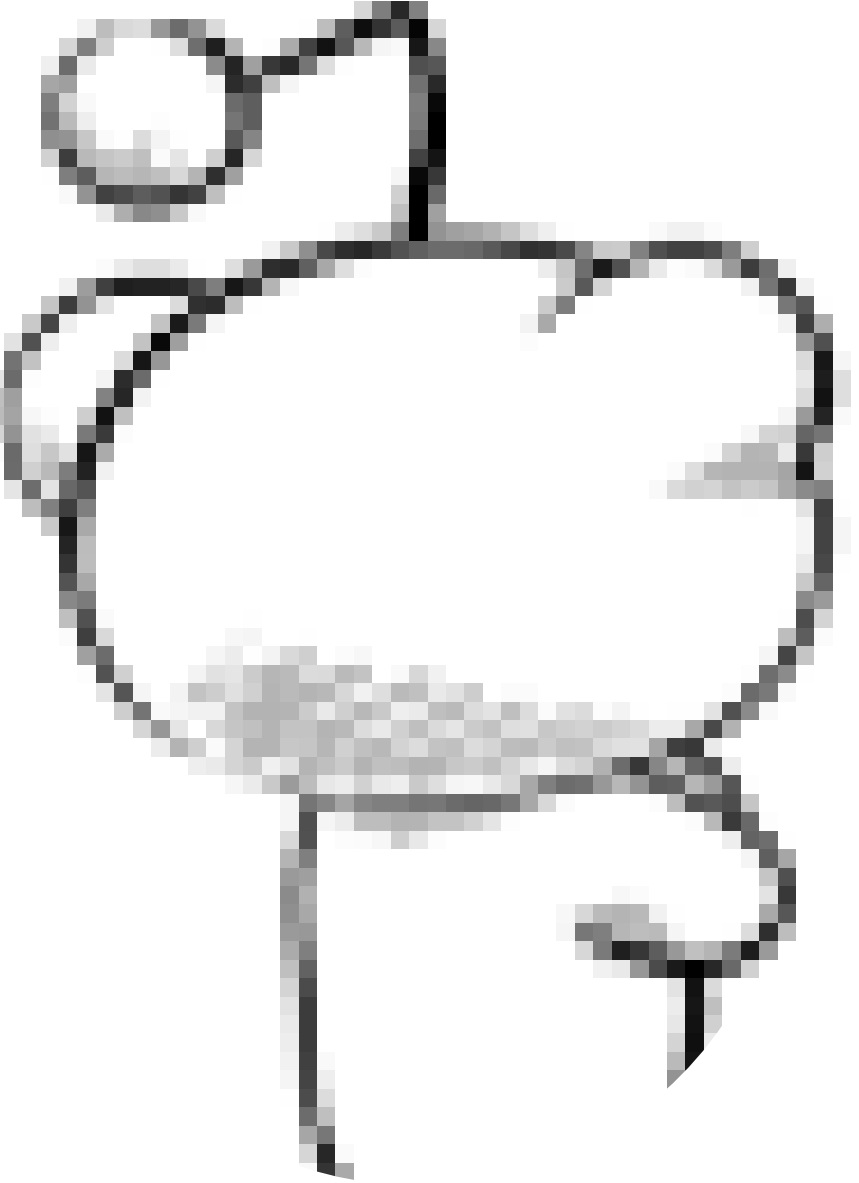
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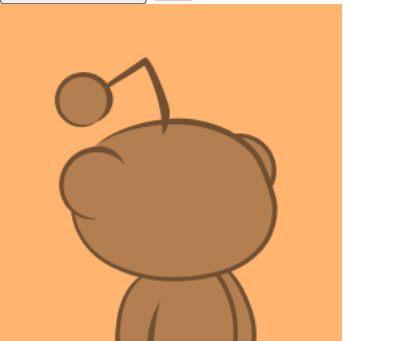
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• 13y ago

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[Sknib Raj Raj](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Talking to my five-year-old cousin:

"Hey ____, what's your favorite animal?"

"T-Rex."

"And why is that?"

She whirls around, stares at me with the most intense face I've ever seen a little kid make, and replies in the creepiest voice:

"***Because it has sharp parts.***"





[meow meow 2](#)

• 13y ago

When I was about 3 or 4 my parents were driving me and my brother home late at night after my great grandfathers funeral. My brother and I were fast asleep in the backseat when I slowly sat up, opened my eyes and told my parents I was going to kill them in their sleep. They asked me how I would do that and I said I was going to get a gun and shoot them. They then asked who I would live with since the rest of my family would be upset that I killed them. I shut my eyes while resting my head on the door and said "they'll never know. Ever". Scared the fuck out of them.



[candygirl5134](#)

• 13y ago

I just asked my Dad if I was ever creepy, and explained how I was reading stories about other children. He says "No, you were the logical child. Even really little, you always used the word actually, and used it correctly. You would walk up to me and go 'Actually Dad, I don't think you need that beer tonight'. Yep, that was you".



[⊕ More replies](#)



[shultz666](#)

• [13y ago](#)

There's a lot of stuff here about kids seeing ghosts.

When I was younger - before I can remember (like most other people it seems) - I asked my Mum if the "old woman would come and read me stories at bed time tonight".

Because, apparently, this was something I claimed was happening.

My mum was a bit weirded out, asked me what she looked like etc, and apparently I was describing my great nan. And potentially any old woman I guess.

Still, I used to think this story was some sort of exaggeration or mistake, but now after reading all these comments from people about the same thing, I'm a bit creeped out.

I don't like the idea that dead relatives are hanging around. I do bad things when (I think) I'm alone. You know what I'm saying.

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[kenji213](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When i was about 6 or 7 I had a bad habit of confusing words that sound similar.

One day, in daycare, a visibly pregnant mother comes in to drop off her son and i pointed at her belly and asked when she was going to get the abortion finalized.

i meant adoption.

because the kid that she dropped off was a dick and i didn't want the sequel



[Miresnare](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My oldest (3) has full length wardrobe mirrors in his bedroom. He comes in our room first thing in the morning:-

"My mirrors turn into a door. There is a girl called Katie there. She has a broken bed. I opened the door and she came in my room."

She has a white dress apparently.

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• 13y ago

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[getyourDintheD](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Okay rule-breaker McGee here, but I figure I'll share the creepiest I did/said to my parents. Now I have no *real* memory of this, and the only reason I believe I did this is the sincerity with which my parental units told me about it and have told other people about it. Also, it's been a few years since I talked to either of them about it, so forgive the lack of particulars.

So, around age 3-4 I started telling my parents about my "other family". One of my older siblings had imaginary friends from the same age, so at first they thought it was the same deal, as I was talking about a little girl. Now this carried on, mostly overlooked for a period of weeks, until I started including a man and woman in my conversations. It was then that my mother twigged that when I had talked about my imaginary girl friend, it was always things we had done. Past tense. With my sibling, and with a lot of children who have imaginary friends, the imaginary person is present, and everything is present tense.



his, combined with the introduction of the man and woman (soon to be revealed as my *other* mother and father) made my parents take a second look at what I was telling them. Having spent a few weeks generally looking past my imaginary compadres, they started to ask me questions.

Asking me for the first time, "Who are you talking about?", I looked at my mother and said with what my mother describes as a level of seriousness inappropriate for a child, "My other family."

I had a ream of stories to go with my other family. One that stood out to my father took place when he took me to the beach the first time. When we got there he asked me was I excited to see the sea for the first time. I wasn't, because apparently I had been there already with my other family. I was totally unimpressed and my poor dad was flabbergasted (four hour round trip from our home to the beach), and severely creeped out at my deathly serious attitude to what should have been a pretty cool day out. This wasn't a little kid being grumpy or difficult, this was a complete night and day change in personality and humour which would always be tied back to my other family, and the things I had done with them.

With plenty of more instances of my other family being brought up, my parents sat me down in the pantry-turned-playroom and talked to be directly about what the hell I was talking about. Up to this point, I would apparently just become quite when they asked me questions. This time was different. They asked me could I see my other daddy, or mommy, or sister. I answered no. They asked me had they ever been here (in the family home), and I said no. They asked *where* did I see them, and when did I see them. I answered with a whisper, "*before*", then plopped down off the chair and went back to playing with my legos.

Sitting with my back to them, my father asked me, "Where did they go, GetyourDintheD?". My answer, with arm actions to compliment it, was "Down. Down into the hole in the ground."

So my parents are sitting there with their four year old child, who is now talking about having been at the funeral of his *other* family. The conversation stops. I go back to my legos. My parents look at each other. My dad loads the next question, "Where did they go down into a whole?". My answer; "Granddad's house!". My dad got the car keys, and into the car we went. Destination: Granddad's. Objective: get some answers about the creepy kid's story.

Now it turned out I wasn't talking about Granddad's house, but rather a graveyard, maybe ten minutes drive from my Granddad's house - somewhere they had never taken me, somewhere my Grandfather swore he never took me (he looked after me on weekends sometimes), and given that I was never out of my Granddad's sight; somewhere I could never have been by myself. Regardless, I took my mother, father, and grandfather to this graveyard, and with no hesitation brought them to about three quarters of the way back, right up to a weather-beaten limestone grave marker, pointed to the ground in front of it, looked at the trio of horrified adults and said "In there."

After this, I never brought up my other family again, and my parents avoided bringing it up until I was in my early teens, with a "*Do you remember doing this?*" line of questioning.

Note: the graveyard was designated as burial ground in the 1200s according to the local history I've read since. So there's everything from famine victims to world war one vets buried there. Aside from the world war vets, there wasn't a burial there since the 1800s.

TL;DR : I had another family as a child, complete with a host of memories, stories and an eventual trip with my actual parents to a disused, ancient graveyard where I pointed out their burial spot.

Either that or I was kidnapped and this is my 'parents' insurance policy in case any repressed memories start coming up.

PS: I also had a habit as a child of pointing out dead family members in old photographs by name, who I had never met or been shown before. I could do this because apparently I had seen them around the house. I was a freaky child.

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[The Year of Glad](#)
• 13y ago

That's very interesting.

Was there a name on the gravestone, and if so, did you ever try and research the people who were buried there?

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[Bringerofthenachos](#)

 • [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but I was staying at my Aunt and Uncle's house for thanksgiving. Gave me the guest bed room. First night, right before their 3 or 4 year old son goes to bed, he tells me that "the shadow man likes to look at people in the bed from the closet at night, but don't worry, he won't hurt you." Think nothing of it, but when I lay down at night I just can't get my mind off of it, so I move a chair in front of the closet door so it can't open. Go to sleep fine after that.

Next day around lunch the kid tells me "the shadow man couldn't open the closet door last night, so he looked out of the air vent instead". I rationalized it as the kid saw the chair against the closet somehow and got the idea from there, but still I didn't get very much sleep that night.

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[mmdadison](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my son could barely talk he would see a "man" either in our entryway or outside his bedroom window. We have fully shuttered windows with a decorative half circle of glass on top and the "face" would always be up in the half circle, way too high for a real person. Once at about 1am he followed "it" with his fingers and eyes, pointing while it made it's way into my bedroom and he told my mom that it had gone into "mama's room". He even once said it was outside our car when we were away from the house. He eventually stopped



seeing it but then when my daughter began walking she started saying the same stuff and she would run like hell past our entryway with a look of utter terror. They don't see it anymore but it used to creep me the hell out.

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[Samwisegamgee92](#)
• 13y ago

I used to watch my 3 year old niece through the night when her mom worked third shift. She had her own bedroom with her "special toys" and dress up clothes and such. My niece also has a sensory disorder and learning disability, which can cause her to be somewhat cold towards other people and not display emotions correctly, though she was always very loving towards my dog, boyfriend and myself. One night, I woke up to her standing at the side of my bed in a witch costume with a plastic knife from her play kitchen in one hand and my yorkie in the other. She then whispered "I'll get you my pretty, and your little dog too". No emotion on her face or in her voice. Just creepy dead eyes. Scared the shit out of me.

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[flyfish72](#)
• 13y ago

my 5 year said to me one morning " Mummy you know when you try and wake me up it is hard? That is because I am not in my body. I am up there (pointing at the roof) watching you try to wake me up. Katter (thought was imaginary friend) takes me out of my body at night to play with him

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[runnernda](#)
• 13y ago

I have no memory of this, but I hear the story all the time. When I was four, I sat up when my mom was tucking me in and said "Bye Mom Mom! I love you too!" My mom was understandably startled, since Mom Mom was what I called my grandmother and she wasn't present. My mom said "Mom Mom's not here, sweetheart." "I know! She just left."

She then got a phone call saying her mother had suffered a heart attack and died on the way to the hospital. To this day she's pretty sure I'm psychic.

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[TheTiniestPirate](#)
• 13y ago

My daughter stopped me on the way out the door one afternoon. Completely serious look on her 3-year-old face. She beckons me closer, so I kneel in front of her. She pulls two plastic spoons out of her pocket - a red one, and a blue one. She holds them out to me, and says "A red spoon, so you won't lose your way. And a blue spoon so the ants can't carry you." When I took them, she hugged me tight around the neck, and ran to her room. Refused to talk to me for the rest of the day.

edit - to read, makes our typing English good.



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[jbbhall36](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My ex-wife texted me and asked for my brother's address. I was busy at the time, so I replied quickly and then promptly forgot about it. A few days later I got a call from my brother asking "what the card was for". My daughter had sent my sister-in-law a get-well card. I laughed and called my daughter and asked why she sent the card. She said that she was "worried" about them. About two weeks later, my sister-in-law found out that she had breast cancer.

EDIT: My sister-in-law is okay now, and has been clear for a couple of years.

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[shadowhary](#)

• 13y ago

I'm not a parent and this isn't anything I really said which creeped my parents out, but it is still a slightly creepy story, gives me the chills whenever I think about it

When I was about 5 or 6, one night I was having trouble sleeping. I had this really weird feeling that something was very wrong so I stood on my bed and looked out the window, in the back garden I saw a man standing behind a bush. I screamed out to my parents and my mom came upstairs (she was in the living room watching tv with my dad). I told her there was a man in the garden but she told me I just had a bad dream. I made her look but she couldn't see anyone. I tried to sleep again but couldn't so looked out again and saw the man in the garden. I went downstairs and tried to convince my parents there was a man there but they didn't believe me. I told them I wouldn't go back upstairs until I knew there was no man. As my dad was about to open the back door, there was a knock at the front door. It was a policeman, he said he had received a call from our house saying there was a man in the garden. This was a time when nobody had mobile phones. The police man came in, went in the garden and found the man behind the bush. To this day we still have no idea where the police phone call came from. The police said it was made from our landline but we are all certain nobody used the phone.

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[PolishLiger](#)

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago



My nieces aged 3 and 4 went around town telling Everyone that there was a little boy named Derek living in their basement and that their parents wouldn't let him out

Edit: can't grammar

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• [13y ago](#)

When I was 26 I had a nightmare while taking a nap that skeletons flew at me and held my forearms while I struggled. I snapped awake and went into the kitchen. My kid walked next to me and began swinging a 2 liter in a circle. I asked him what he was doing, he said "I'm trying to hit the skeletons."

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[xgoddess210](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I used to babysit my cousin who was 2 or 3 at the time and she had an imaginary friend named "Jay".

She was sitting on my lap watching a movie when she started squirming and laughing like crazy. I asked her what was going on and she said, "Jay was tickling me".

I was so creeped out the rest of the night.

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[Lutefisk Mafia](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This one was me, actually. I was a high school senior and was bedridden with some horrible, mutant strain of mono. Seriously, my liver and spleen were so swollen and sore that I could only lie on my back.

Anyhow, apparently my Mom came home from work one afternoon to check in on me and I proceeded to ask her if she could "please tell the skeleton on the floor to go away now, because I'm really tired... and I don't want to be rude -- and we have a had a very nice conversation -- but the guy just will not shut up or take a hint."

Thing is, I remember having the conversation, and that it seemed like a perfectly normal thing at the time to be having a casual conversation with a dessicated skeleton that was sprawled on my bedroom floor. That skeleton guy was pretty cool, but really yakky.

o, yeah, Mom took me to the ER. Good call, Mom!

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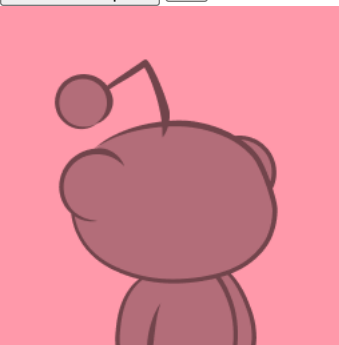
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• 13y ago

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[RegionalPotatoragami](#)

• 13y ago

While snapping celery: "I think this is what bones would sound like if they broke."

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[Daintyesque](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Not my child but: I was baby sitting my parents friends child, she was around 5 or 6. I slept in bed with her, until she woke me up at 3am, she asks me in an annoyed tone "why are THEY here again?", I ask her who she means, she replied, "the two girls at the end of the bed"...

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[Marmitegirl75](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Driving home the other day we were talking about girlfriends and i told my daughter that my son was only 6 years old and therefore didn't 'fancy' anyone. He then piped up with "Yes i do, I fancy old ladies. Especially if they're dead".....

:-o

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[Tolstoi78](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My four year old a while back told me "When I get older I'll have boobs, then I get money and then I can buy a phone."

I simultaneously felt so proud and disgusted that she understood society at such a young age.

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• 13y ago

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[TheQueenOfDiamonds](#)
• 13y ago

When I was little, I didn't sleep very much (I have no memory as to why, exactly) and as a result always showed signs of fatigue, dark circles under my eyes, etc. I also refused to sleep during nap time. Apparently, my preschool teachers recommended that I see a child psychologist because they were concerned. I have no recollection of this, but recently found the file she wrote about me. Apparently when she asked why I didn't sleep, I looked at her and said in a dead serious tone, "I can't close my eyes. If I do, I won't see them coming. If I'm asleep, they can hurt me."

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[dontspamjay](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was taking a nap in my recliner and my two year old daughter snuck over and started up a black and decker toy chainsaw that her brother got for Christmas and laughed maniacally while saying "I cut off your arm daddy!"

Wha???

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• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

This didn't happen to me, but it happened to one of my teachers.

He was on a plane going to New York, when he saw this one kid staring at him. He thought, not big deal, waved to the kid, and the kid hid behind his seat. The kid was in a different row several line of seats in front of him. When he got off of the plane, he went for the luggage pick-up. He stood there waiting when the kid walked up to him, and said, "Have a good day, Mark". His name is actually, Mark. He got scared for he had nothing on him that said Mark nor did he even have his luggage yet. He asked how the kid knew his name, and the kid told him, "Don;t worry, I know all sorts of things". And walked off into the crowd waving at him, disappearing. Ever since then, he tries to stay far away from kids when he flies.



dit: Sorry, just realized this says 'Parents of Reddit'. I kinda skipped that part when commenting here.

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• [13y ago](#)

When I was younger I used to get these weird fever dreams. I felt as if all this weight was in my hands and I was juggling it. If I got up, for several minutes afterwards I would collapse under my own weight. Turns out my younger sister has this too. I hear her whimpering from the other room. I walk in. She stares me dead in the eyes and says "I can taste the blood of all the little children that died for me." Afterwards she just passed out and didn't remember a thing.

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[I-Am-Chaos](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but I am a summer camp counselor.

We had this square of fake red fur that seriously lasted all camp because the kids couldn't figure out what to do with it. One day a girl grabs it, cuts a hole through the middle and puts it over her head so it rested on her shoulders.

She promptly turns to me with an evil grin and says "I skinned Elmo!" then starts laughing and walks away.

tl;dr: "I skinned elmo"

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[aitiologia](#)
• [13y ago](#)

this is going to get buried but, around 18 months of age my first kiddo went from saying nothing to speaking in complete-ish sentences (subject, verb, object). then a few months latter he said, "im going to kill your soul."

we have no idea where that came from. it's not in a movie that we could remember. not so much scary as wtf.

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[ckk524](#)
• [13y ago](#)

when i was 4, i ran to my mom and told her that there was an old man in the rocking chair in my bedroom. she checked my room, no one there. she asked me what he looked like. After i described the old man, she dug up some old photos of my grandfather who had passed away 15 years before i was born. My description matched him perfectly. she was pretty freaked out

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[baymenintown](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

My niece looked at a ~~stone~~ iron statue of a child and said: "She told me she's sad because her mommy died".

[Here she is.](#)

EDIT: Iron & link.

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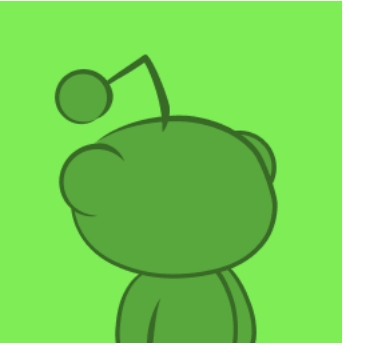
[Supermellowcat](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was a lot younger, my mother would stay home and watch me and my brother while our dad was off at work. The house we lived in was always kind of strange. You'd hear things like something moving around or voices in the middle of the night. Sometimes almost paranormal. We lived in a pretty large suburban home. My brother and I shared a large room on the 3rd floor of the house with a stairway in our room that lead to the attic door. The attic was actually a terrifying room. It was about 20x20 old wooden floor island surrounded by pink fiberglass insulation. There was no light in this room and no windows. Nothing but boxes from when my parents had moved in and a large dark open shaft of some sort in the corner. The attic looked like something straight out of a murder movie and creeped out everyone in the family to the point where no one ever had the guts to look down the shaft and see where it lead to. Anyways, I was told when I was around 4 or 5 (my brother being 2 or 3) my mother would hear someone crying in the house while trying to talk over their sobbing, but when she'd investigate, there was nothing to be found. One day I apparently told her there was a man in the attic and he was sitting in the corner crying. She immediately took me and my brother and drove us to her mother's. I don't remember telling her this, but what I said apparently made her afraid to be home alone up until we moved.



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[hellishly_subtle](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

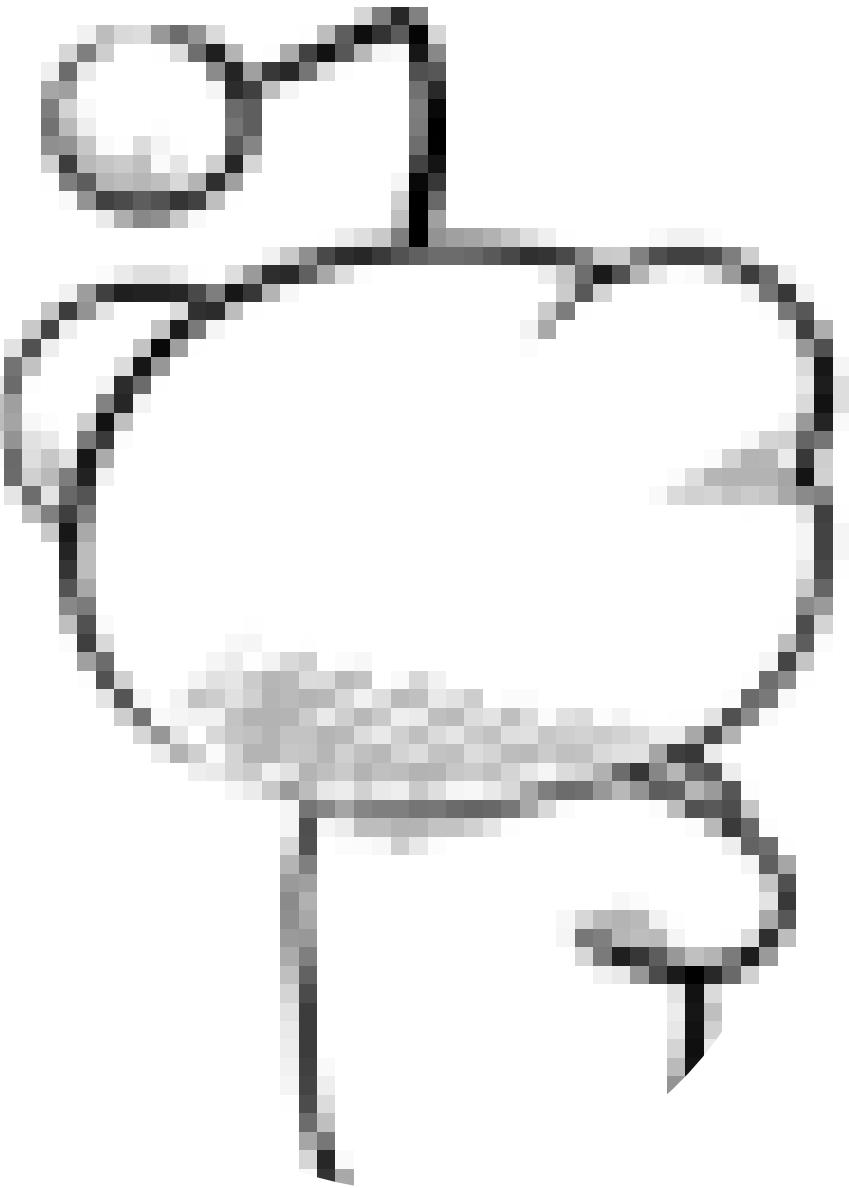
When my son was about 4 years old, he walked into the kitchen and asked my why I was thinking about a dog in the bathtub. I had actually just been thinking exactly that - a story a friend had told me the week before about trying to bathe her dog, my son had not heard the story. Not creepy, but kinda freaky.

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• [13y_ago](#)

My four year old said once: "Daddy, sometimes I think that this world isn't real" -- I asked her what the real world was like? "We are all in a big building, stuck in chairs"

- No - She hasn't seen The Matrix.

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[Oldmanprop](#)
• 13y ago

My daughter was chatting in her bed late one night. I went in to check on her. "Who are you talking to?"*

"My ghost friend, Molly."

"Okay, well tell Molly it's time to sleep."

"Good night, Molly."

Found out a week later the original owner of the house, in 1916, had a baby that died very soon after being born. Her name was Molly.

I still can't sleep right.

(* = Yes, I ended that in a preposition. STFU.)



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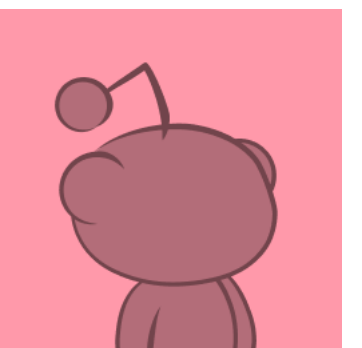


[Mitochondria420](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Middle of the night: "There's something outside my window".

Yeah, no way in hell I'm opening those blinds now.



[deja_geek](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This one has always stuck with me. So let me preface this.. him mom and I are not together (long long story).. any who, his mom lived in the trailer she lived in as a child (part of it). Well, her parents used talk about how her (my ex) younger sister would talk about seeing a man in a suit, with a blue hat and brown briefcase in the hallway.

My son knew nothing of this story. One night I came by to drop him off and I ended up staying the evening (dinner, and getting him to bed); it was shortly after he learned to speak full sentences Well, I get him to bed, and I'm talking to his mom; shortly after he comes walking down the hallway, but he keeps turning around to look at something. I go over to him, and he asks me.. who is the man in the blue hat

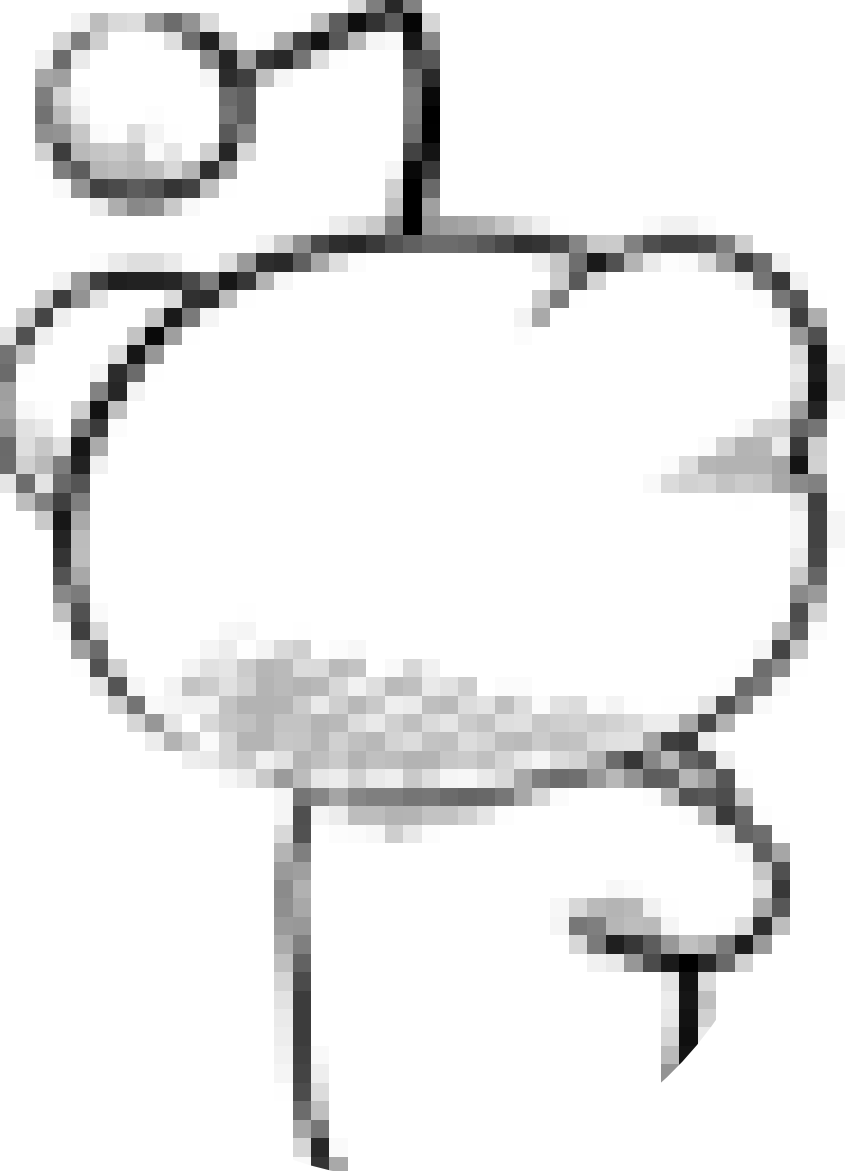
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• 13y ago

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• [13y ago](#)

4 year old walks into our room in the middle of the night and announces, "It is all a dream, none of this is real, but we will ever know it."

WTF? not cool to wake up Mom and Dad with trippy matrix BS. Get back to bed...

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[ayyygeeed](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my child but my little sister when she was about 4. We were getting ready for school and saw that she was asleep on the couch in the living room which was weird because she was put down for bed in her room upstairs.

My mom asked her why she was on the couch and she said "That man brought me down here." and my mom said, "What man? Daddy?" and my sister said, "Not daddy. I woke up and there was a man in that chair watching me sleep, he is the one who brought me down here."

Really weird, creeped us out for weeks.

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[ShellBell2013](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My sister's story, when she was around 6yrs old my parents lived on a property in the bush and one day she went outside to play and she followed a lamb, eventually picking it up to play with it. After a little while a little girl approached her and they talked and played together for what seemed like hours she said, then the little girls father approached them and said to my sister " little girl your parents are looking for you! You better get home they'll be getting worried!" so both he little girl and her father walked my sister back home with the



little lamb in arms. Well it wasn't until my sister was in her late 20's that she asked my mum "who was the little girl and man that walked me home that day" with that mum replied " noone walked you home, you came home by yourself holding a little lamb"! There were no other properties in walking distance close to ours at the time and when she thought back to that time, she remembers they were dressed in old colonial clothing!

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[HZ2128](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I started school my parents bought this sprawling apartment in the suburbs of the city we had moved to from a podunk town. It was all very exciting for me as I was 5 and my brother was 2. The only thing that my dad's friends disapproved of was that the rear windows of the apartment opened to an old graveyard with an scattered over growth of eucalyptus trees. I loved the new school and the everything about the place. Mom soon got pretty blinds to cover the window as my lil bro was getting too curious. Otherwise it was a nice locality. Few neighbours only because most got freaked by the proximity of the building to the graveyards. Kids used to play in the park in the front. And there was a watchman who used to keep an eye on the kids as they played and patrol the streets below at nights. We spent some good 4 years their before my dad got a better job in another city and the house was sold off to pay for a new one there. It was the best time for the family. Happy and stress free. Now my parents often narrate our childhood tales from when we lived there in family functions or just on the kitchen table for a few laughs. I was often at the butt of my dad's jokes who teased me about my pretend friends. One day he was teasing me about the old woman friend I had, that one talking teddy bear friend I had... I told him how I dont remember any of those. He told me how my book obsession lead me to believe there was a guardian for me everywhere. "Like that watchman," he chuckled out of the blue. "The watchman was real dad." Parents laughed at me. "Sure, honey," he said. "Your descriptions of him were detailed. And he often kept you from venturing out of the area into the streets. You used to get candies from the neighbourhood kids, but you used to tell us the WATCHMAN gave them to you." I was flabbergasted. I distinctly remembered the watchman. He wore Khaki overalls and carried a cane. He had pock marks on his face but he wore a big friendly smile under his grey thick moustache. He was nice. Never talked much but always told me that "mom and dad love you"... "you should love your brother he'll take care of you when he grows up." I told my dad this. He laughed some more. So then I told him that one day when mom had lost the house keys and we were planning to stay at my aunt's place till he got the lock fixed, it was the watchman who'd given me the lost keys. Dad had to pick me up from the bus stop to my aunt's place and then get the lock fixed. He had met me as soon as I had gotten off the school bus given me the keys and asked me to "wait for dad." I had held his hand and waited until my flustered dad came ten minutes later and saw me waiting 'alone'. Apparently, there was no one one waiting with me. My parents had thought i had miraculously found the keys. I hadn't. I remember the day crystal clear in my head. Mr Watchman gave the keys to me. His hands were warm. And he had a black mole on his knuckle that I remember staring at and calling it a bug.

I swear he was real.

Recently, my dad's friend's kid lived in an apartment in the same building when he started college. He boarded the rear windows as he was really scared. Later he told my brother that he'd seen a weird dude in overalls walking to and fro across the lane and all around the park in front a few times at night when he smoked out in the balcony. "Creepy man, that one. Stares at you and doesnt look away for minutes." ATLEAST BRO BELIEVED ME AFTER THAT.

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[lorigo33](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I had just found out I was pregnant with my third child (not planned!) We had two little girls (1995 & 1998) so they were 1 and 3 1/2. It was early May, and we had just found out. We had told nobody. My husband and I had just finished singing Mr. Sandman to my 3 1/2 year old and were leaving the room after saying goodnight. She said, "Mommy?" I answered yes? "I prayed to God for a baby brother and God told me he put a baby brother in your tummy." I was speechless. This was in early May. I had a baby boy on December 25, 1999.

WEIRD

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[aslanthelion](#)

• 13y ago

This is what my mother tells me anyway: I was baptised in Ireland, when i was really little. It was one of those rare, rare days in Ireland where it was fairly cloud free, sunny and not raining, so my mother was fairly happy with the weather. I was only six months old at the time, so really little and whatnot. When I was put into the car so we could get to the church, I got really upset for no particular reason and started crying. By the time we were walking into the church I was wailing. When it got to the stage where the priest started to say his sacraments and whatnot, anyone could have mistaken me for being a child in utter agony, I'm told it was horrific. My mother couldn't help but make a joke about the holy water burning '666' into my forehead. I do need to reiterate that the weather had been fine the whole day, but when the priest began his sacrements some clouds began to brew, not many though. When the priest put the water onto my forehead I let out the loudest possible shriek and - I shit you not - the church was struck by lightning. After that I let out a giggle and my baptism was all over.

Yeah.

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[Mr_Regular_man](#)

• 13y ago

I was babysitting my nephew one night and he comes up to me while I'm watching TV and says "He doesn't play nice." I ask him who then he just point into the dark hallway. "Hey how about we wait for you mom outside"

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[Whaleswilleatyou](#)

• 13y ago

Not about my child but me. When I was younger I had not one but nine imaginary friends called 'The Owners and the Moaners'. They all dressed the same in striped skivvies and green trousers with blonde dreadlocks. We used to play until one day my mum asked where they had gone. Apparently my answer was that I killed all nine of them by making them simultaneously trip on one bar of soap in the shower.

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• [13y ago](#)

I'm so late to the party but this was so scary for us, I think it's worth sharing.

Our son was 3 at the time and he kept talking about a boy in the bathroom. Sometimes he'd stop playing and say "Did you hear that?" and run off to the bathroom and tell us "The boy in the bathroom keeps crying, we have to help him!" Other times he'd say "Oh, it's ok, he's laughing" or we'd find him in there whispering. It was creepy enough that he really believed this boy was there but we also had friends who'd walk in on their own and ask me about our son upstairs "laughing his head off" when he wasn't even in the house.

Freaky shit but eventually there was no mention of this "boy" for months. Then one day totally out of blue he came up to me and said "The boy in the bathroom is a monster." I asked him why he thought he was a monster, he said "He has horns and sand comes out of his mouth and he said he lives with his friends in volcanos."

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[FarmMom](#)

• [13y ago](#)



When I was 3 I would often call out to my parents in the middle of the night so they would come get me and let me sleep with them for the rest of the night - I was too scared to walk by myself from one end of the house to the other. One morning they woke up and found that I had made my way to their bed by myself. When my mom asked how I got to their bed, I told her "the man with the glasses carried me." My uncle (whose most distinguishing feature was his thick glasses) had died only a few days before.

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[markellec](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I woke up one night to my two sons screaming "help" from upstairs. I run to them to find them backed into the corner of their bedroom by their older sister. My daughter, who is in the middle of a fever dream, is hysterically crying and screaming "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but I just have to kill you!" Finally woke her up and she had no memory of any of this.

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[fuckoffandcry](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was younger I woke up after having a terrible nightmare and went to go and see my dad for some comfort. In my child mind, I knew that waking him up would be bad so instead I just stood next to the bed and put my face very, very close to his. His eyes opened slightly and I smiled and whispered "Hey, just checking." and he absolutely lost his shit.

He likes to bring it up as one of the most terrifying experiences of his life.

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• [13y ago](#)

"This is where i died" while we were crossing a bridge

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[pedantic dullard](#)

• [13y ago](#)

We (Mr, wife, and 2 1/2 yo son) took a trip to DC a few years ago, and had dinner one night at my cousins house.

My dad, who died 12 years ago, and my cousin looked similar. My son walked into the dining room and started saying, "Grampa," and pointed at different places in the room.

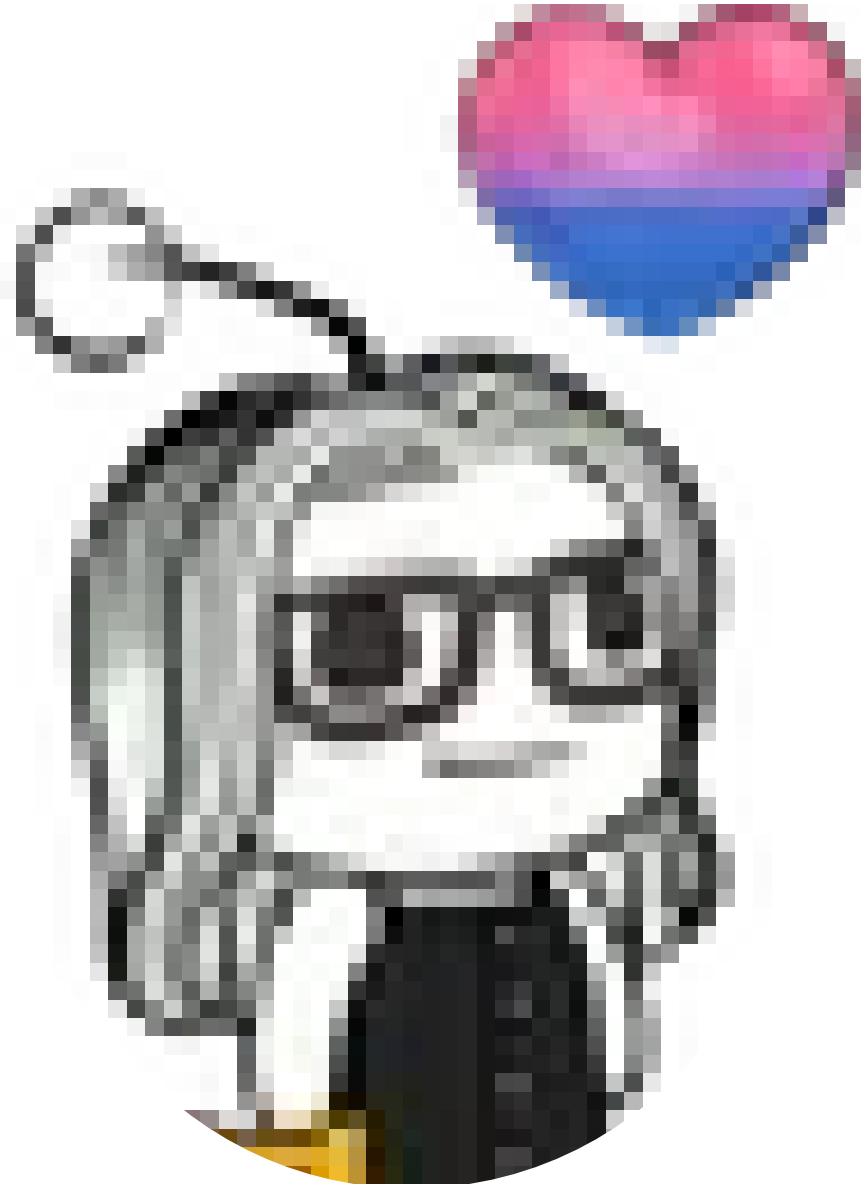
My cousins wife asked what color grampa's hair was, and my boy replied, "Purple." They laughed, but I almost lost it. My dad was very persnickety about his appearance, and would dye his hair black.

Sometimes, he'd use too much, and when the light hit it right, it shone purple. Two years later, he still occasionally tells me he wants us to all go to heaven and see grampa's purple hair.

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[nixfix14](#)
• 13y ago

When I was about 3, my mom was in the kitchen cooking dinner, and she could hear me chatting away. She figured I was talking to the TV, and when she stepped into the living room, she saw the TV was off, and she asked who I was talking to. I apparently pointed at the wall and said, "That man." She asked "What man?", to which I replied, "That man, that man right there." She was freaked out.

I also remember seeing "scary faces" in the corner of my bedroom at night, but I also thought it was just me being a silly kid being scared of the dark. Then, over Christmas break 2012 (I'm 23 now), I was staying at my parent's house, and at about 1am, just as I was about to drift off to sleep, I felt like someone was watching me. I was lying on the side of the bed nearest the corner where I used to see "scary faces", and I opened my eyes and found myself less than a foot away from a bearded man who was staring right at me. Needless to say, I was freaked out. I jumped backward in my bed, but when I looked back up, there was no one there. I definitely wasn't dreaming, but I calmed down and decided that I was imagining things.

The next morning, I told my brother about the bearded man I encountered, and he said, "Oh, you saw the bearded man too?" I freaked out. My younger brother (21) says that for years he has seen the bearded man standing at various places in his bedroom, watching. He had never told me or anyone else this before.

TL;DR: Talked to a ghost when I was 3, saw him in my bedroom when I was 23. Confirmed sighting by brother.

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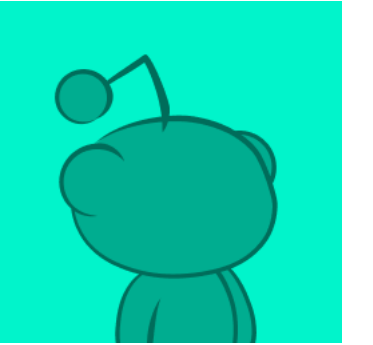
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[supercaffeinated](#)
• 13y ago

I know a teacher (in her 40's now) who says her parents told her when she was about 3 they were watching a documentary about the launching of the Titanic. She dropped what she was doing and stood in front of the tv for a minute - then turned and said very seriously, "That's the boat where I died"

The worse part of this story? She's a grade 3 teacher and told that story to her class.

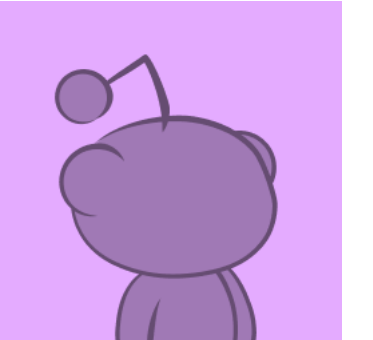
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[slattyprince](#)
• 13y ago

So, this isn't something I said or did particularly, but it's a creepy story my Dad told me from when I was a baby.

My crib was in my parents' room when I was tiny, and my Dad had settled me to sleep, and was having a nap. There's two big windows in my parents' room and he'd shut them both tightly.

My Dad says he remembers having this dream where he was walking down a path through a forest. There was a cottage at the end of the path, and as he got nearer, an old woman opened the door. She was grinning, and he says he felt this sense of evil and terror, and suddenly felt that his baby was in danger.

He woke up, terrified, and felt he needed to check on me, but before he had time to even get up out of bed, I suddenly sat up and started screaming and screaming. And he suddenly realised that the windows he'd closed earlier (they're pretty heavy, they couldn't just blow open or anything) were wide open.

A kind of creepy story but what makes it creepier is that the reason he told me this story was because when I was older, I described a nightmare about an old woman I'd had that was exactly the same as this dream. I also told him 'visions' I'd had of an old woman coming through into my bedroom, through the wall that divided my parents' bedroom from mine.

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[Snaptun](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"and what's this little ducky doing?" (talking about a little rubber duck) "Ducky's dead dad" "eh?" "that duckys dead. Put him back'

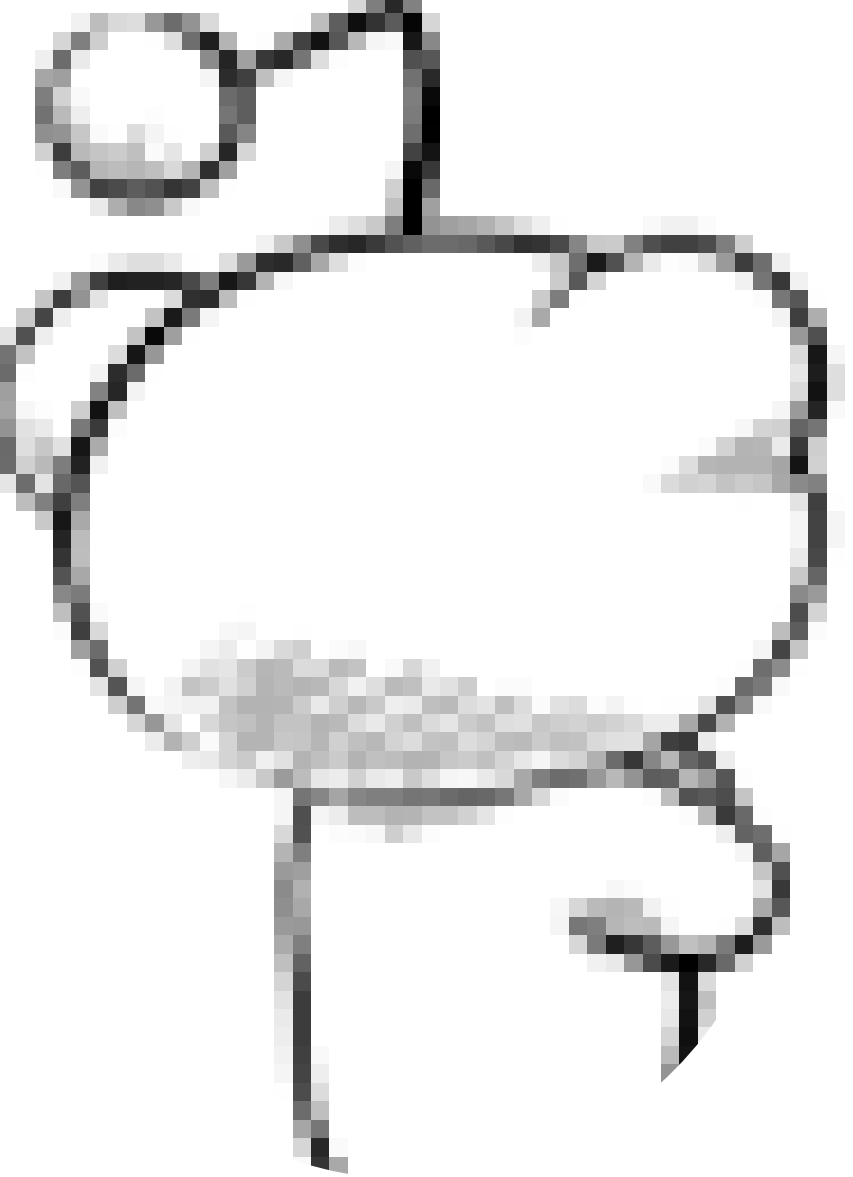
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• [13y ago](#)

I was having dinner with my son (2) and nephew (5) last friday. We were all quietly enjoying our pizza when my nephew dropped his fork, looked at me with a dead pan face and said "by the time I am a daddy, you'll be dead." And then he picked up his fork and continued to eat pizza.

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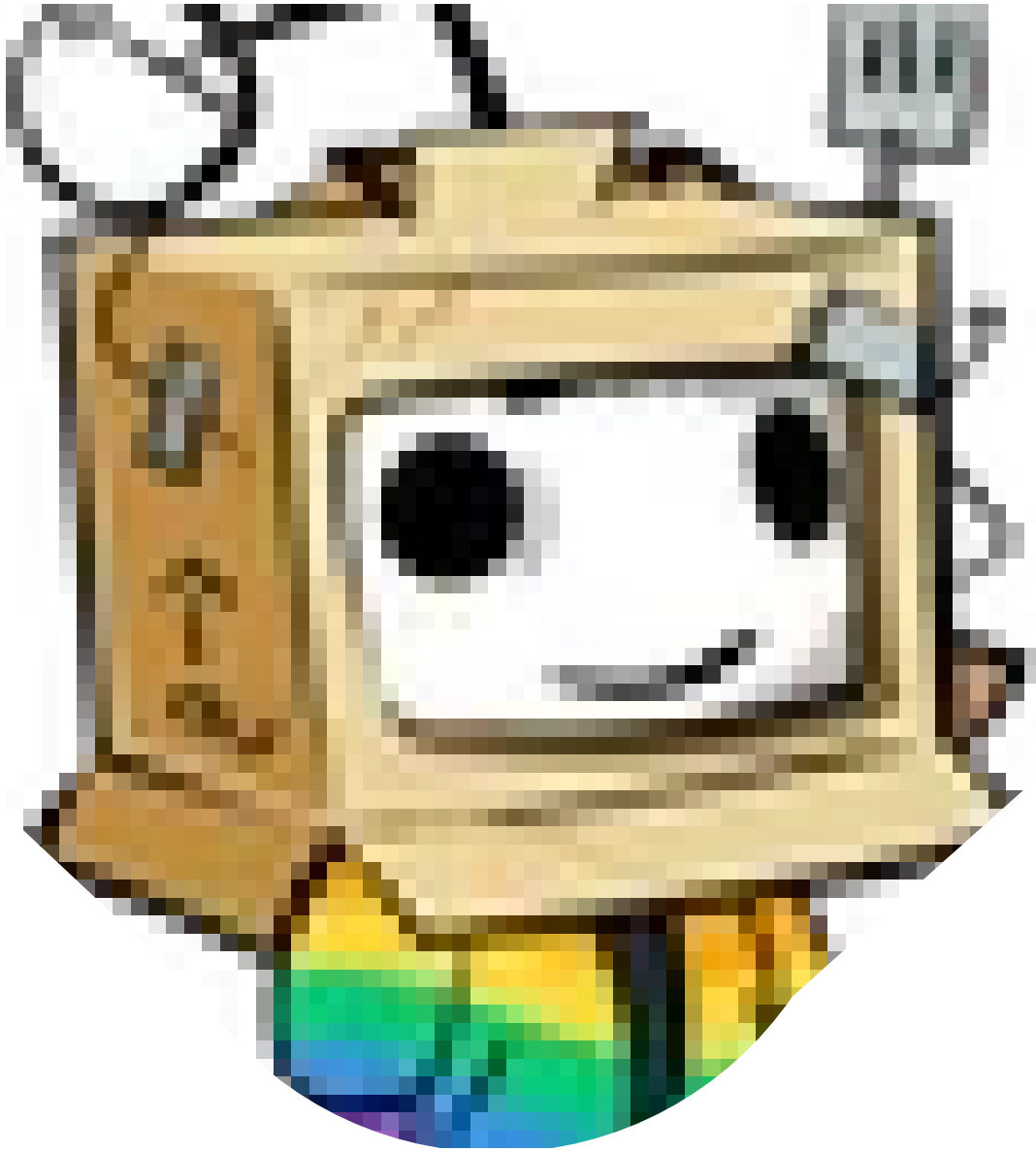


[Sarcasm and stuff](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was at home alone with my three year old son. I was facing him with the hallway behind me and he said, "Daddy, who's that person standing in the hallway?" There was no one there. It couldn't have been the shadow of something: the hallway was empty and all the lights were on. This has happened three times, all with the same set of circumstances (me home alone with him, back to the hallway, light on).

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[hezod](#)
• 13y ago

My three year old (turning four this Saturday) is a lurker; she hides at the bottom of the stairs, after she's been tucked in bed. Inevitably, she startles me when I go from the living room to the kitchen. Since my husband thinks that me screaming is hilarious, he's taught her, not only to lurk, but to sway back and forth, when she sees me, and whisper "hello, Mother." Now, she also does it, just for kicks. How this is still scary to me, I do not know, but she thinks it's a riot.

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[FiftyShadesOfClay](#)
• 13y ago

I worked in a daycare almost 10 years back and one child was drawing a picture of all of the kids and adults there. She gave everyone a happy face except for a 1 year old boy named Zayden. I held on to the picture, not realizing what she drew and because she gave it to me. I found it a few years ago while doing some spring cleaning. While looking at it, I cringed because Zayden died a year or so after this picture was drawn while all the other people in it are still alive.

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[Constip8d](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Couple of things with my son, actually. When he was a newborn, he was a bad sleeper, so the wife and I took turns walking a specific path through the house while bouncing him a specific way and not making eye contact. The street light outside was a very dim orange, so our house always had this orange glow. Once I looked down at him and all I saw was an orange orb and two of the blackest eyes, wide as hell, staring at me. Almost dropped him.

Another time was during the same process at night, and instead, he fixated on a corner of the ceiling, and kept STARING AT IT. He'd crane his neck to see it and would look all wild-eyed when he couldn't. He did that for a few days. Same spot.

And the last one was those stupid toys that talk. One would turn itself off after 10 minutes... or unless we'd watched a horror movie. Then that damn thing would whisper, "Bye bye..." right as we were going to bed.

EDIT: Oh, forgot to add this one. We had a full set of plastic alphabet letters that he played with in the bathtub when he was 18 months or so. My brother had passed away and when I returned from the funeral that night, he'd spelled my brothers name with those letters. He spelled is nick name (Jake), except he couldn't spell ANYTHING at all and I rarely called my brother Jake.

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[bluehere](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was a kid, I was very close to my grandmother - I had a very vivid dream about her sitting in a chair in a particular dress with me on her lap cuddling me. I told my mum the next morning and when she went to visit her that day, my mum found that she had died...wearing exactly the same dress that I'd described to my mum. It wasn't her favourite dress or one that she wore very often.

When my daughter was 1-2 years old, we stayed in a very very old cottage that my aunt owned. We were just hanging out in a room, when she started smiling and waving and laughing, looking straight past me and my husband, at the corner of the room - it really freaked us both out. Plus, in my room at my parents house, when I was growing up from about the age of 2-8, I always used to KNOW there was a very tall thin man in a long dark coat standing by the window just watching me. I couldn't quite see him - he was blurry like just out of focus in the half light. 22 years later, my 4 year old daughter stayed in the same room at my parents house, and described the same man in the same place (obviously I had never told her about it).

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[Mamma-Loki](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Also, an actual child-related creepy story that happens to involve my brother: he and I worked at a church daycare when I was fifteen and he was eighteen.

One day, when my brother wasn't working, a little girl was sitting in my lap and said to me "You're the mommy and Zach's the daddy?"

I laughed and said, "No, but I do love him very much."

And she said, in the sweetest voice, "Then you should kill him, so no one else can have him."

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[DarkPhoenix16](#)
• [13y ago](#)

For those of you who think you are too late to tell a story...I am still reading these like every day. Completely fascinating, I wish I had a good one...

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[ThatNordicGuy](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My little brothers reaction to seeing the Titanic on TV; "It looked so much bigger back then..."

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[IcarusLove](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Created this account to share:

My mum told me this story a few years back. When she was in her early twenties she dated a man who had health problems who was notorious for tormenting her by only answering 'Canada' whenever he was tired of her questions.

It came up in conversation that if he ever was to die he'd possess/come back as one of her children to let her know there was something on the other side.

Jump forward to a decade or two later and she has me; I'm around 6-8 at the time and she's barraging me with questions while I'm trying to watch tv. After a while I look her dead in the eye and say 'Canada'.

I don't remember ANY of this but she apparently lost her shit and shook me saying "GET OUT OF MY DAUGHTER!"

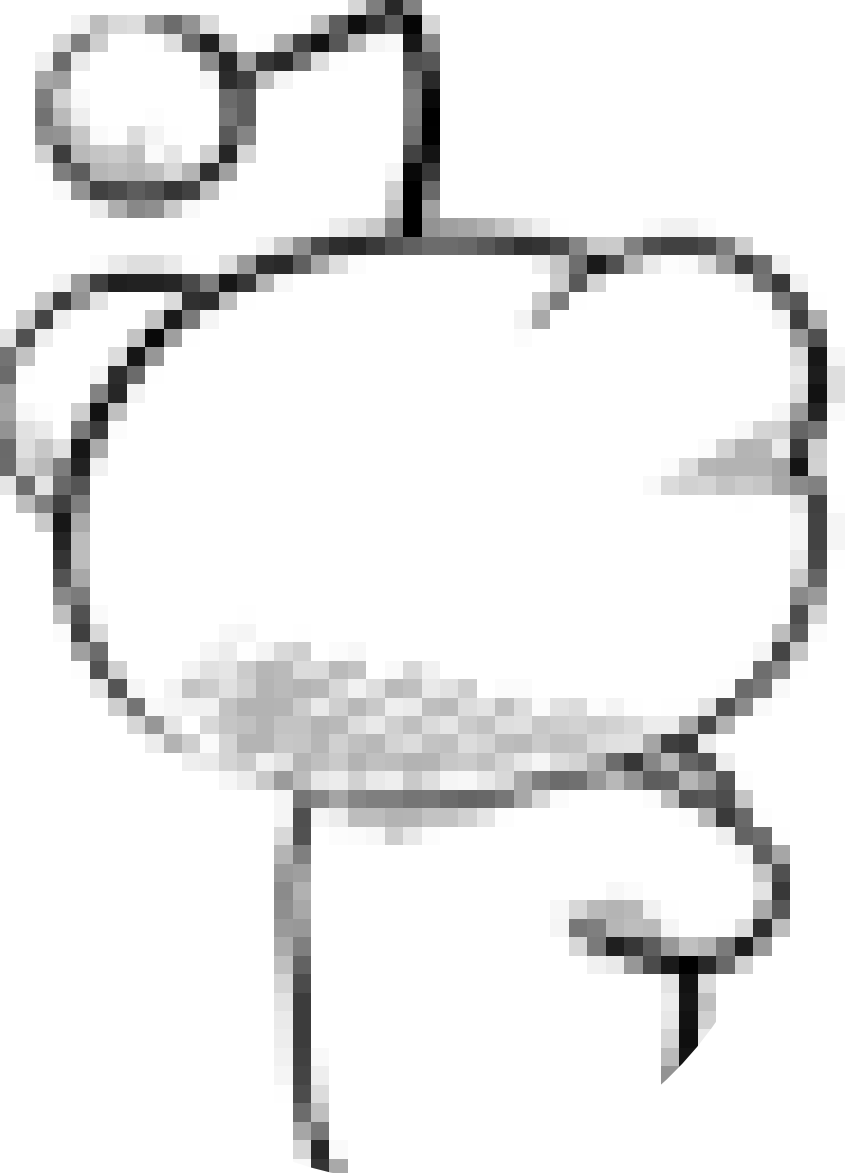
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• [13y ago](#)

Giving my daughter a bath one night, and she all of a sudden says "You humans brought me here". It took us four months to figure out that she heard on a movie.

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[JimmehGeebs](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but I work in an urgent care, and I checked in a three year old a few days ago. She was a little rowdy, and mostly just talked to herself, aside from exclaiming "MOMMA?" every 2 minutes or so. So, normal toddler stuff.

But, then, out of nowhere, she came up to my desk, took a seat in front of me, and started mumbling to herself. I asked her how she was doing, and if she was having a good day, but didn't get a response. She just kept mumbling. I leaned in a little closer, and she was just repeating the phrase: "do you know how I'm gonna kill him?" Her head was bent down, and her hands were draped across her legs.

After about a minute of this, she looks up, motions for me to come closer, and she whispers: "I'm gonna bash his fucking skull in."

Then she dawdles off back to her parents and her coloring books.

Edit: I'm bad at words.

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[LoveAubrey](#)
• 13y ago

Not my kid, but we were visiting friends of ours who have a 4yo boy. Said boy really, really likes my boyfriend. He insists on kissing him goodbye and always gives him long hugs. He was eating some candy while we were talking and he just looked at my boyfriend and said "It tastes like you!!"

I (and especially my boyfriend) are so grateful that our friends have a sense of humor.

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[GaijinSama](#)
• 13y ago

This is more cute than creepy, but it combines both, I suppose.

My daughter was five, and just about to enter Kindergarten. She had just discovered the concept of death, and was going through all of the trauma that entails. Her mother and I were being as comforting as possible while also doing our best to not lie to her about anything. Around this same time, her deceased grandmother's birthday is coming up, and my SO's family has a tradition of visiting the graveside



every year. We ask our daughter if she'd like to go this year, because she's very curious about death and what happens to bodies and what people do.

The day of the visit, I'm walking my daughter to school and talking with her about how she feels about going to the cemetery, and she asks me what it is, exactly. "Oh, it's like a big field, and when someone has died, they go there and bury the person's body." To which my daughter replies, with a certain amount of joy 'And then you come back as a zombie!'

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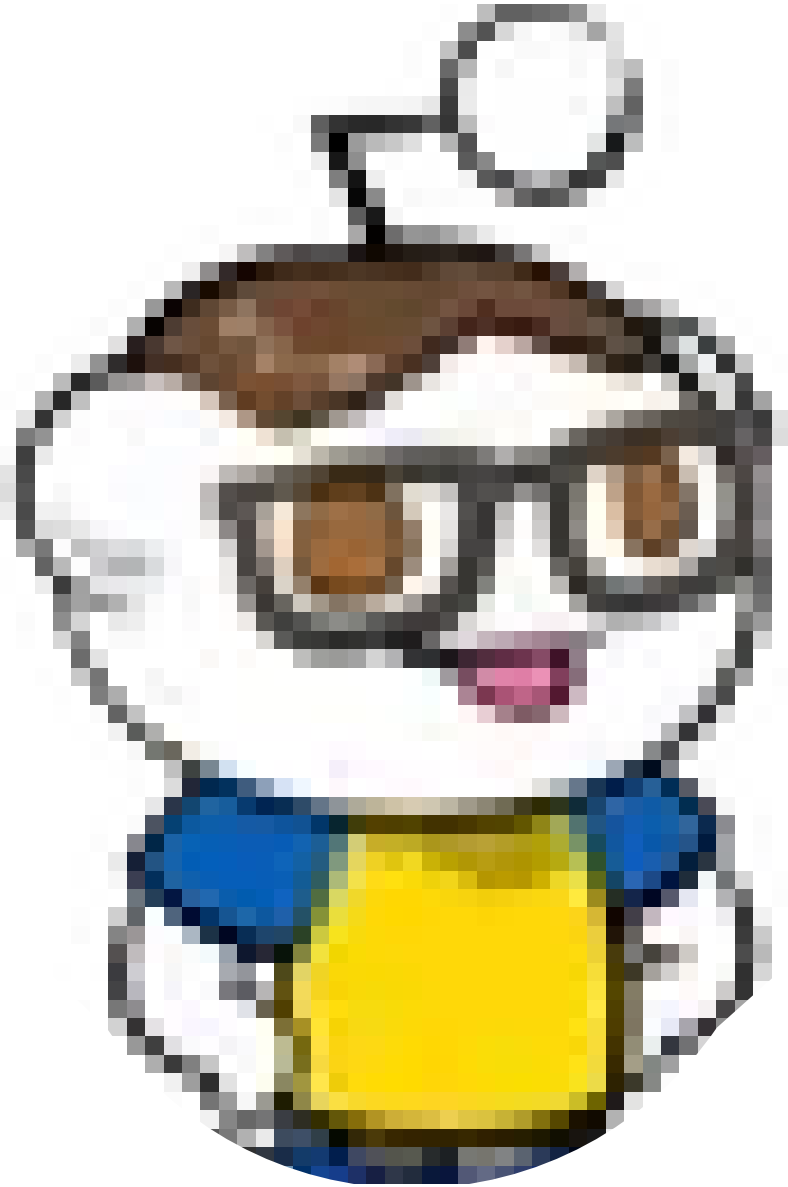


[suburban_legend](#)
• 13y ago

My son was 3 when he proclaimed that we are in a cartoon and that God is watching us.

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[PuddinBritches](#)
• 13y ago

When my son was 2, we gave him a toy cell phone. He played with it, pretended to call Mommy and Daddy, all the predictable stuff...until he got in his car seat. His face turned deadly serious as he whispered sinisterly into the phone, "Hello? ... *I GET YOU*."

TL;DR: My 2-year old apparently called in a mob hit.



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[Pengoe](#)

• [13y ago](#)

One of my daughter's latest things is to point to jewelry and say "wow... that's nice ! I like that... can I have that when you die ?"

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[Darth Tanion](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent but I was listening to the radio one day and they were talking about the weird things their kids say. Female host said she had some fish go missing from the pond. One day she poked her head in her child's cubby house and he had all of the missing fish laid out on a table. He looked at her and said "I had to kill them, mummy." The other two hosts went quiet and tried to explain that this sounds like psychopathic behavior. The female host tried to explain that it was just something quirky that kids do sometimes but the other two weren't buying it. Most awkward 15 minutes of radio ever.

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[Lionesky](#)
• 13y ago

While reading this thread, my little brother (5) peeked into my bedroom half asleep, chuckled, and left. Am I going to die?

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[SadGruffman](#)
• 13y ago

Have a step niece who thought her fathers snoring was something trying to get out. She was gonna help rescue whatever it was with scissors one day while daddy was asleep on the couch. Mom stopped her.

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[The_Untitled1](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Not a parent, but as a brother this is still pretty creepy.

My mother was taking my brother (age five) to bed. As she was doing so, he said the following to her:

"Mummy, tomorrow I'm going to take a sharp knife - don't worry, I'll be very careful and I won't cut myself - and I'm going to kill The_Untitled1 with it."

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[SMiGr](#)
• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

"Papa, ich war ein Engel und ich habe Dich getragen, als es Dir nicht gut ging!" ("Dad, I was an angel and I have carried you when you didn't feel good!")

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[wheremaps](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

When i was a child, my father told me the story of his imaginary friend, a little clown who sleeps with him in his bed. He also told me that his father (my grandpa) had the same friend. I tried to imagine the same clown, so he can be my friend also, but it doesnt worked. Many years later (my grandpa and father died) i was visiting my sister and her son. She told me that my nephew has a imaginary friend. So i ask him how his friend look like an he said: "its a little clown."

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[this-wonderful-life](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

As a child I would creep the crap out of people apparently. One story told to me was that at around age 2-4 I would go on an on about what 'colors' people were. My Mom and my Aunt decided to do some research on what this might mean, and came to the conclusion that I was seeing peoples 'auras', though they never explained to me what the colors meant. They would pretend it was a game, asking me what a persons color was. My Aunt promptly shit a brick when I insisted, for years, that her 'aura' was black. Black apparently means sickness, death, etc. Over a decade later she was diagnosed with debilitating lupus, and is now confined to a wheelchair on oxygen. At the time she was completely healthy.

My Mom and my Aunt are pieces of work too. They're identical twins, and are nearly inseparable. My Grandmother gets suspicious one day when she sees my Aunt at the top of the stairs, alone. She asks where my Mom is. "Playing." She then finds her inside the dryer, spinning away. They'd been taking turns playing in it when my Aunt decided to just leave her there and go do something else.

Edit: clarification

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[lamponator](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I work in an afterschool care system and there's this little girl who always says stuff that creeps me out. She talks to herself all of the time. I don't think she has any mental issues but anyway one day she was in the movie room that we have and I over heard her talking. I walked in and she was all by herself and I asked her what she was saying and she goes, "I said hey little kid I'm gonna keeeel you". I looked at her freaked out and said that we don't say stuff like that and if I hear her say it again shes in trouble. Scared the crap out of me.

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[CommonSense9](#)

• [13y ago](#)

A friend of mine from high school posted something about her daughter a while back, when her daughter was about 3. They were having dinner with the child's father and my friend's mother. My friend asked her daughter to say grace before eating and with hands still in the praying position, she looks up with a creepy smile and says, "I'm a godless heathen!" The whole table burst into laughter and I laughed when I read about it but looking back it seems a bit off putting...

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[PonceLives](#)
• 13y ago

Not what she said but what she did when she was around 5 yrs old. It was midnight and it was time to go to bed so I go down the little hallway and turn to go up the stairs and see her just standing there, head tilted down a little with her hair over her face like the girl from The Ring.

Needless to say it spooked me. I called her name and I carefully walked up the stairs to her to see what was up all the while thinking of the most terrifying horror movie. Turned out she was sleep walking so I had to put her back in bed.

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[tanyanubin](#)
• 13y ago

When my daughter was 3, just big enough to peek over the top of my mattress, she woke me one night standing there...right in my face, with "I could stab you in the stomach with a black knife right now." She turned and walked back into her room. Creepy. When she was in 3rd grade they published her poem in our township literary magazine. "Giving a slave to the devil of death/ he breathes in and takes a poisonous breath./ This is the one, yes, the only one/ and in his hand is a firing gun./ People are in cages of all different ages./ They scream and they sob in the frightened, furious mob." I was so proud, lol. Now she's 23. She is a video editor. Here's what she made. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EzvscMZK1uA> Why am I not surprised...?

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[single-needle](#)
• 13y ago

3 year old niece while carpooling to her grandfather's funeral, we were driving through the cemetery, she's looking out the window and says, "children!"

my fiancée asks, "do you see children?" niece, "yeah!"

sign said "Children's Cemetery"

chills...





[elleyvia](#)
• 13y ago

my ex-boyfriend is raising his younger brother, because their mom is really messed up. my ex's dad died when he was in high school, and he doesn't really talk about him much, and definitely not to his younger brother (who has a different dad). one night, we're all at dinner, and my ex is complaining about all these different things going on in his life. his brother doesn't say anything, but later that night, he sleepwalks into the living room where we're watching tv and puts his hand on my ex's shoulder. he says, in this heavy boston accent, "listen, kid. all you have to do is listen, and the answers are there, the help is being offered. just listen" and then he goes back to bed. the kid is five, he's not a sleepwalker, and he has no recollection of it in the morning. my ex's dad is from charlestown massachusetts and had a heavy accent...

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[NayBe07](#)
• 13y ago

I literally creep myself out with this once or twice a month at work to pass the time, and I've been debating whether or not to post something...clearly the time has come.

Backstory: My dad passed away when I was 10 in a car accident. My great grandmother; a devout Catholic, and my cousin....not so devout passed away within weeks of one another. My GG died of pneumonia, and my cousin in a car accident.

When my son was just an infant (9-10 months) he would pull himself up in his crib, cooing and smiling at a picture of my cousin....not weird..babies like faces. As he got older he started talking to the picture, at least I thought it was the picture. When he was about 3, he came storming out of his room one night and demanded that I make That Man shut up. When I asked which man he was talking about he said "You know, Dustin. With the red hair? The man in the picture. He visits me at night, but I'm really tired and I want to sleep. Make him be quiet Mom! Please!" (We hadn't talked about Dustin to my son at this point, so I'm a little nervred out that my 3 year old knows his name.)

About a year later we're putting him into his booster seat and my aunt turned the car on-fast forward to him screaming bloody murder "Don't turn the car on til' I'm buckled! Don't do it, please don't do it! I don't wanna get crunched!" I asked what he was meant by "crunched" and he said "That's how my Babu died! He was crunched by the car that night!" I asked who Babu was and he said it was his grandpa. -----Googled it later; babu means grandpa in Swahili. My dad was from Nigeria and spoke Swahili, and, sadly, was most certainly "crunched" by his car at night...13 years before this little incident.

Lastly, a couple weeks ago my aunt was driving him home from the movies and he started crying, saying he didn't want his GG to die. He said her heart hurts and she's gonna die if they can't help her. While this is happening in the car, I'm at GG's house reading an EKG over the shoulder of the paramedic testing my grandma. (She was sitting in her chair and all of a sudden went really pale and said her chest was hurting, so I called 911.) My son gets home while they're loading her into the ambulance and demands to go to the hospital with her. So we all hop in the car-buckled in of course-and head to the hospital. After a few hours and a couple tests the doctor tell her she's going to be ok, to which she says "Oh thank Heaven, I knew mom was watching out for me." My 6 year old pipes up with "I wouldn't count on that GG. Elenaore is in Hell with the rest of the hypocrites." -----Elenaore would be the devout Catholic Great Grandma that he's never met, and whose name he's never heard.

tl;dr: I could literally go on for pages, as my son has basically been a creep since birth; talks to dead people, names previously unknown relatives, picks out words from a language he's never been exposed to, and sees into the pits of the supposed afterlife.-_-

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[m1ygrndn](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Probably too late to post but figured I would anyway. My son is 3 and we were walking downtown. When we walked by the Scientology building he pointed to the stairs leading to the second floor and said "let's go up there daddy" I said " why? What's up there?" He just looks up at me and says "not people" I said "what?" And he just says " not people daddy." I just kept with him and cant stop thinking about what he meant by that.

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[squealy_dan](#)
• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Not me, but some close friends:

Older kid: "I want to be famous!"

Mom: "I don't. I wouldn't want people talking about me and spreading rumors all the time."

Older Kid: "I don't understand what you mean"

Mom: "Well, how would feel, if, say, somebody started saying that you killed cats?"



Older Kid (horrified): "I don't kill cats"

Younger Kid (consolingly): "That's right, you don't kill cats. You don't even have a hammer"

[edit] lines..

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• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

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[loverholix](#)
• 13y ago

My 4 year old sister was comparing our ages and said "Say, when I'm your age, I'm gonna be like you, right?" My 6 year old sister argued that we wouldn't be the same age but rather I'd grow up too, so the little one said she meant she would be like me right now.

She then continued "And when you're older, I'll be like you then, and then you'll be even older, and I'll be like you too, until you die from a gun shot"

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MamaGrr
• 13y ago

The other night I was tucking my kids into bed and my 4yr old son gets a pretty much right on "overly attached girlfriend" look and says "Mommy, I'm going to live with you forever." I told him that was sweet but I'm sure he will change his mind in the future, then he said "Oh and Mommy, I will die when you do." Oookay creepy little boy, you go to sleep now.

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[deleted]
• 13y ago

Not my kid, but my brother and me about 20+ years ago - I had just learned about "where babies come from" but the cliff-notes, Jesus-y version I read in a book my parents gave me bc they didn't want to actually have "the talk" (which backfired for them, btw).

Anyway, I must've told my brother about what I'd learned about female reproductive systems, because when we were sitting around the breakfast table one morning, my mom dropped her fork in her lap and my brother asked, "Did it hit your uterus??" He sounded very concerned for her well-being and my mother blanched then blushed.

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[DesertMoloch](#)

• 13y ago

A little boy my wife looked after drew a picture of a girl sitting on a toilet with a bomb in it, and then drew the girl and the toilet all exploded and bloody, and when she asked him (horrified) what he meant by it, he said, "That's you. That's how I'm going to kill you."

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[natalielikesmariahca](#)

• 13y ago

Had an imaginary friend, Gloria, from birth until I was around 9. Said a heap of weird shit about her, but one of the weirdest was when my mother was pregnant. I had to go over to a family friends house and as my sister was walking me home I just asked if my little sister had died, my sister asked who told me, because I wasn't meant to be told and I just said 'Gloria told me.' My mum had a miscarriage that day.

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[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I vividly recall an incident when I was 4 years old, and I was painting in my room. I heard something that sounded like somebody had said something, but it was muffled, so naturally I said, "mom! Did you say something?" And I heard her say, "Uhh.... No! I didn't say anything!"

Fast forward to when I was 18 and I mentioned this to my mother and she looks at me and says, "I remember that, because at the time, I thought you had said something."

We were the only people in the house, and the t.v. was out.

~~then who was phone~~



[swaggermcphee](#)

• [13y ago](#)

It's my fault, i taught my 2 year old cousin to randomly stop whatever he was doing, tilt his head to the side and say "What do you mean, Eat Mummy?" then look at my Aunt, laugh, and run away. I've never seen my Aunt freak out so much... I'm a bad person...





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Not really something my little brother said, but he used to do some creepy shit as an infant/toddler. I remember he would stare at a certain wall in the room and laugh his little diapered ass off and then suddenly go silent and intently watch the wall. He would then laugh his ass off again, sometimes falling over laughing. Then get up and intently watch again. I realized that he did this same thing when we played "peek a boo". I have no fucking clue who he was playing "peek a boo" with. Then another time he insisted that his "dark friend" sit in on bath time one night. I gave him a bath, all the while listening to a detailed description of this "dark man" who was apparently in the bathroom with us. I had actually forgotten about this until now, thanks Reddit. What in the actual fuck.

He is 12 now, and has asperger's syndrome.

EDIT: I also forgot about the time when he suddenly woke up in the middle of the night (he was maybe about 4 or 5...due to the asperger's he didn't really talk much. We shared a room.) and said "Bunny is with PaPa now". Uhm, well, alright? Go the fuck back to sleep. Fast forward to the next day. My dad sits me down and explains that my grandma passed away last night. I found out a few years later that my grandmother's nickname was Bunny.

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[clegh20](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

My parents told me this one about me when I was 13.



When I was 4 or 5, I was sitting in my carseat with both my parents sitting in the front. For some reason I ask, "Was I suppose to be a twin?" They ask me why and I respond with something along the lines of "I just feel like there was suppose to be another of me. A boy me." My parents apparently just looked at each other in shock.

My parents had never told anyone other than my grandparents that I was suppose to be a twin because my mom miscarried my twin around 4 months into the pregnancy and somehow I survived. My mom was also pregnant 4 more times after that and every single one of those pregnancies miscarried at 4 months. After some tests they learned that the failed pregnancies all had a monosomy of chromosome 6 or 8 and a trisomy of 10. I was the only one out of the 6 to have the correct genetic alignment. Some weird stuff still happens but yeah.

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[saucypancake](#)
• 13y ago

I work at a childcare center. I was in a preschool classroom. This little girl came up to me and said something along the lines of. "Don't go to the playground. There's a little girl who lives there and cries. She will scratch your eyes"



[cynthemachine](#)
• 13y ago

My four year old at the time told me out of the blue that his nipples had tubes in them that went to his brain and protected his thoughts.

also told me that there was a man inside of him that controlled his every move. He said it while walking from side to side and saying "like this". He said the man has a steering wheel behind his belly button.

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[nDe_eD](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not sure if creepy or beautiful but one night when my little girl was about 3ish I kept hearing her giggle and whispering in her room so I went in to check on her, fully expecting to see her playing with her toys or stuffed animals. Instead she was laying on her back just staring at the ceiling and giggling. Puzzled I asked her what she was doing and she just giggled and said, 'I'm just watching the flying people on the ceiling'. Looked up and saw nothing of course. She rolled over and went to sleep and it never happened again.

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[vioLyn](#)

• [13y ago](#)

About 12 years ago, when my brother was 3 or 4, he needed surgery because his teeth were so bad. He drank juice all the time instead of water and milk. On the way to the children's hospital for the surgery, he kept telling my mom, "They're gonna make me a clown." My mom kept trying to tell him, "No, they're not going to make you into a clown. They're going to make your teeth all better." Well, when they got to the hospital, there were some nuns that would make dolls for the kids. They gave a clown doll to my brother. They made him a clown.

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[disastersour](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Before I was born my brother used to get up out of bed, all while sleeping, and go to my parents bedroom and start to play in the corner by her closet. My mom would wake up to hear my brother whispering into it "Wanna play, please just one more game" to which she would take him back to bed. His sleep walking ended just shortly after I was born. When I was little I would sleepwalk into their room and walk to the closet door and either slam it shut and sit in front of it or I would stare into it whispering "You don't belong out here, stay in the closet, you don't belong here go back, you don't belong here" and ultimately yell it. Now my sister is 7 and when she was around 4 (same age as my brother and I when the incidents started) she would sleep walk from my parents room (where her bed was next to the closet) and stand in front of my bed whimpering until I would wake up, to which she would say, "He says he is going to stay" or sleep walk to my brothers room down stairs and say "He says why won't you go play?" The worst one is she comes to my bed crying and says "He keeps trying to drag me by my foot" and when I ask who she looks at me and says "The one that doesn't belong." In the morning she won't remember a thing but she sleeps in my room now and sometimes she still crawls into my bed awake and afraid saying "He is trying to get in our room, make him go back to mommy's closet." I have since spent as much time as possible trying to figure out what scares her and why she can't get over it the way my brother and I did.

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[Quiggins](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My son always loved binoculars, ever since he old enough to hold them. He would just sit and stare out through our back windows for an hour at a time, and it was a great way to keep him quiet. This became his quiet little pass time well into his teens. It was a bit strange, but I didn't think much of it.

When he was about 14, I was dusting around the room and he was peering outside with the binoculars again when he asked "Who lives in that house across there, mom?"

"Mrs. Fulton, why?"

"Because pretty much every day for as long as I can remember, whenever the curtains are open, a guy always sits in the same armchair in that bottom room all day, doing absolutely nothing but staring right back at me. He doesn't move at all. Ever. But I haven't seen him at all this week."

I quietly left the room, and didn't explain to him that Mrs. Fulton lived alone, and that her husband had died of a heart attack in that chair when he was still a baby.

Did not sleep at all that night.

My son's infatuation with his binoculars seemed to end almost immediately after that.

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[hesawavemasterr](#)

• [13y ago](#)

[My reaction to half of these stories](#)

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[Nihilist Bastard](#)

• [13y ago](#)

The flipside: Once when I was 12, I held my hand watch to my mother's ear and told her to listen as we lose our lives each second, closing in on death and there's nothing we can do to stop the ticking. She made the "hawww" face and left the room.

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[riptaway](#)
• [13y ago](#)

What the fuck is the hawww face?

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[Amandixfaith](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my kid- siblings. I have 4 MUCH younger siblings, parents divorced and no sibs til they remarried. So I was about 15 and was babysitting an 7 yr old, a 5 year old, and two 3 year olds. I was pissed that I was having to watch them on a Friday night- I was 15 so I had obviously had plans, but my parents wanted to go out. SO, I have them all sitting on the couch in front of me and I'm telling them the "rules" of the evening. All of the sudden every single one of them turn their heads in the same direction. It was creepy, but I didn't process it that quickly and snarkily said "you aren't even paying attention!" at this point my 5 year old sister tells me "it doesn't matter. the man is in the kitchen." Then the twins both echo "man in the kitchen, man in the kitchen." So creepy. We all went into my parents bedroom and stayed there until they came home. When I asked them about it they all just refused to say anything. To this day none of them will talk about it. TLDR: Herds of kids make for super creepy situations.

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[Bluegoo828](#)
• 13y ago

This was a few years ago my son would have been around 7. A little back story, my husband worked maintenance for apartment/townhouses and cleaned them out after a death/ eviction and would sometimes keep items, once he found a beautiful cross and brought it home. We hung the cross by our back entry way. Shortly after(within days) we noticed odd occurrences, things being moved, lights being left on but didn't think of it. One night after putting my son to sleep I could hear noises/talking when he should have been sleeping, I went to check on him and see why he wasn't sleeping. As I was going down the stairs it suddenly got quiet when I reached his room he appeared to be sleeping, I went to leave and my son sat up and asked me why I was letting the man keep him up, I told him there was no one there and to go back to sleep he pointed behind me and said the man is right there he hasn't left and if I could take him with me, I spun around but no one was there. This went on for a few weeks at the same time our dog would sit by our back entry and stare at the wall sometimes barking, the cross also would often be upside down when we went by. We got rid of the cross and things went back to normal.

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[SubduedChaos](#)
• 13y ago

When I was little my parents got me tested for ADD. The company gave my parents some questions they were supposed to ask me. One of them was "Do you hear voices when no one is around". I said yes I do. My parents started freaking out and asked what I meant. I said I



heard voices when I play by myself in the woods. (we had a creek next to our house). Then then asked what do the voices say? I then said "I dont know, The kids at the playground are too far away for me to understand." We lived close to an elementary school.



[VictorERink](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

"Do we eat people?" -My 4yo, Last night.

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[⊕ More replies](#)



[Richpop](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

"There's a thing called a Cricket Bat.

It kills. It just kills. All it does is kill. It wakes up and it kills and kills and kills then it sleeps then it wakes up and kills some more until it dies."

- A three year old girl.

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• [13y ago](#)

My little brother told my mom with a straight face and said: "there is a haunted house in my heart, and its full of ghosts." And then ran off. He also seriously threatened to kill another kid's family. I think he was four when he did this...

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[jeremiahvedder](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my stepson was two or three, I woke up in the middle of the night with him just standing there, dead still and unblinking. I said his name a couple of times but he didn't respond. Then he started vomiting, but he didn't move. He just stood there like a statue, puke cascading down the front of his body. Not really something he said to me but WTF Grudge Boy.





[StrangeLoveNebula](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My niece lined up her dolls and stuffed animals in a row and summarily executed them with a toy gun. She was like 3, I have no idea where she learned that shit.

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• [13y ago](#)

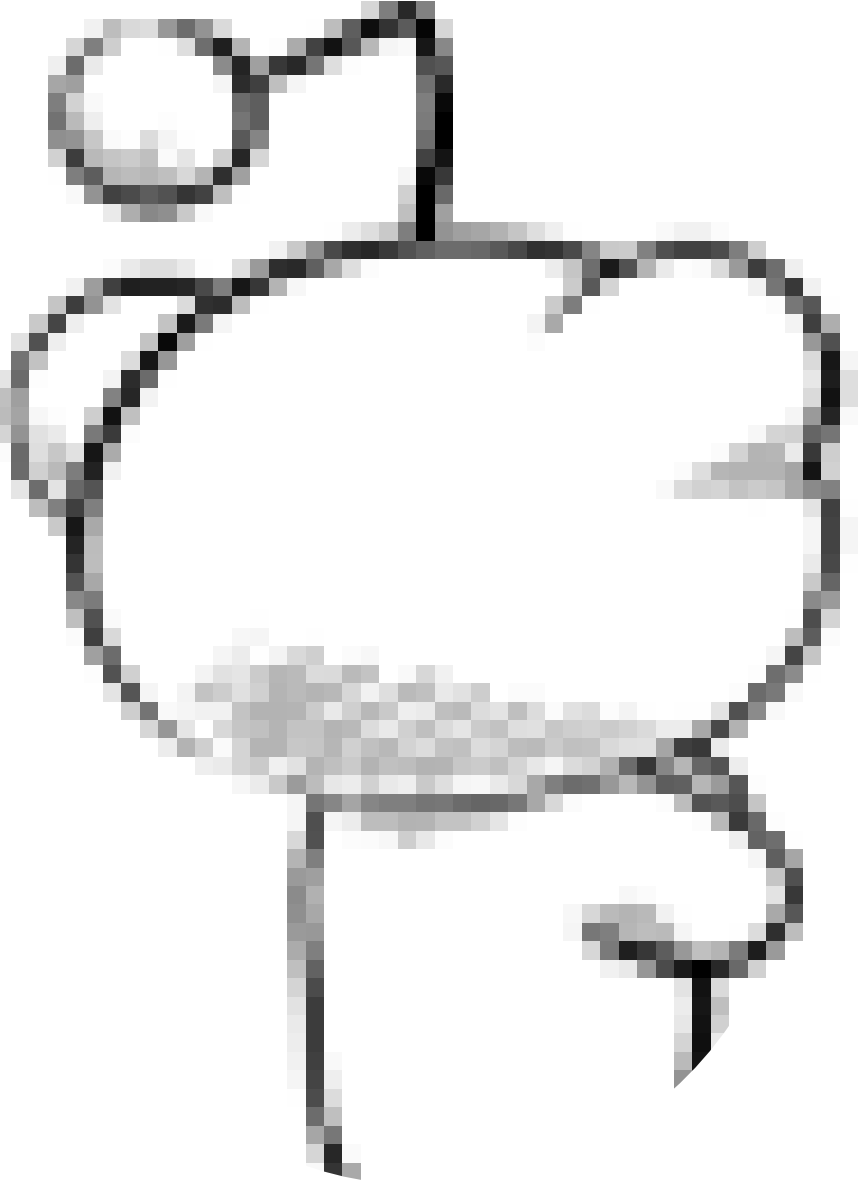
My boyfriend's sister has a kid who is almost two now. He will stay up all night talking and playing peek-a-boo with someone named Mom-Mom. You can watch him from the door in his room and he won't even see you, just keep gabbing and playing with Mom-Mom who lives in the closet on the other side of the room.

Mom-Mom is also the name boyfriend and his sister called their grandmother, who died some many years ago and has never been mentioned to the baby.

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• 13y ago

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[Lunaroctopus](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Once while babysitting with a friend, a one year old little girl turned to us while playing and in a croaky voice screamed "COVERED IN BLOOD!" We told her parents who thought we were insane and sick for even imagining it. They claimed she only knew three words "mama, dada, and no". I was glad to never be called back to watch her again.





[Papazappa](#)
• 13y ago

My friend was two and a half at the time. She was sitting at the table doing some coloring and her mum asked her repeatedly to stop to er ready for the day. She initially wasn't responding and then after her mum asked a third time, she put down her pen, stared her mum Blankly in the face and said. 'Some little girls kill their mothers'

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[diafey](#)
• 13y ago

So this is along the same lines as the stories of kids saying they chose their parents...

my mom was pregnant with a little boy and having complications, they thought that she might be having twins, but it turned out that one of the 'twins' was a blood clot growing faster than the baby. Unfortunately, he died during childbirth. So she decided to try and have another (since they found out that the complications had been caused by something treatable) It took a few years to conceive again, but eventually, my baby sister was born.

About a year and a half later my mom successfully diagnosed and cured someone's chronic respiratory infection that had persisted for 20 years. She was so grateful that she wanted to repay her by doing an "angel reading" (in addition to standard billing of service or whatever). My mom thought "sure, it will at least be interesting" So this lady painted a crazy beautiful picture that looks like an explosion of pink, purple, and white light and she told my mom that it was the angel that she brought into the world (this lady knew nothing of my mom's personal life or children) then she told her that the angel started to come into the world as a boy, but it changed it's mind and decided it wanted to be a girl, so it had to get turned around, but it finally made it and now it's back in the real world as a girl. Sound familiar?

Well my little sister was making noises, but not very many words yet, (mommy, ba-ol, no, etc) and certainly not full sentences. And the first day my mom hung the picture of the angel up on the wall, my 1 1/2 year old sister said "Mommy look, that's my angel"

she had no way of knowing or understanding the significance of that painting, but she knew

 3 more replies   [More replies](#)



[megared787](#)
• 13y ago

When my daughter was about 2 years old we went to visit a friend. My friends grandfather had recently passed. My daughter looks me dead in the eye and said "Mama, why is Grandpa standing in the corner all alone?" My daughter had never met this man. She then walks to the corner and looks as if she's listening intently, turns around and tells us he is happy watching over his family and not to be sad for him. The kicker... my daughter (who speaks english) spoke perfectly in Chinese (my friend and her family are from China)... she had only been exposed to the language one other time....





[elandem](#)
• 13y ago

5 years ago we had the worst bush fires the state had ever seen and hundreds of people from my sisters town were killed. My sister and her family moved into a rental house, which had survived the fires, temporarily whilst the town was being rebuilt and along with their new home. A few months later my 4 year old niece was telling her mother about the man that she plays with in her room. He likes to play with her and talk to her because he misses his daughter and his wife and he can't find them anywhere. My sister was pretty creeped out but didn't think too much of it until she asked some neighbours if they knew the people who lived there before her family. The neighbours told her that a man and his wife lived there with their small daughter and that the wife and daughter had been trapped in the town and died in the fires and the husband, stricken with his grief at having survived without his family, hung himself in the backyard of the home.

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[iyakie](#)
• 13y ago

I was babysitting my friend's 3 year old kid. When it was starting to get dark he told me that there was a boogeyman in the balcony. I tried to laugh it off first and said I'm sure there's no-one there and then I even checked the balcony. He insisted the boogeyman was there and went on and on about it. I was getting a bit anxious and told him "there is no-one there, I looked and saw nothing". Then he went all silent and whispered "If you can't see him it doesn't mean he is not there."

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[ellehill](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but my little sister was creepy as hell. She came out of the womb spooky. Anyway, she was a very quiet child, and some friends of the family had never heard her speak until she was about 5 years old. Her first words to them? In a completely monotone voice, with a blank face; "Don't go in the basement".





[Critch](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I lived in a house a woman had committed suicide in. I had some experiences while living there. I moved out and my cousin moved in (I moved down the block). He was about 5 years old, so I didn't tell him about it because it would be too much for him.

We were eating breakfast after I spent the night and he says to me "I saw the lady in the kitchen again. She was orange this time."

Edit: details.

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• 13y ago

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• 13y ago

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⊕ 4 more replies
⊕ 4 more replies ✖



[betsydornbusch](#)
• 13y ago

My son had an imaginary friend named Mike for awhile. Mike only came to see him in his bedroom, chatted with him about how his parents were, played a little. We narrowed Mike's age to about fourteen, brown hair, liked sports a lot. My husband's best friend was fourteen when he died (at track practice, asthma attack), and yup: he was named Mike. (and we'd never talked about him in front of my son, who was around 3 or 4 at the time)

🗨 Reply ➦ Share





[spacialHistorian](#)
• 13y ago

I remember when we were younger I was on the playground with my little brother and halfway through a game of tag he just sat down and started screaming and sobbing. Once my mom got him calmed down enough he told us that "the bad men were coming and they're going to hurt a lot of people!" and started crying again. He hid in his room for the rest of the day under the bed and asked us to stay with him so they couldn't get us either.

It was September 10th, 2001

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[Vannahlee7](#)
• 13y ago

When I was younger like 6 the night my grandfather died my mother said around 11pm she heard me talking so she listen I was saying "but why do you have to go" "can I go with you" she then got a phone call that my grandmother had called 911 cause my grandfather wasn't waking up. She went to wake me so we could meet me in the hospital and when she entered my room she said I was standing at the window say mom it's time say good bye to papa and fainted. I don't remember any of this but my mom still cries when she tells the story.



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[zippy_long_stockings](#)
• 13y ago

My little brother, when he was about 3 or 4, used to point out someone in the back garden, "He's there again!". Used to freak me out so I took pictures a few times he did it, when I got the film developed I remember picking up the photos and not looking at them for about a week. Eventually I plucked up the courage, there was nothing there of course, but still. Shudder.



[toastybred](#)
• 13y ago

TIL that every horror movie ever is based off the creepy shit the creator/screen writer's children have said to them.

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply



[⊕ More replies](#)



[Sapphire Cat](#)
• [13y ago](#)

An old friend of mine's son once told her "Mommy? Don't be upset if I die soon." Later that day they had a bad wreck into a river and she was unable to pull him out in time.

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[pdeluc99](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent but I worked at a day camp over the summer and a little kid pooped out of no where and yelled, "Boo!". I was genuinely startled and I said, "Woah, you scared me half to death." He then went on to say, "Half isn't good enough," and walked away. I made a rage comic about it a while back.

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[cr0ybot](#)
• 13y ago

Hilarious image of kid sneaking up and pooping on you.

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[ItsARealThing](#)
• 13y ago



It's a dead thread with 10,666 comments but fuck it. Might as well throw what I can out.

When I was younger, about 5-6 I was at my grandmothers. We were in the basement playing (retelling from my mom telling me the story recently). I came running upstairs and said "Grandma, Bob wants you to know he's a lot happier now" and ran back off to play.

Turns out I had a schizophrenic uncle Robert who committed suicide in that house before I was born. He had a failed attempt prior, it was the happiest anyone saw him and the reason he didn't die the first time was it was 3 am or so, my grandmother woke to him singing. She came in to the kitchen as he swayed a bottle of drain cleaner like a stein and was singing happily to himself. After they pumped his stomach and he recovered, he went back into a depressive silence. He went by Bob. Photos of him don't exist save for one in my grandmothers night stand.

Also around that age, my mom came in to say goodnight and I had a thousand year stare and just wasn't listening. Then after the half-dozen time of "It's time to go to bed." I turned to her and said "Mommy, why don't you have your face?" and elaborated "Your face, it's someone else, he's part of you."

And a personal gem that my dad was present for as well as a bunch of aunts, uncles, I was about 7 or 8 at a camp park. Was heading to the beach alone (2 minute walk, relatives there, relatives at the lot, eyesight the whole time). My dad saw me walk out of the lot, reach the trail towards the beach. Stop and just stare at nothingness then come back. "I shouldn't go swimming. They said it was going to rain". When asked who 'they' were I said "That group of people in the road". No one. And the forecast was sunny with some low-low chance of rain, but we got hit with a freak storm that drowned out the rest of the day.

My dad doesn't go for the supernatural concepts, but that one freaked him out a bit. I don't go for any of it, but I think they're definitely neat stories about me being a bat-shit insane child.

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[PyjamaSam](#)

• 13y ago

Not a parent, but when I was a kid, the priest connected to our school (catholic elementary school) would come in every week and give all the kids candy. Except for me, since I wasn't baptised and thus "a child of the devil" (his words)

There was this kid in my class who actually believed this. One time he got real angry at me and screamed "you dirty heathen, you deserve to be burned alive!" at me. We were both like 10

Two years later he tried to drown me. I don't really feel comfortable around devoted Catholics anymore...

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[elypieto](#)

• 13y ago

My 4 year old was asleep and started weeping in her sleep I called her name and asked if she was ok. She woke up and said "I had a dream someone hit my leg" shows me right leg.....the next day she had a bruise on the same spot she pointed the day before...o_O

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[meat_sack12](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My naked 3-year-old greeted me at the door a few weeks back and said, "Dad, I want to lick you."

"What?"

"I want to lick you."

Turns out his mother had gone to give him a kiss on the cheek earlier in the day but licked him instead to be funny. He wanted to try the joke out on me. Being naked was just coincidence/his normal state of being.

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[J Vizzle](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"Dad, I'm full. If you're hungry, you could kill me and open my stomach and eat the food. But then I'd be dead."

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[stinalee_55](#)
• 13y ago

I guess this could be considered creepy in some way, definitely worrisome. My 9 year old son is very dramatic, one day while he was getting in trouble he said to me "When I get older, I am going to shoot myself in the head." That was pretty creepy in itself, but then on a different occasion I said something to him about something not being good and he said "I bet a pistol to the ear would be." I am seeking out some counseling for him...

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[FuckThisShit3](#)
• 13y ago

Not creepy but on my sons 4th birthday a friend of mine was over with her daughter who told my son "I have Jesus in my heart, whats in your heart?" he then looked at her weird for a second and said "blood" and went about his business.

 Reply 





[Catzisme](#)
• 13y ago

When I was just a baby, my sister and I were taken to Leicester, as my grandfather was dying. (My whole family called him pop). Anyway, my mother and her family were all at the hospital with him, whilst my dad stayed at home with me and my sister. My sister was colouring at the table, whilst my dad was holding me. Suddenly, she looked up, and just said 'bye pop' and went back to drawing. Moments later my dad received a call from my uncle telling him that pop had died. Creepy.

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• [13y ago](#)

I used to go and stay with my sister all the time when I was 15/16. Her house was quite creepy and there was a strange energy there, it just didn't feel right. One night I stayed there I could hear a child laughing and laughing. I thought it might have been my nephew who was 3 at the time. So I looked out my bedroom door and saw my sister looking out into the hallway too. She had heard the laughing too and it wasn't my nephew as he was asleep in bed with her. I ended up getting into my sisters bed with her and my nephew as I was quite freaked out. About 10mins my nephew woke up, sat up and said "Mummy what's crawling up the bed? Something black. Now she's sitting on you watching you" My sister and I were so creeped out, I still get shivers when I think of that

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[MTHarden](#)
• [13y ago](#)

While cleaning out the garage my 7 year old daughter found an old rusty wood saw then asked, "If we had an extra puppy, one we didn't want, could I open him up with this?"

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[nathaneharvey](#)
• 13y ago

Working at an all boys' summer camp, I had a boy that was significantly sick and left him at the infirmary for the night. The next day, he informed me that he would either be back in my cabin that night, or he would call for his parents to come get him. After a few questions, he claimed to have seen young girls in old fashioned clothes walking up and down the aisles between the empty bunks. He really became scared when the ghosts eventually took notice of him of him, and he spent the rest of the night under his sheets. I told him that if he really wanted to freak me out enough to let him leave the infirmary, he should've at least made the ghosts be boys because there were no girls here. I was laughing about it in my office later with another counselor, when a long time camp employee informed me that it had been an all girls' camp back in the 20's before being abruptly closed. The boy slept in our cabin that night.

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[Prosopagnosiape](#)
• 13y ago

My nephew was with his parents and their friends on some group holiday thing, and it was dinner time. There was a lull in conversation, at which point he piped up "i can hear them coming" and refused to elaborate.

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[girlthatfell](#)
• 13y ago

My eight year old male cousin once interrupted a conversation after being very quiet by saying, "I wish every one in the world but me was dead. Then I could take a girl's pants off and see what's between her legs." I like to hope that he was just curious, but the way he said it was seriously psycho-sex-offender creepy.

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[Ze upvote fairy](#)
• 13y ago

"If you kill your parents, do you get to keep the money?"

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[smileatu](#)

• 13y ago

Every now and then I would snap as a kid. One day I hung all my barbies off my swing naked in the backyard. Never played with them again. Occasionally I would make grass dolls and my brothers and I burned them as sacrifices. Otherwise I was a complete angel. I have always been the goody two shoes in the family.

When I was about two I had an imaginary friend. My friend would tell me to do bad things like break plates and scream randomly. I suddenly had this vocabulary and my parents had no idea where it was coming from. I didn't go to daycare and we didn't have TV. My mom was freaked out because I had become a completely different kid overnight. I would not eat and I was a fat kid. I didn't turn away food. Anyway, my aunt comes to visit one day and as soon as she walks into the house she says "what is that". Apparently she could feel my "imaginary friends" presence. My family prayed over me and had the house blessed. Then for weeks after, I would constantly complain that my "friend" was begging to come back in the house. I would scream "She's banging, she wants to come in" or "She's crying by the door mom". I was two.

I don't remember doing any of that. My mom says otherwise I was a good kid.

I knew a girl who would tell random people "Jesus is watching you".

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[onlymostlydead](#)

• 13y ago

Not sure this counts as creepy, but how it started surr was: My then 7yo autistic stepson said, out of the blue, "the penis is for kissing" and grabbed his crotch.

After days of going through the expected emotions, we learned that he had walked in on his aunt and uncle "kissing" when they were supposed to be babysitting him.

That was a good 2-3 month break from interacting with them.

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[fuue](#)

• 13y ago

Not a parent, my friend's kid. We are having some lunch and her daughter comes in with this little lady bug on her hand, showing us proudly, we admire the lady bug and go back to lunch as she heads outside. Suddenly we hear this crack noise, like rock hitting the pavement, we look outside and ask her what she is doing and she holds up a rock with green bug guts smeared all over it and yells "I KILLED IT!"

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[Tiranosharkusrex](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was 5 I asked my mom about my sister who was a miscarriage 5 years before I was born. They never told me about it. I gave them her name as well. My brother did the same thing when he was 7. Also knew nothing about it.



[noscreamsnoshouts](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Not a parent, but:

When I was about one or two, just starting to talk, I'd *often* say (freely translated, since I'm not English): 'don't have to cry, don't have to laugh, don't have to say hello'.

Basically saying: 'Don't force me to do all the cute kiddie-stuff. Just let me be.'

At two

I'm fully grown up now, and my mother still get's depressed about that little overly serious and sad child I apparently was...

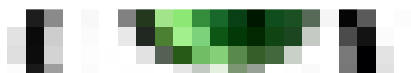
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[TheWheelZee](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mother told me that when I was little, I told her "When I was a big man, I was taking pictures of the tall ships with my dad and I fell and hit my head."

PAST LIVES.

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[sandymac](#)
• 13y ago

I was playing Mark of the Ninja on my laptop on the couch one night after I thought my kids were asleep. After a stealth kill I hear the sweet quite voice of my 5 year old daughter remind me "don't forget to hide the body". Who knows how long she was watching me slaughter guards.

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[littleln](#)
• 13y ago

I know this will get buried, deep, but this is creepy as fuck.

One night I heard my 5 year old daughter crying in her room, it was about 11pm so she'd been asleep several hours. I go in, give her a hug and ask what the problem is. She says, "Mommy. I dreamt you were eaten by the same thing that ate your mom and her sister and you died."

Now, she was barely five at the time and I had had ZERO discussions with her about my mother and how she died. She never even met my mother. My aunt, she met my aunt once that she can remember, and knows that she died, but not HOW. Both of them died horribly from a very fast very aggressive cancer that metastized and for lack of a better way to put it, ate them alive.

Creepy as fuck. Hope she's wrong.

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[pnutbutterjellyfine](#)
• 13y ago



I had a friend that died in a car wreck a few days before Valentine's Day. I had seen him a few weeks prior and we had entertained the idea of having dinner together on V-day since we had done it in years previous when we were both single. This particular guy was obsessed with Acuras, especially Acura Legends. I had been shopping for a cheap ride and ended up buying an Acura Legend on Valentine's Day. I had my then 3 year-old daughter in the backseat when I picked it up and drove over to Autozone for a few odds and ends. When we pulled in, she blankly said, "Is this a nice car? Because Aaron says Happy Valentine's Day". My daughter had never met him and certainly didn't remember him. I was like, "What? Is Aaron a boy at daycare?" And she's like, "I don't know. What? I don't know anyone named Aaron." Creeped me out like hell.

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[EarthRester](#)
• 13y ago

My mother some times tells about the time when my older sister was little, no more than six, and out the blue she just started screaming "MOM GET THE PHONE!" and "THE PHONE IS FOR YOU, GET IT!" but the phone wasn't ringing. About a min later the phone *did* go off....her brother had died in an accident.

My sister didn't have any episodes other than that.

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[blg5089](#)

[13y ago](#)

When I was 3 or 4 years old, I was sitting in the backseat of my parents' car and randomly decided to tell my Dad that I was going to kill him when I turned 18. He never forgot it, and will never let me forget it.

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[Jukebawks](#)
• [13y ago](#)

TIL children can see ghosts, but lose that ability as they grow up into an adult.

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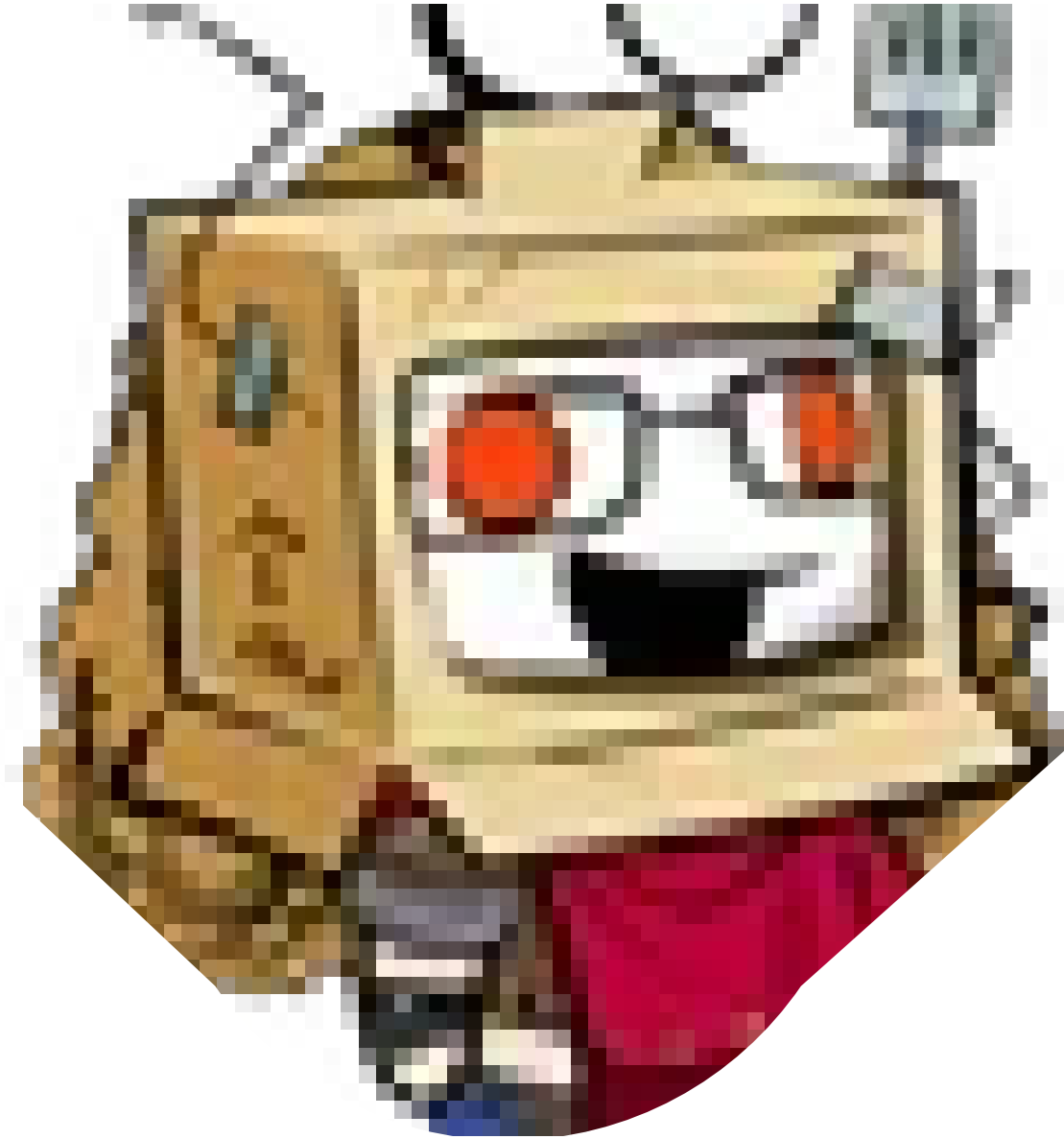


[darboijustin](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent but i was riding my 3 year old cousins rocking horse (play mocking) and she left the room. she came back a few minutes later behind me and I didn't hear her. She said "Imma make you bleed REAL good" in her thick redneck accent.

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[raka_defocus](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I don't like the man in my room, he watches me sleep.

Turned out to be an action figure on top of a cabinet.

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• 13y ago

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[ditzynic](#)
• [13y ago](#)

We were driving home from the shops one day, when my 2 year old suddenly says, "I used to drive". I asked him when, he said, "when I was a man. Before I died." Lucky I didn't crash the car

🗨 Reply ➦ Share





[allnewtracks](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I attended a Small Liberal Arts School that had an infamous fire years ago. Ghost stories abound surrounding the rebuilt building, and there are all sorts of tales of weirdness in the building.

When I was in my Junior year my nephew came to visit. Adorable little bugger, a 5 year old, and of course I showed him off for all it was worth. Girls doted over him, my roommate made him a cool wallet with dinosaurs (because fuck yeah dinosaurs) and he spent the day with me as my sister and her husband enjoyed a nice time out.

We came back from dinner and I was fumbling at the door with my keys while he chatted up a dormmate with tales of his 'really sweet' dinosaur wallet. His folks were due back in an hour or so and so we were going to spend some time with a guitar and root beers out on the quad.

I hear him scream, and see him pointing at the floor.

"Why are they burning? Why don't they have any legs!"

The old legend was that two or more of the kids died in this hallway, and the building was built a foot or so taller than its original height to fit in with taller students and new regulations. There was no way he was aware of the story as I had never told his parents, nor had he heard it from anyone who we had interacted with during the day.

Suffice to say we got out of the hallway quick as can be and sat downstairs drinking root beer like two ghostbusters who had seen some shit. Until graduation that dormmate never looked my way or talked in the halls again.

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[never alone](#)
• [13y ago](#)

We (Me, my husband, and our five year old daughter, Cambrilynn) had moved into a new house about two years ago. When my husband went into the room that was going to be our herss to set everything up, he found a necklace in the corner of the room. Thinking nothing of it, he gave it to Cambrilynn to wear, as she was obsessed with jewelry at the time. About a month after we moved in she would tell us that "Sarah" would sit in the corner of the room and cry. I didn't understand, as the house had just been built before we moved in. She would tell me that Sarah would cry about her necklace.

Coming to yesterday, I see her walk into the room, not wearing the necklace anymore. (she is seven now, and mind you she never took off that necklace since she got it.) I asked her why she wasn't wearing it anymore, and she told me, "It was Sarah's. I gave it back to her so she would stop crying." and walked away. I decided to call the company who built the house and asked if they knew anything about it, not expecting a solid answer. A man who was working on my house told me that a man he worked with had a daughter named Sarah. He had given her a necklace that was described exactly the same as the one Cambrilynn had. he told me that the father had taken the necklace to get it fixed, as the chain had gotten rusty. He said that about a month later, the family died in a car accident, and the description of that Sarah was identical to the one Cambrilynn described....

Still quiet shaken up, as I only just got off the phone. Apparently everything is fine now, because Cambrilynn told me that once she gave Sarah the necklace she said "Thank you! Now I can go tell daddy that I found it!" and disappeared.....

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• 13y ago

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[sexyspam](#)

• 13y ago

I posted this before, but here it is again...

I've got one.

There's a huge cemetery in a neighboring city that I loved to go visit prior to having kids. The Black Dahlia (among many many others) is buried there.

A few years ago, when my son was 3 and my daughter was 1, out of randomness one morning I decided we would go to that cemetery to walk around for a bit and have a picnic lunch. I told my husband about my plan, packed up lunch, the mom bag, kids and headed out the door.

On the way to the cemetery, my son asked me where we were going and I told him we were going to go on a walk through a park and have a picnic lunch. I did NOT tell him we were going to a cemetery or that people that have passed away are buried there.



When we get there and drive past all the administrative buildings and main gigantic water fountain. Then we head up towards the top, but before getting there I take a turn to head past some of the oldest graves and as we round a bend my son says to me, "Mommy, do you see all the people?" (The hairs on my neck stand) As I ask my (3 year old) son, "What people?" (and mind you there isn't a single living person outside of my car in sight) And my son replies, "All the people on the hill waving at me." I looked around, couldn't see a single person and hadn't seen one since we entered the grounds, I told my son, "No Buddy, I can't see the people, but just because Mommy cannot see them doesn't mean they might not be there. Let's go have lunch some where else, so we don't bother them." And basically I noped the fuck out of there.

Now, I have no idea what my son may have been seeing but just like I said to him, just because I cannot see it, doesn't mean it isn't there. If he could actually see people waving at him, that I couldn't see, I haven't the faintest if they were beckoning/waving at him with friendly or malicious intent, so yeah, fuck that.

And now I am thoroughly creeped out.

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[D3bi0us](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Oh god. My son, is the example creepy kid. Lets call him AW for this. My son has SEVERE temper tantrums, lasting for hours at a time, often trying to hurt himself, or me. Now, he says typical tantrum stuff like, "I hate you" or "I don't like you anymore". Now, this has happened since he was like 2 1/2 till now (currently 4). He has said various creepy things during these tantrums like "I FUCKING HATE YOU" and "I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU" (Coming from a 3 year old, with complete intent and seriousness in his voice, is pretty damn creepy let alone the fact that I have had to physically stop him from hurting me.). Granted the cursing and threats aren't all to suprising, considering he always used to be by my side and being father of the year I didn't always choose the best things to watch with him.

Here is where things start to get creepy. AW is notorious for taking things and not telling anybody. One day while I was cleaning my car; AW took my dad's little pocket knife from the glovebox. It was just a small dull knife, nothing special. Infact, the only reason why I keep it around is because it is the only thing that I still have from my father before he passed. I don't notice that it is gone, and continue cleaning my car. About a week passes and I have friends over. AW, 2 friends, and I, are all sitting in my living room. We sit, bullshit, ect for a little while, when AW decides to get up, lunge at me, and flip the pocket knife towards my face, all while smiling and laughing menacingly. He didn't stab me, but got damn near my face.

A few months pass, and My wife, AW, and I decide to move into my wife's grandmother's house due to a recent jobloss. Some time after moving, he developed a few "imaginary" friends. Now needless to say, these imaginary friends don't like me. AT ALL. One friend, that AW dubbed "Mr.Potato Chip" wants me dead. He also tells AW things like "Piss in the corner of your room, the toilet is out to get you" "Go get your dad's cigarettes, the taste fantastic and they make you look cool" "Put the cat's collar around your sister's neck, so you know where she is and that she can't catch you" Ect. One day a few of grandma's credit cards go missing. now, they were in a lockbox high up in AW's room, and he took it down and got into it. When asked about the cards he replied "Mr Potato Chip took them, and hid them." We searched the house from top to bottom and couldn't find them. I decided to look in the garage, and low and behold, in a wood box by the AC unit, there were the missing credit cards, a small kitchen knife, Random keys, and papers with scribbles on them. Apparently Mr. Potato chip and him were going to run away and take a car.

TL;DR: My son is insane, wants me dead, and is plotting to run away.

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• [13y ago](#)

Have you guys talked to anyone about him? It sounds like he might be in need of professional help... He could hurt someone one of these days.

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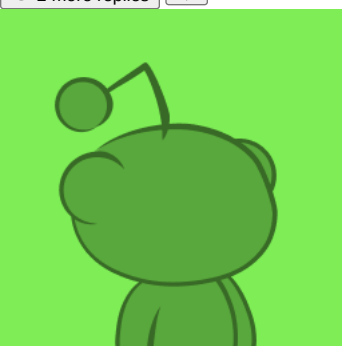
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• 13y ago

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[baron von kiss a lot](#)

• 13y ago

This is probably getting buried but meh. A couple of weeks after Sandy Hook, I was volunteering in a kindergarden class. I'm a med student so we were teaching the kids about the doctor, and my station was X-rays/MRIs so I brought in the sound of an MRI machine to show the kids that it wasn't scary and didn't hurt. If you guys don't know, an MRI machine sounds a little bit like a machine gun. So I play the sound and this one little girl looks up at me and goes, completely deadpan, "we're going to die because of the gun. like the other kids"

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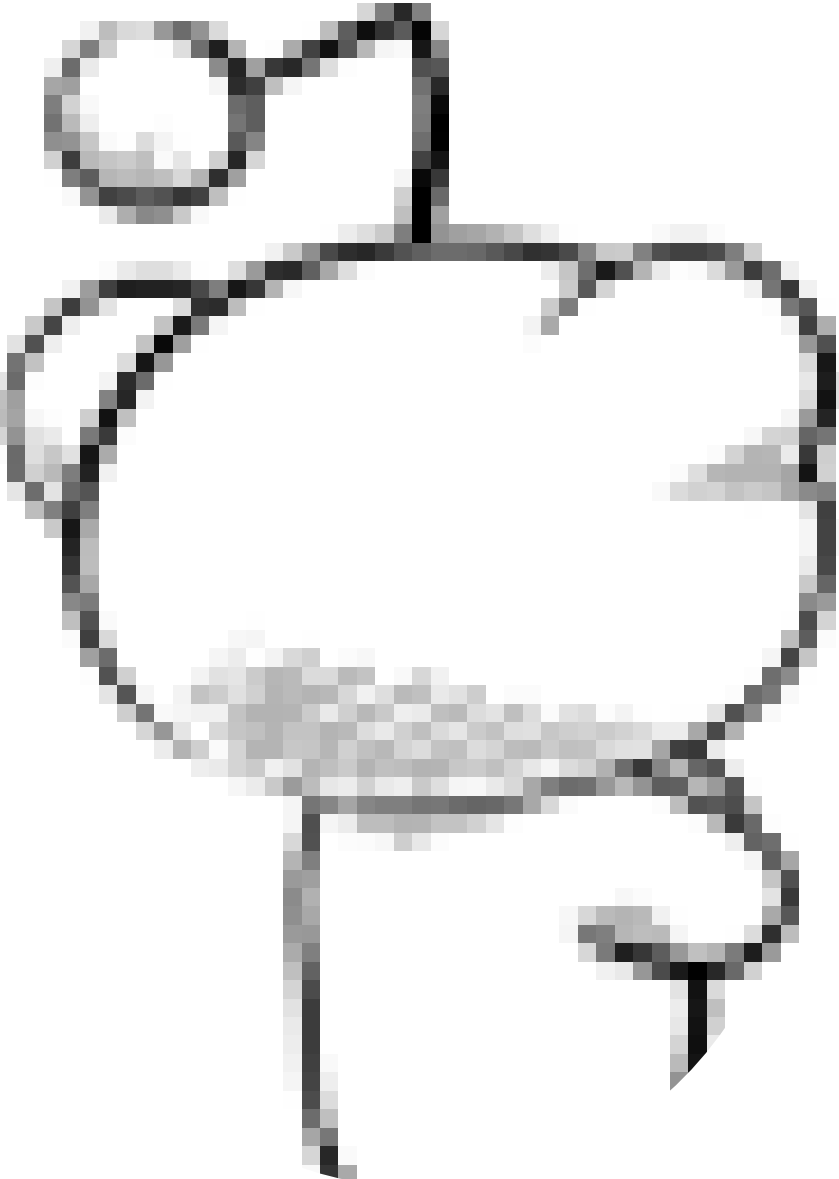
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[sylvia4949](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son is 16. Just recently he was arguing with his father and out of nowhere started to laugh hysterically. He throws a punch at his father and as his father is trying to hold him against the wall to control him he laughs even more hysterically because his little sister starts crying because she's scared. He becomes so uncontrollable that his father threatens to call the cops and as he starts to get his phone my son collapses to the floor and hits his head hard on the floor. He looks up after he hit his head and starts crying and asks, "Why am I on the floor? Did it happen again?" O.o

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[thelastsummer](#)
• 13y ago

Not trying to be a dick but maybe you should get him a psych evaluation, you know just in case...

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• 13y ago

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[Queen of Slimes](#)
• 13y ago

My youngest sister had some interesting things to say when she was about 2 or 3 years old. While at some business or another, she crouched down by the wall, stared at it and traced patterns randomly on it with her finger, and said quietly (but loud enough to be heard and have our parents scowled at by other adults in the room), "Cut me up and put me in the wall... Cut me up in pieces, put me in the wall".

I'm thinking she overheard a horror movie of some kind and decided to repeat it, as she was in the 'repeat everything sentence I hear and understand nothing of the implications' stage of language acquisition.

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• [13y ago](#)

My dad always tells me about how when I was two, him and I were outside in the backyard. Apparently it was sunny and cloudless, and I just turned to him and said "the thunder's too loud, daddy." He thought I was an idiot, judging by the weather, and took me inside. He says that 5 hours later we had a thunder storm.

Basically I heard thunder 5 hours before the storm hit?

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[William Dearborn](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Well my dad always told me of the time i was in ICU, sleeping in a sitting position with my eyes wide open. Said it scared the shit out him and the nurse

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[ShpadoinkleBeethoven](#)
• 13y ago

My five year old recently told me that when I die she's going to have me cremated then bury me under a "warm tree."

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[all about the pickle](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My three year old daughter makes me turn all the lights on in the room because, "The dark is looking at me." Freaks me out every time.

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• [13y ago](#)

Two stories from my childhood. #1 is about me. When I was two I had a bunch of toy horses, exactly 20, and I would line them up. According to my mom, one day she walks in and I am sitting there saying, "missing" over and over. She says that this freaked her out insanely, until she realized there were only 19 horses. #2 my little brother around Christmas time comes walking into the kitchen laughing, with blood spilling out of his mouth. He ate an ornament and was completely content. He was 3



[lovin-life](#)

• [13y ago](#)

We were camping for the first time with my two boys. The oldest was 5 at the time. He was making a fuss like he was scared so we went in the tent to check on him (we weren't asleep yet) and he sat straight up, pointed out the door of the tent and said "They're Coming!" ...then he laid back down sound asleep. A little more dramatic than creepy but my middle son (he is 5) was getting teased by the oldest (now 7) and just went very quiet for a minute and then said, in the most ominous voice "Keep it up (name), and when we get home it is you who will feel my pain". My oldest and I just looked at each other, and he teased no more that day. Edited to add ages...





[geoffreycrayon](#)
• 13y ago

Not my kids but some relatives of a friend, a pair of six year old twins were just running around the pool and one sneaked up behind me and whispered: "my sister's dollies hate it when they see blood"

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[TheChadmania](#)
• 13y ago

TIL: Kids are the single most fucking creepy things in the entire universe.

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[I poop at work](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I'm not a parent, but when I was 16ish, I was a youth leader in scouts. One campout, my friend and I found out one of the younger boys, 12 years old, maybe, hasn't taken his Ritalin yet that day. So we had to chase him down, when we finally caught him, he just kept screaming, "It's too late! It's FAR too late!" Edit: This was at like, noon.

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[bookemdano63](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My 3 year old had a bad dream about the family getting attacked by wolves and I said "it was just a bad dream" and he calmly said "no, it was the future."

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[hollahkat](#)
• 13y ago

When I was little I used to talk about the "man in the top hat" at the end of my bed every night. I clearly remember waking up multiple times to him standing over me...Fastforward about twenty years and I tell my mom about the man in the top hat, all she says is "You saw him too? Weird, so did your brothers!" who the hell was this man??

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• 13y ago

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[ifyouwanttosingout](#)
• 13y ago

When I was little, I had pneumonia and was a bit delirious due to fever and I told my mother, "I want to go to Disney Land and Heaven."

Apparently my little sister used to cry because she saw hands reaching out of the walls.

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[AsajiiIsAtWorkNow](#)
• 13y ago

My mum tells this story about my sister, that they were walking over a bridge and my sister sits up in her pram, turns to mum and says "This is where I died." She was probably about 3 at the time, and wasn't speaking in complete sentences yet - that was one of her longer ones.

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[Zappa Krappa](#)
• 13y ago

I'm not a parent but this was said to me by an 8 year old girl at my university while doing a program called Art Saturdays. I volunteer for the program to make crafts and other art stuff with them. Our project was to paint a dream that we have had and one little girl's entire canvas was red with a little person painted in the corner with horns and an evil look on it's face. I said to her, "Oh wow. How interesting this is. What is your dream about?". She looked at me straight in the eye and said, "I have dreams about the devil". I kinda stared at her for a couple seconds and just walked away without saying anything. Then, while I was talking to the girl sitting beside her about her dream that had a squirrel in it, the devil girl said with a straight face, "I killed a squirrel with a paintball gun once. There was blood everywhere and he did this *starts wailing her arms around and screeching*". Yeah.....I hope she doesn't come back.....

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[Boronz](#)
• 13y ago

I wake up to find my three year old kid standing by the bed staring right at me inches from me with a huge grin on his face.

He just stares and grins ...

"What are you doing?" I finally say.

"Nothing" still grinning

At this point I realize he's got his hands behind his back.



Are you holding something?"

"No."

I look any way. He's hiding our largest carving knife behind his back. At that age he was about twice as long as the knife.

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[kayla737](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was a little girl and I was pissed at my older brother, I used to get little water balloons and fill them up then draw his face on them, tie a string to the end and bang them outside of my second story window on the stucko wall. When the balloon would pop I would feel much calmer and go back to playing with my toys.... didn't think that was weird until I told a guy friend of mine and he nearly peed himself. Also, when I was mad at a friend I would draw them on the bottom of my shoe, when my mom asked why I did this I responded "so I can step on them all day" and proceeded to stomp everywhere I went... haha my poor mom XD

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[lechechan](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Always late for these! I'll post mine anyway. I was reading a book to my son, he's four, and at the time his favorite color (or so I thought) was blue. "And that's the end of Susie's bright red day. What color would your world be if it was your favorite color?" "Black."

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[themolehole](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was a young kid, my mum used to keep a medium-sized doll in her room. I used scream & cry and insist that she throw the doll away and refuse to (or insist on running in and out, if I had no other choice) enter my parent's bedroom. I told my mum she really needs to throw the doll away because it would always stare at me and talk to me whenever I was in the room. According to my mother, I even told her that "the doll is going to cut me open with a knife!"

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[SarahEdgy](#)
• [13y ago](#)

We were staying at my mum & dad's caravan, it's peaceful & not many other caravans on the site. It was dark & I was putting my then 2 year old daughter to bed, she said 'mummy, where has the little boy gone?' 'What little boy?' 'The little boy that plays outside the caravan and looks in my window...' I was nearly sick.



[beatrixkate](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My two-year-old son was crying instead of napping in an upstairs bedroom at my inlaws' house. When I asked him why, he pointed out the window at the garage and said "I can't sleep because of that sad man in the garage." There's no possible way he could have known it, but years earlier my husband's grandfather had killed himself in that garage.

AND, I then remembered that when my older son was napping age he had always had trouble sleeping in that same bedroom because of the "radio" he said he could hear outside the window. He'd say that he could hear talking or music, and he would point at the garage. This house is deep in the country and there was never any talking or music going on out there. We used to think he was dreaming. However, after my younger son made the remark about the sad man, I never put any of my children to sleep in that room again!

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[knot353](#)
• 13y ago

There is a bit of a history of creepy with my family. When my Aunt was 3 maybe 4 years old her best friend Samantha had been raped and killed. My aunt is 2 years older than my mom so my mom has no memory of Samantha, but my aunt does. Anyways when my mom was about 3 out of the blue she asks "how'd samantha die?" "how do you know Samantha?" and my mom points to a corner and says "shes right there" my grandparents brushed it off thinking my aunt had told her about Samantha. From there on out any just about any young child that was there would ask that same question and pointing to the same corner.

Supposedly I was the only to "play" with her. All the other kids would just talk to her. One day I asked "why did Samantha leave?"

my mom then said something like "oh she left! thats great news"

the I said something like "Did the mean man take her away again?"

my mom then asked "what mean man?"

I answered "the mean man at the old park by the trees who took Samantha and hurt her and killed her."

My mom was freaked out because everyone agreed never to tell the young ones the true story.

What freaks me out the most is I remember her voice and still hear it in my dreams from time to time.

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[Tricksters](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Background: Most of my family is from a pretty small town in Northern Wisconsin, and there's a little grave yard dating back to the mid 1800s where most of my ancestors are buried. When I was around four or five my dad and the rest of his family took me to the grave yard to clean it up, cut the grass, ect. I apparently walked up to some great great aunts tombstone, petted it, said I was glad that they gave me such a pretty stone, and told my uncle that the grave was where I slept before I woke up as a baby... TLDR: I told my uncle I was my reincarnated ancestor and freaked out my family at a cemetery.



[robbystarbuck](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I saw this and had to join... 2 parts here:

1. When I was a child i saw indians brutally murdered in public places. My sisters/mom said we'd go to a grocery store and i'd break out screaming & crying for someone to help the people. I'd see them hanging, heads cut off, etc. The grocery store actually had to ask my mom to leave me at home or try another location because it scared other customers. This wasn't the only place there were about 5 other places in town where it happened. When I was in middle school news broke that they found 3 large indian burial grounds in our city. When I was 13 we were on a trip to Oceanside, California in the car near a border patrol check in Escondido, California. I saw a motorcycle and I said "He's going to die right now, someone should stop him". 2 Minutes later while he sped ahead of us a semi clipped him in front of us and he flew off the side of the road. He died. My mother couldn't stop crying and shaking for hours. I still have a really strong intuition I've learned to just not ignore whether it's about people, going somewhere, etc.

2. My daughter who's 4 recently told us she's not from earth but she's really starting to like it here. She goes on to tell us about her home world being "in a fight" with men who have skin like snakes because her people were trying to keep other places safe but the snake people wanted to take the other places for themselves and kill everyone. She says to us.... Don't worry we picked to be here together.... Scared the shit out of us. She was SOOO detailed when we asked questions about it all that I can't just pretend it's a fantasy.

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[brutus_89](#)
• [13y ago](#)

when my little sister was around 4 we were staying up at our grandparents house and the whole weekend we were there she refused to go into the basement and trying to mess with her I picked her up and told her I would carry her down and she flipped out screaming and yelling "no the bad man is down there!" I thought oh well maybe somebody died down there did research nothing the house was less than 10 years old and no one lived there before my grandparents, but not even two weeks later my grandmother had a heart attack(she lived) when she walked down to the basement and found a homeless man down there who it turned out was wanted for child molestation. that's creepy if you ask me

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[VahrunePrefect](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm so late, but whatever. This is me and not my child that is non-existent as of yet. From birth until two years old I had an imaginary friend named Ella who was exactly like me and after the two years she disappeared. My mom asked me why she wasn't around anymore



to which I responded "She doesn't need to be. She's real now." Obviously not in that complete of sentences since I was two. Now, lo and behold, fourteen years later, I have a best friend named Ella who is fourteen years old and almost exactly like me.

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• [13y ago](#)

Like someone else wrote a month ago, I'm still reading this thread and it's August 2013, so even though it's a few months old, keep contributing creepy kid stories. There are probably a lot of people like me who are still reading this and I love it!

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[LaBelleCanard](#)

• [13y ago](#)

The first time I brought my daughter to visit the city she was conceived in, she told me she had come home. That was a year ago, and she still tells me the mountains want her to come home again. She also says she remembers being in my womb and describes how my body

built hers. Yeah, fey kids are creepy.

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[peggles81](#)
• [13y ago](#)

So my three year old likes to drape a towel over his head after tubby time, and pretend that the towel is his hair - he always asks "Mama, so you like my (insert towel color) hair?" Ever since then, he has been asking me at least a hundred times a day if I like things. The creepiest would have to be the day he reached down to grab his junk and said, "Hey Mama, you like my big pee-pee?"

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[DxC17](#)
• [13y ago](#)

As a child, I proudly confessed to my mother that I could fly down the stairs at our old house on the NW side of Chicago (we moved when I was 5). She never believed me.

However, I still remember gliding down the stairs hovering slightly above the steps. I can still feel the sensation and its giving me goosebumps. It was quite a liberating feeling. It all stopped before we moved to the Southside, but I will never forget it because I always remember receiving help from someone. It wasn't anyone in my family.

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[Crowlz22](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my sister was about 5 years old, she was laying in bed talking to my mom and she said, "Mommy, Grandma died." My mom was confused and told her that she hadn't. But my sister kept insisting that she had. And then the phone rang, and we were informed that our great grandmother had just passed.

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[eatingdust](#)
• 13y ago

My youngest girl at 2 kept telling me that she wanted to go home. "But baby, we are home." I said to her. "No mom, not here, home." She said. "Well where is home?" I asked her. She pointed to the sky and said, "Home is up there." I thought about it and ask her what is it like at home. "Its a long road mom, remember?" "No baby, I dont remember." "I want to go home, the long road, where there is love." she said and went to the living room to play. We are not religious and have never talked about heaven to this point. I made it a point to tell her that her home is down here with us and she nodded and told me that she knew that. The long road? creepy.

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[OhTHATeric](#)
• 13y ago

My 3-year-old daughter to my wife: "mommy, are we going to kill and eat daddy?"

Backstory: she had seen an exhibit on black widow spiders at the museum a few days before. Took us a few days to make that connection.



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[Darkcore](#)

• [13y ago](#)

The morning after a night of sex with my wife, my 3 year old walk's in our room and point to my wife: "Mommy, baby in your tummy."
And yes... 6 week later, she's pregnant.

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[BW900](#)

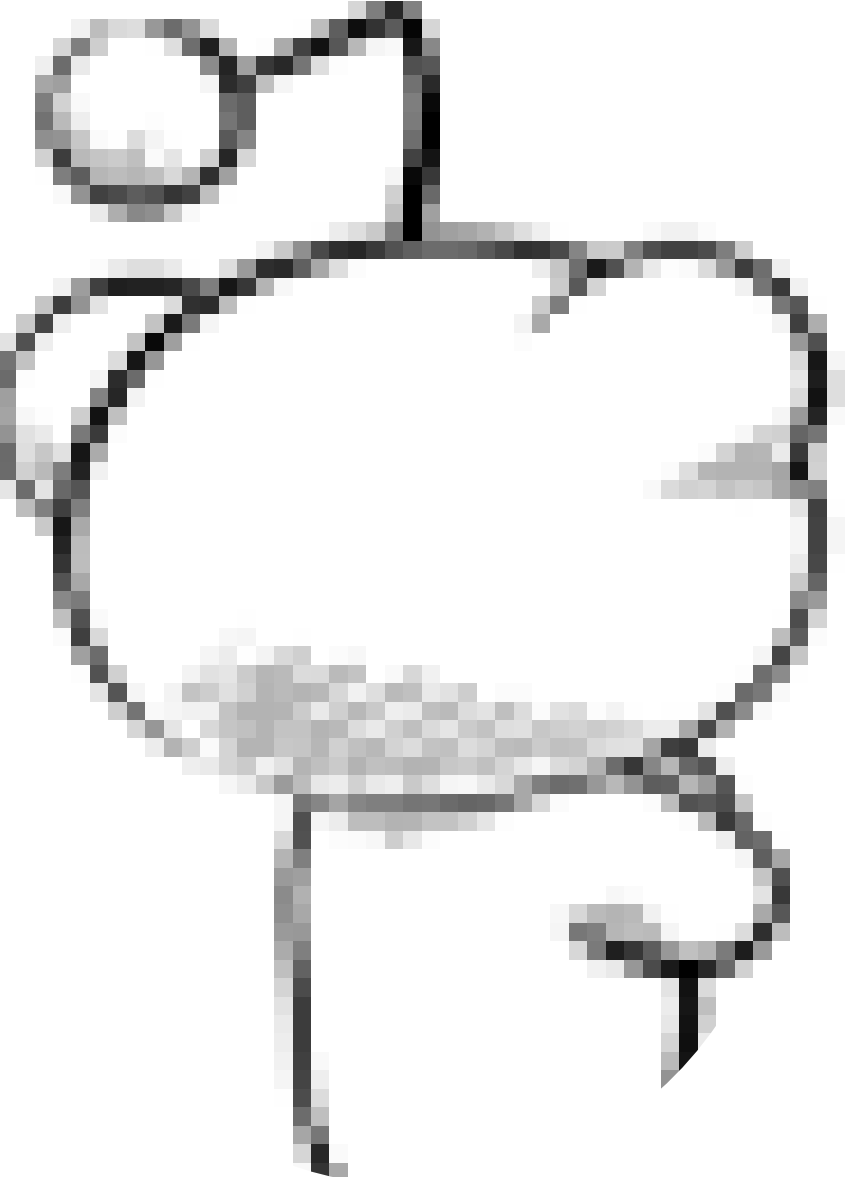
• [13y ago](#)

C'mon! You gotta take that kid to the race track!

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• [13y ago](#)

I forgot who specifically it was on Conan O'Brien, I think it was Joel McHale, but a celeb was talking about how his 4 yr old nephew scares the shit out of him.

He heard the kid learned to count higher, so he asked "How high can you count?"

"I can count until you die"

Creepiest fucking shit right there

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[Winsconsin](#)
• 13y ago

My older brother had a really bad fever when I was young, in his delirious state he went downstairs, took out my mother's saxophone and started to attempt to play it in the middle of the night.



[CPTNBob46](#)
• 13y ago

My niece would always play in her room by herself when she was about 4, the normal talking and imaginary friends, etc. Well, one day I went in to play along with her and asked her friend's name, she replied "she said her name is 'Margret' but I should call her 'Maggie', I don't like that name very much, but she said that's her name, and she won't read to me if I don't call her by her right name".

My sister-in-law's grandmom's name was Margret, went by Maggie, and always told my Sister-in-law that when she had kids she'd read stories to them all the time, since people didn't do that much anymore.

Her grandmom Maggie died a year before my niece was born, and they'd never mentioned anything about her to my niece because the whole family hated talking about her because of how much she was missed. No possible way my niece could have known about her. Really weird.

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[NeilFlix](#)

• 13y ago

Not a parent, but my fiance is a pre-school teacher and she told that a kid once came up to her, and with an ever so slight slight smile on his face, calmly asked "Would you like me to suck your screams?" I'm really not exactly sure what he meant, but the story still gives me the creeps.

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[amanthey3](#)

• 13y ago

I was babysitting a 9 year old and a 6 year old on a snowy afternoon. I'm inside getting hot chocolate ready for them when the six year old walks in and starts to cry. I run over, hug her and ask what's wrong. She replies with 'I think Beth(9yo) is in heaven. I think this is ridiculous because I just saw her, but still I ask why she thought she was dead. 'I think she went with the man' at this point I'm thinking holy shit, but then Beth walks in and they play as if nothing happened.

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[Hate2love](#)

• 13y ago

I've posted this before, but didn't actually go into any detail. When my brother was younger, around four, he had an irrational fear of our garage, where he claimed the 'man in blue' lived and would come for him. Often, when little things would go missing in the household (i.e. jewelry, earbuds, just little things), we would ask him if he'd seen them. He would insist that the man in blue had taken them, and that if we wanted to go get them back from him, he was in the walls.

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[PL-QC](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I have a wayyyy younger brother (he's 4. I'm almost 22). He got this phase last year where for him, the funniest thing was us faking to cry. But it got weird when he started looking at us (or complete strangers) and order them, dead-serious: "cry."

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• [13y ago](#)

My son can't talk yet but sometimes he hisses and makes these Satanic sounds when I tell him he can't do/have something...

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[BubonicChronic92](#)

• [13y ago](#)

when i was younger, maybe like 10 or so, i was watching Law and Order: SVU and I asked my mom what an orgasm was. she said she didnt know

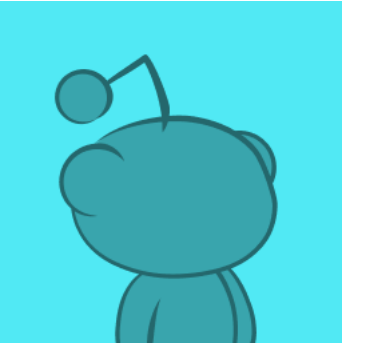
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[EASY THERE](#)

• [13y ago](#)

On the way to our local pizza restaurant we (4 kids under 10) are talking about "restaurant manners" and what is appropriate: No yelling, saying please and thank you, no standing on the table etc. My 6 year old son is quiet throughout; when I prompt him for some input he contributes, "Don't murder anyone..." We agreed this was probably the first restaurant manner to exhibit.

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• 13y ago

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[bunnismooches](#)

• 13y ago

Not sure if this belongs here, as it was not my "child" but my cousin who did this when we were younger. I almost don't want to even type this out because every time I remember this I get severely creeped out.

Initial back-story: My Aunt, Uncle & cousins lived in a very old 2 story building. They lived on the 2nd floor. The 1st floor was sort of trashed, no one lived there! On the back of the building there was a porch that was never finished, the enclosed stairs stopped about 8 feet above the ground, and the enclosure was sealed off so that no one could get in or out.

I was about 4, she had to be about 8 or 9. I was at her house and we were in her family/game room sitting at a table playing either connect 4 or memory. There was a door in the room, which lead to above mentioned "back porch/stairway". So here we were playing this game, and there was a knock at said door. My cousin jumps up, excited, and runs to open the door (remember this, I'll explain later.). I can still, VERY CLEARLY and vividly remember what was on the other side of the door. There were two little girls, one was shorter (I assumed youngest) and one taller. They each had their hair partially put up, and the ends of their hair was curled. They were dressed, as all I can describe now as "old fashioned" and "fancy". Fancy little girl dresses, little shoes, all white. I clearly remember them being all white, except for their brown hair, and BLACK EYES. I distinctly remember going from excited to terrified the second I saw their eyes. I remember my cousin saying to them, very non-nonchalantly, something along the lines of "Hi, I can't play right now my cousin is here." And shut the door. My cousin then went right back over to the table to continue our game, with me following as close as I could get to her. She didn't seem to be alarmed or scared, but I was absolutely terrified. The older I get, the more un-settling it is for me to remember, for some reason. I have other memories of them showing up, always outside of the apartment. My cousin gets eerily uncomfortable and denies anything anytime I try to ask her about it.

So, about that door. Fast forward 10 years or so, I was probably in my teens when my Dad decided, after much nagging on my part, to tell me "ghost stories". One of which involved the same back door, and lead him to the frightening discovery that the back door had been nailed shut. He discovered this back door was nailed shut around the time I was an infant. Pretty sure when he told me that the back door was nailed shut I turned pale white, as it made my early memories even more terrifying for me.

I also found out about a year ago while idiotically googling there is some "phenomenon" of black eyed children, and reading these accounts have only assisted in panic attacks that I experience when I start to remember seeing them.

tl;dr - my cousin regularly interacted with little white girls with black eyes who never spoke who I saw when I would be playing with her sometimes.

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[wlstel](#)

• 13y ago

Early one morning, when my daughter was 4 years old, I was awakened by her yelling, "Stop it, John, you're scaring me!" There was real distress in her voice and, more alarming, only the 2 of us in the house! I leaped out of bed and in a few wide steps was out of my bedroom, across the hall, and shoving open her bedroom door. She was sitting cross-legged on her bed and seemed quite startled at my bursting in. I took a quick glance around the room and didn't see anything strange. So, I asked, "What are you up to?" She said, "I was just talking to Johnny. He came in to play but I don't want to today." Thinking, now, that she was just playing pretend, I asked who was Johnny. She gave me a look as if it is so sad how slow I am and said, "This was Johnny's room before he got hit by a car."

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[kittybrown13](#)

• 13y ago

"It would be a better world if nobody were poor, or hungry, and if everyone had their own house. ...And if everyone had white skin."

-My 6yo daughter, who also laughs when someone dies

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[thetruehank](#)

• 13y ago

My daughter, who just turned 5, had a habit of running up to random people and talking about "the aliens who talk to her in her brain"

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[ScreamingSlugs](#)

• 13y ago

Youngest Daughter: Mom, I can't sleep.

Me: Why not?

YD: There's a little girl in my room.

Me: Well, of course there is, haha. Your sister's in there, too.

YD: No. Another girl. A grey girl.

Me: Umm, okay? What's she doing in there?

YD: She hates her mom. She's going to hurt her. Bite her and scratch her.

Needless to say, I looked and there was no extra living girl in there. I let YD sleep on the couch and she went right to sleep. That's not the last I've heard of the grey girl, however.

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[Subduction](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Sorry, this is the typical "not me but" hijack, but I love Tina Fey's story on this.

Her, maybe, 3yo daughter asked if she could get in the crib with the baby. She said yes, but you have to be really careful. So she climbed in carefully, lay down gently next to the baby, stroked her face and said :

"Hey beautiful eyes, mind if I party with you? "

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[chickenlicker](#)

• [13y ago](#)

That is hilarious.

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[Rprzes](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My son, who is under three years old, came out of his bedroom at his mother's house carrying a rolling pin over his shoulder, gripping the pin with both hands. Looked at me, brightly, and states, "I want crush cat. Yea?" with a terse nod, and very excited anticipatory look on his face.

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[washedupgenius](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

We lived in a 128 yr old house. When my son was 2, he would cry in his room, so we moved him to the other bedroom. We asked why, and he said, "there are talking dreams in there." he never slept in there again.

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[buergan](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

One of my nieces (7) kept yelling at me, "Come find my feet" that she had hidden under a blanket, so I found them and tickled them. She thought this was a great this and started shouting out to her little sister (3 yr old) "come here and he will do something to your body!!!"

wtf

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• [13y ago](#)

My 3-year-old boy claims that he sees a guy with no head and no hands who bangs on the windows at night.

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• [13y ago](#)

I was watching some old home movies the other day and I came across one of me, from when I was about 2 or 3 years old. I was "wrestling" under the dining room table, guarding my teddy bear with one hand and batting around at the air with the other. My dad (a.k.a. the camera man of this little horror film) asked me who I was fighting. I stopped and sat upright, turning my head to face the camera. I was staring coldly into the lens when I replied, "...the devil." This is prior to any religious exposure, both of my parents were (are) agnostic anyway. There was a slight pause before my dad said, "Ohhhhkkaayy" and turned the camera around to go film my sister. I laugh about this today, but that still must have been bone chilling for my dad.

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[pakathy58](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My daughter, who was about 3 at the time, came into my bedroom late at night and told me her clown statue was flying around her room. I took her into my bed without going to check because I somewhat believed her.

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[ecbrad](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Maybe not creepy but it was pretty funny.

My wife and daughter were grocery shopping and well to be honest we're a pretty goofy family with each other.

Daughter: Looks at mum across near the end of aisle and yells out "Love you long time"

Mum: With a look of horror on her face and about 12 women all turn to look as her tells our daughter that she shouldn't say that.

Daughter: Why not?

Mum: I'll tell you in the car.

Later in the car:

Daughter: So mum why shouldn't I say that.

Mum: Explains in her school teacher voice that it's a cliché that some prostitutes use.

Daughter: Whats a prostitute?

Mum: It's a person that people pay money to have sex with

Daughter: Oooooohhh I thought they were called hookers!

Much hilarity ensued during the phone call I got about that one. We're still not sure where she got ANY of this information from.

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[sephic](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"No, 4 year old son, there's no such thing as ghosts. They aren't real." "But. But..." Points slowly over my shoulder to the dark corner of the room. "Even that one Daddy?"

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[macaonghusa](#)

• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

my 5 yr old comes out with some crazy shit, I can't even remember half of it. Yesterday he was watching Bear Grylls tearing into a sheep then cooking a bird and says "Cool, you can get meat from a bird. You burn it then woll-ah (violá) it's meat."

Last week he was picking his nose and was about to eat it, "don't you dare" I said. "ok" he said "I'll put it back"

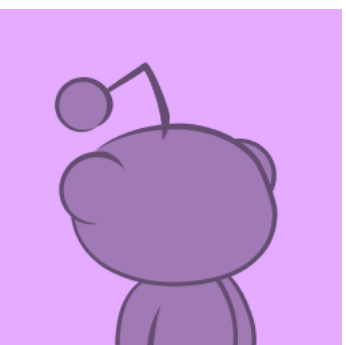
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[braneworld](#)

• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Being woken up by my daughter (2yo) singing "la, la, la, la" at 3am.



[chicagoista425](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

It's so crazy that so many people have had similar reincarnation-esque experiences.

When I was about 5 years old, I had a fever of 105. I was told that I was hallucinating and doing strange things, like waking up out of a deep sleep, picking up flowers out of a vase, and laying them one-by-one on the ground... pointing at the middle of the room talking about the ballerinas, etc. At one point, my mom was holding me and I remember telling her that I wanted my "other" mom. She responded with "I AM your mom!" (obviously a bit hysterical given my behavior) and I distinctly remember knowing that I had several mothers, and was picturing a middle-aged woman wearing a Victorian-style dress who I had known much longer and was much more comforting to me.

I've had other strange things happen... memories that don't belong, etc. I've thought about doing past life regression, but at the same time, I'm scared to.

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[msheaven](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

I have a mentally ill adult child.

During one of her first psychotic breaks she was found lying under a car.



When she was taken to the pediatric psych facility.. during the intake she was pacing the room like a caged animal in a circle.. she had a very scary almost demonic sounding laugh

when they asked her why she was lying under the tire of the car she said she wanted to see her brains splattered on the ground.

That is one of those moments where you can not deny your child is ill.

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[zorrillobicolor](#)

• 13y ago

Some years ago, having sunday brunch at a friend's house. My friend was 8 months pregnant. Out of the blue, her 4 year old kid turns to her and says: "The baby isn't there." Both parents turn to reassure him: "Sure he's here" and have him come to stroke the belly. The kid refuses, really really sternly for a boy that age: "No. The baby is not there." Two days later I get a phone call from my friend's husband. He is calling from the clinic: the baby's heart has stopped beating. He asks me to keep their boy for the night. I still don't know what to make of it all. The boy is now about eleven and has remained a single son.

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[sinale](#)

• 13y ago

I work in a school for heavily mentally and physical challenged teenagers. Sometimes they pick up a line somewhere and repeat it the whole day through. The first day I started work and a boy came in and said "The stars allign perfect today" ... I looked at him and seriously asked back "What for?" "For career chances and new beginnings but your financial situation might also get better if you are cancer" "I ... I am ..." I replied ... then I stood there for a while and just stared at him. He just went away like nothing happend. He didnt know it was my first day. No freaky shit from him ever since.

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[Alex1957](#)

• 13y ago

My son is now 10. When he was about 3, my wife and I went with him to a shop where they sell posters, photographs, picture frames etc. While my wife was looking for a picture frame, I browsed thru a number of posters. When I looked at a big photograph of Brooklyn

Bridge at night, my son, who sat in his stroller watching me, said "Papa, I have been there", pointing at Brooklyn Bridge. We live in Germany and he never been at any place looking even remotely similar to Brooklyn Bridge. Therefore, I replied "No, you haven't been there yet, but maybe one day well go there to see it". He insisted "Yes, Papa, I have been there". Amused and curious at the same time, I asked my son "So, when is it that you have been there?" And re replied very calmly "When I was very old". He has no memory of this incident, but when I think of it, it still raises my hair.

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[Jake Oz](#)

• 13y ago

Took my 5 year old to the park he was playing with some kids, this much older kid an him were wrestling and my son started crying I broke it up and as im pulling my son away he screamed to the other child

Tomorrow im fucking your face.

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[JohnsonJohnson28](#)

• 13y ago

So I was staying at this old friend's house in the countryside, some tiny hamlet in the middle of nowhere. This family have an old German Sheppard that's been with them for about 10 years, and has slept in the youngest daughter's room ever since she was born. She was 5 or 6 the night I stayed over - and in the middle of the night, gone 2am, this dog starts barking. And I mean absolutely bellowing, and won't shut up. Naturally, the father pelts into the room, finds nothing and after speaking to his daughter, picks her up and carries her to his room, where she spent the rest of the night. In the morning, I asked what had been wrong and why the dog had barked so much, and she looked up at me with the scariest expression I have ever seen on a little girl and said "Because the old woman at the foot of my bed wouldn't stop screaming."

Edit: Afterwards the family inquired into who the previous owner had been and were informed it had belonged to an old lady. Who had been found dead in the daughter's bedroom.

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[Liv-Julia](#)

• 13y ago

One day out driving, my then 2.5 year old son began crying in the back seat. I asked him what was wrong and he said, "I am so sad Baby Jack died."

"What do you mean? What baby Jack?"

"My brother."

Now mind you, I just have him and his older sister and have never had a miscarriage, so I reassure him we have never had a baby die.

"No, no before!"

I got goosebumps. "Before what? Tell me what happened."

"Before this. Baby Jack got sick and we didn't have money for the doctor and he died and then you got really sad and you went down to the water and went in and your long dress held you down and you DI-HI-HI-HIED" sobbing incoherently.

"Well, I'm alive now. Was Janie (older sister) there?"

"Uh huhn." sniff sniff..

"Where was Dad?"

"It was a different dad." For some reason this was the thing that made me believe him. Spooked the shit out of me. He is 17 now with no memory of this.

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• 13y ago

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[LinuxMage](#)
• 13y ago

When I was 5, I asked my dad when we would be returning to Ireland. The problem was, my father had never been to Ireland, let alone lived there, neither had my grandparents or any of my relatives. I developed a massive fascination with all things Irish/Celtic from then on, and emigrated there in 2004. I had taught myself a small amount of Irish by the time I was 8, had Celtic jewelry, and had developed a love of Irish traditional music. I can only assume that I had lived in Ireland in a previous life.

Also, when I was 8, I was on a school visit to a place called Robin Hood's Bay in Yorkshire, and was walking along the sea wall, when I turned to my classmates (according to them), and said "I died here." The teacher was with us, and asked me who I was, and what year it was. Apparently, I said it was around 1850, and I was a 17-year-old girl, washed over the wall in a storm. I don't remember the name I gave, or precisely what year I said, but the information I gave was later verified from local records.

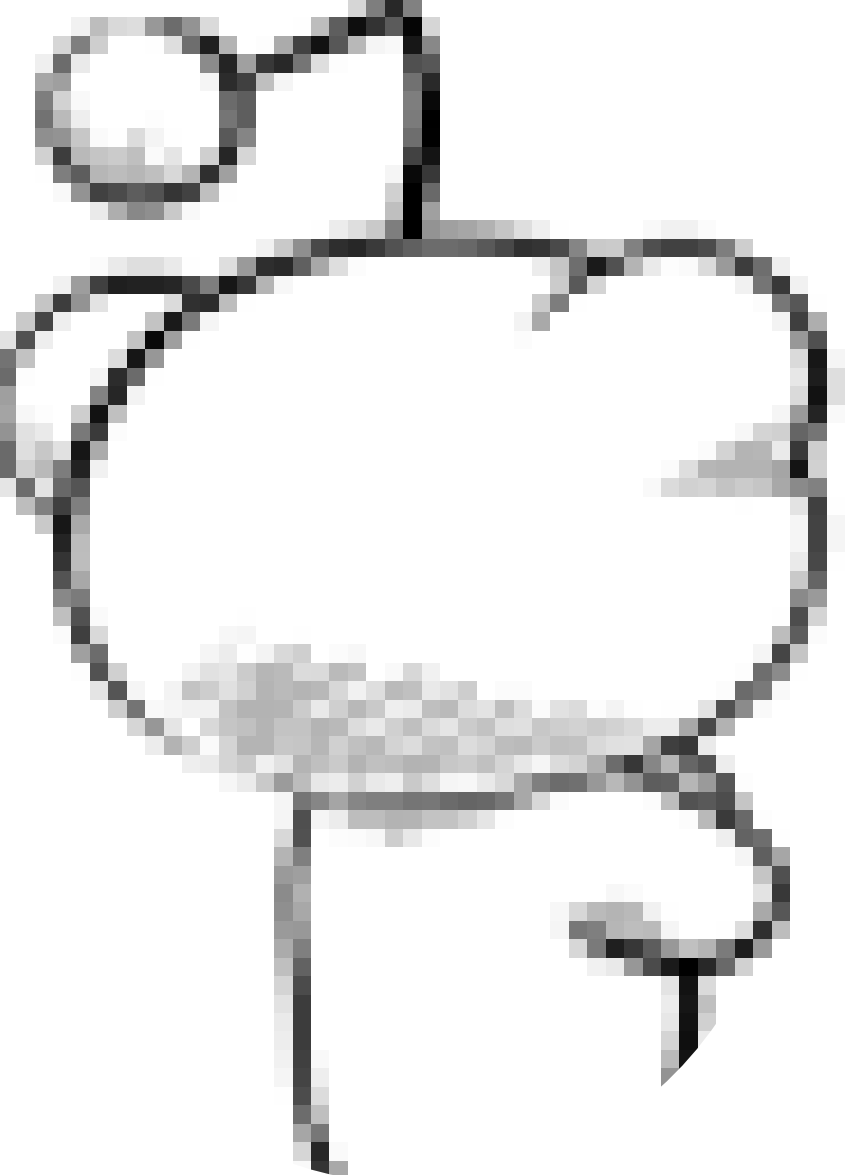
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• 13y ago

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[dezilla](#)
• 13y ago

I feel a little weird writing this because I don't think past life experiences are "creepy"...but probably because i was the fucking creepiest kid on earth. From the time i could speak (early- i was reading books when i was three and was born fighting to communicate) to the time I was about six, I talked about things that I couldn't possibly know about or have experienced. The earliest was when I was about 2. I would wake up the entire household several times a week screaming "I AM BURNING! MY LEGS ARE ON FIRE! WHY AREN'T YOU HELPING ME? WHY WONT YOU HELP ME?" my mom would come into my room and I would be bolt upright in bed, arms waving and legs frozen, eyes wide and obviously hysterical. There was nothing she could do to wake me up, but after a few minutes I'd curl up again peacefully. When I was about four, in my mom's walk in closet, I picked up an antique dress she had just purchased. She wasn't facing me, but she heard me ask, "Mommy...do you remember when I wore this dress?" She laughed and began to correct me (it's only been in the house a few days and it's special, there's no way...) before she turned around and realized that, once again, at this time old hat, i was completely entranced. I said, "No, mommy. I wore this when I sang in Spain, in the choir. You remember, you were there. You were in the fourth row with [your friend]." This was the most typical kind of thing. By the time it started to fade out in kindergarten/first grade, it was less freaky, but still weird, ie my mom asking me what I had learned in Kindergarten and me explaining to her how many tonal languages there are and how they are different from one another- I am not of any race related to tonal languages and have no idea what I could have said to her- but apparently she looked it up and I was spot on. I remember none of this. Love, the freaky kid.

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[Luckyguy252525](#)

[13y ago](#)

My nephew (8) shortened the word cockie (doodie, poopie whatever..) to the word cock. and proclaimed that he had to go inside and "take a Cock". the horrible thing was we were all laughing so he said it like 10 times.. "I gotta go take a cock!". more awkward than creepy i guess.



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• 13y ago

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[Strange-revelations](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Reading all these made me want to create an account just to share some of the weird experiences my family has had, I'll try to give just a quick highlights summary.

When I was a child I had an imaginary friend I that would follow me around, he was like my shadow, except not attached and sometimes I would chase him around and he would fade into a closet. Over the years I quit seeing him but others who have come to my home have seen this unattached shadow both inside and out of the house. When I was about 9 my family was going somewhere so we were leaving at 4 am, as I was walking to the car I saw a man standing between the house and garage, I just walked into the darkness after him without saying a word. My parents being very confused at this point come to get me in the car and after a fruitless search I described the man to my parents, 16 hours later my estranged uncle died - the man I described matched my uncles appearance.



During a nighttime walk from one family members home to another's deep in the countryside (where it gets so dark you can barely see your own hand and heavy tree canopy obscures the sky along the road) with my mother an old man approached us in the dark, he was oddly visible in the blackness. As we got closer my mom goes from apprehension to panic and grabs me to flee back to the relatives house, the man we had seen was the image of a long dead family member, wearing the same clothing he died in.

My mother has insisted people visit their loved ones (including my father when his father had been ill for weeks in the hospital) hours before their death, warning that something was wrong. Also she has been known to wake and tell others in the house that a family member has died before the phone rings.

My sister and I both as children heard what's easiest to describe as unearthly beautiful singing in the night, only to find someone close to us has died. My friends as a child were often too afraid to spend the night at my house because many reported waking to a man watching them from the window. I once grew angry as a child and screamed at whatever you want to call these strange occurrences and wanted them to stop, that night my entire family awoke to the sound of a woman sobbing.

Also animals have a habit of not dying/staying dead around me which I've found rather horrifying and at times traumatizing.

TL;DR: I have a weird, potentially haunted life/family.

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[SewerCider](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Please describe what you mean by pets not dying/staying dead. that sounds very odd

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• [13y ago](#)

Probably going to get buried, but this happened to my sister:

My sister and her daughter were visiting, I think her daughter was about 4 at the time. Well her daughter wandered off into my parents room and was doing little kid stuff...playing, dancing, whatever.

So my sister goes to get her, and her daughter is just talking and talking, like having conversation. So my sister asks who she talking to and her daughter says "I was talking to pop pop"

"Pop pop" is what she called my father, who had died a couple years before. And she was in my parents room, where my mom keeps my dads ashes.

My sister came out like "wtf my kid talks to dead people..."

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[Chobitpersocom](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my own, but my ex best friend's child once told me that her newborn dollie was a product of me and her. (She's two)

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[ChewyAG](#)
• [13y ago](#)

She knows the word product at two years old?

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[doth_revenge](#)
• 13y ago

Well, I'm the daughter in this situation, but my mom told me it was really creepy.

When I was two I had corrective eye surgery, and I guess when I came to I was like, crying blood, but I just said, "Hi mommy!" in this happy, chipper voice. Eeyup.

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[Inspector_Poon](#)
• 13y ago

Not my kid, but I had a 4 year old nephew tell me he was going to, "Eat the teeth out of your head."

That's not okay.

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[Eshneh](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was a kid, like 3 years old, me and my family would stay with my Uncle, Michael. Or as I called him, Mac.

One night he goes out, my parents are downstairs and I'm put in the spare room to go to sleep, fast forward to the morning after, my mum wakes me up and I'm asleep in my Uncle's bed, which is strange because I'd hated the room, my mum thought nothing of it and we went downstairs for breakfast.

This is where it gets interesting, I told my parents that I'd seen the floating faces come in the room last night through the window, Uncle Mac and his friends who came to visit, he told me everything was alright and that he has to go and then they vanished. My parents just thought it was nonsense and carried on, about an hour later a knock at the door. His sister, crying her eyes out.

The night before Michael was in a car accident and was killed instantly, they hadn't found out until the morning and my parents were the first people she'd told about it.

To this day whenever they tell me they get a bit silent and creeped out by it, there was no way I'd have known and being 3 talked in that way.

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[MilkOfAdNauseum](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my child but my friend's son used to talk about the basement people. He was like 5 when my friend (his father) asked him to stop leaving the lights on in the basement. The kid says the basement people wanted them on. His parents asked him more about them and he said they looked like the people in Mary Poppins. I guess he saw people in clothes from that time and they enjoyed a lit basement.

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[Kealion](#)
• [13y ago](#)

At two or three years old, a friend of mine started referencing things from Woodstock in 1969 to her mother. This was in the late 80s and Woodstock had never been mentioned to her.

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[littlefishies](#)
• [13y ago](#)

One of my kids at a center quietly sat next to me and whispered in my ear: Take off your shoes. I think he might have a foot fetish.

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[TheGingerWannabe](#)
• 13y ago

"The Boy Who Lived Before": A documentary about a little boy who insisted that he had been alive before and lived on a particular island. He often described his house, dog and family. His mom took him to the island, found the same house, and a living relative with pictures of the dog. Creepy stuff, man.

<http://m.youtube.com/watch?v=2Wh0OsVtdeE>

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[Polite Werewolf](#)
• 13y ago

This is my grandmother's story.

When my father was really young, he'd get up in the middle of the night, go into the living room, turn the TV on to static, sit on his rocking horse and slowly rock back and forth in the otherwise dark room rhythmically saying "I hate Mommy" over and over again. She says it was the creepiest thing she'd ever seen.



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[Seitzman](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My little sister used to have night terrors any time she slept. I would be playing video games, then all of a sudden I hear these blood curdling screams from her room. She would then talk about what she was dreaming mid-sleep. This one was when she was around 11. I run up stairs and start asking her what's going on trying to calm her down. She then sits up stares me in the eyes "why won't you fucking die!! Stop digging yourself up!" She scared the shit out of me when she said that, so I quick slapped her out of reaction. I woke her up with this. She runs to the phone, and tells my mom that I was being a dick an slapped her for no reason.

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[fumpsee](#)
• [13y ago](#)

my friends 3 year old daughter used complain that the wind people in her closet kept her awake at night because they didn't like her. after a couple months of hearing that they woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of a loud scraping sound. they ran into her room and found that her bed had been moved to other side of the room and smashed into the wall hard enough to leave a dent. their daughter was sitting up straight in her bed shaking and crying. they moved after that and are now religious people.

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• [13y ago](#)

Wow, now I'm definitely never having kids.

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[frile-face](#)
• [13y ago](#)

After reading this thread i am convinced hat little kids can communicate withe the dead.

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• [13y ago](#)

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[Jbenjamin9](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was laying with my 2 year old son a few months back. He was fussy and I had to lay with him to get him to fall asleep. I crashed out with him. While I slept, I had a horrible nightmare that there was a very skinny, demonic looking, figure in the room trying to take my son away. When I woke up the next morning, my son said over and over that he was afraid of the "Scary Skeleton." Either we had the same dream, or it wasn't a dream.

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• 13y ago

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[toews-me](#)
• 13y ago

When I was younger, I had a bunch of barbie dolls that I loved playing with and like the weirdo I am, I used to basically mutilate them (rip their arms off, chop all their hair off, color all over them etc.). Well apparently one day, my mom asked why I did that and I looked at her and said, "So they'll look like me." Needless to say, she took all my barbies and threw them out and never bought me another doll again.



[shigawire](#)
• 13y ago

4 year old looking straight up at you: "Are you my mummy?".

I thought she was *ASLEEP* for those episodes. Ever found small kid hiding around a corner waiting for you, staying perfectly still, head tilted down with their palms covering their face? *DELIBERATELY*?



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[DeSaad](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"Why are you crying?"

"There's this bad man in the closet and he's scaring me!"

"What does he look like?"

"He says he's a dinosaur, but he doesn't look like a dinosaur at all, dinosaurs don't talk and they don't need knives, they have claws and a tail and teeth, and this one is bald and he's dressed in blaa-aa-aack!"

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[x-vriska](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I'm not a parent, but I thought I'd share this story anyways. I was visiting my family in Oregon in December of 2011, and my aunt was putting my 2.5-year old cousin to bed and asked if I could tell him a bed time story. I sort of made one up off the top of my head, and it was something about a little girl who I called Candy and her friend Rosey going on an adventure in the woods. He fell asleep pretty quickly, and as he couldn't talk at the time (he was born several months premature) I thought that was the end of the story.



fast forward a year later, to December of last year. My little cousin is talking now and playing as normal. Then my aunt has to go run some errands, and asks me to watch him for a while. I agree and take him outside. He goes quiet for a while, then just looks up at me and says "How come Candy and Rosey aren't back from the forest?"

I was surprised, I didn't think he remembered any of the story. Then he continues, "there was noises last night. I think Candy and Rosey are in trouble. Maybe the bad man got them." When I asked him what bad man, he just said "the one in grandpa's shed." I was now thoroughly freaked out, but I took him into the shed to show him that there wasn't a bad man in there. He looked confused and was staring at the wall. "He's right there." Then he picked up a shovel and threw it weekly at the wall. "Put Candy and Rosey back."

I hoped so hard and ran out of there, promptly forgetting my cousin. He walked into the house a minute later and said "they're coming back."

TL;DR I made up a bedtime story for my cousin and a year later he ended up attacking a nonexistent man with a shovel to make him bring the characters back.

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[labruja_](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I had to make an account just to post this. My son had been complaining about a man not letting him sleep in his room. He told me that the man slept in his closet. Dismissing it as just his imagination I comforted him back to sleep and thought nothing of it. Later I was babysitting my friends 18 month old who was incredibly advanced and she disappeared into my sons room to play. When I went to check on her she was sitting in the corner facing the wall giggling and talking. It was strange but she was a baby I thought nothing of it. So another night my son wakes up screaming. He tells me he "can't sleep with him in here" as he points to to his closet. As he says that his closet door slams shut. Scariest shit ever. Took my kid out of there and slammed the door shut. Needless to say we moved promptly.

Edit: there was plenty of weird shit that went down in that apartment. This was the straw that broke the camels back.

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[SMiGr](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"Buddha ist mein Vater und im Jahr 7 gestorben." ("Buddha is my father and he died in the Year 7."). My Daughter was 3 Years old, when she said that.



[discocrawl](#)
• [13y ago](#)



back then when I was in Kindergarten, and about 3 or 4 years old, I suddenly started to draw strange pictures. I drew the windows of my room, although I was a poor painter, you could easily recognize them by their special shape. In the bottom left corner I drew a claw hand with three fingers. I told my Kindergarten teacher that it came every night, and it came to get me. It creeped her the fuck out. The kindergarden alarmed my parents, everyone was clueless, they moved my bed, so I could not see the window, it did not help. I got a new room, it did not help.

Then about six months later I stopped drawing that shit.

I can't remember the claw, or anything connected to it, only that I had to change rooms a few times.

My mom still has some of the crayon pictures I drew 30 years ago.

I recently looked at them, I feel like I look at something I've never seen before, and I still can't figure out what the fuck was wrong with me.

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[chaos4629](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

This was several years ago. I had a cousin, he was about 5 years old, and he always went to sleep with a blue stuffed rabbit named Fluffy.

We noticed he stopped sleeping with it, and we just assumed he lost it. Then, one day, as I was sitting on the couch, he whipped me with a short USB cord. I asked him why he would do that for no reason, and this was his reply: "The man who watches me at night said to do it, or I wouldn't ever see Fluffy again." The day after that, he found Fluffy under his pillow.

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[spnoelle](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Made an account to add my own weirdo acts as a kid.

First was when I was 3 or 4, I got a bad fever that ended up in chicken pox. I kept telling my mom I was actually named Alice and had to find my son Jared, because he was only ten and he wouldn't understand. I also kept asking her around that time what my new name was.

Second was when I told her that her step-father was going to hell. Apparently, the reason I'd never met Jack or been told about him is that he had sexually molested her as a child and she didn't trust bringing me around him. So, they made a big point of excluding him from my life. And I had no way of knowing he'd died, since she had just gotten off the phone with her sister and been told the news. But my mother told me I walked into her room, in tears, and told her, "He's screaming in my room and he won't stop. Make him stop."

"Who won't?"

"Jack!" - her stepdad's name. "He won't stop screaming that he's in hell."

She turned white and asked me how I knew that name. I said he told me his name. I don't remember any of this at all, being around 3 or 4, but when she asked me to describe him, I did it down to the clothes he'd died in. He'd been in the hospital, wearing one of their gowns, and he'd gone into cardiac arrest. She said I was very upset by this bad man screaming about hell, so we ended up going out for lunch or dinner.

I DO remember, thinking back on this, when I went up to the casket to see him, I touched his face. It was my first time to see a corpse and I was terrified he was going to jump up at me. But that's all I remember about it.

Edit: Added more info in after grilling the mother.



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[joyssprite](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my daughter was three, one day she said to me, "Don't you remember, Mommy? Before, when you were the daughter and I was the mother, they came and chopped all our heads off. Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop! The whole village." She made vicious chopping motions every time she said the word, chop.

I was so taken aback all I could think of to say was, "Fortunately sweetheart, I don't remember the head chopping."

Her response was, "Well it happened and I remember it really well."

Eep.

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[xanipanable](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My sister was about 3 and had a plastic horse. She was playing quietly when suddenly she looks up at me and says, "If you peel the horse's skin off, it's blood will come out." I was stunned silent but she just went back to playing.





[HawkJefferson](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Well, that's not an untrue statement.



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[zetaphi938](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Kind of relevant.

My sister is super-religious and has three kids that she has taught to also be minions of Christ. Anyway, my older brother taught our youngest niece (who really hasn't grasped the religion concept yet) to point at her heart when he says "show me where the devil lives." We did it so much that for about a week straight she would run up to strangers and say "the devil lives here" and point at herself.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Turns out i posted to wrong comment. Oh well.

My neighbor a similar story, just sad, not creepy. Their 6 year old found a dead cat, and put it in the washer. When her Mon found out and asked why, she pointed at the detergent that said, "Brings colors to life!". Poor girl thought it meant it could bring a cat to life too.

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[DjGrandflow](#)

• [13y ago](#)

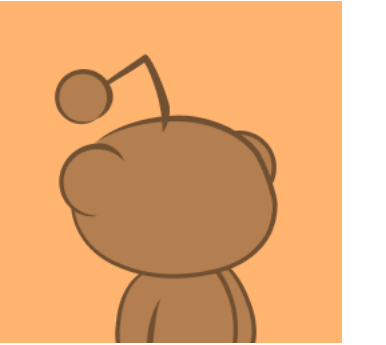
"Dad, what's 4chan?"

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[RaineyDays](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Not my child but I work in a nursery and sometimes kids just come out with creepy stuff.

One little boy in particular is kind of a nightmare, and one day after an argument over whether or not he was going to sit with the other kids for story time he looked me in the eye and said "When I'm a big boy I'm going to come back and burn this nursery down." He's 3.

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[getupzack](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

My 5 year old stepson frequently talks about a man dressed like a cowboy that talks to him and stands over his bed at night.

Also about 2 years ago we were having some strange issues in an apartment we lived in. Things would be moved around. The cats would freak out late at night. You'd hear whispers and foot steps all the time, especially when you were alone. We just brushed it off for the most part but this one time things got really freaky.

I was at work and my GF (now wife) was at home with the little guy. He was playing in the living room while she was making food. All of a sudden he came running in to the kitchen screaming and clawing at her to pick him up. She said he was shaking all over and had a death grip on her.



after he calmed down a bit he told her he saw a pink goat man standing in front of the front door. He described the creature as having a goat head and a furry man body with pink skin and dark hair.

This obviously freaked her out. So she tried to put him down to take a look at what he was talking about but he was not having it. He kicked and screamed and dug his nails into her so she would not put him down.

We have since moved out of that place but I will never forget that story. I am not sure what my stepson saw but whatever it was it scared the crap out of him.

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[wergerfebr](#)
• 13y ago

One day, me and my sister got home early from school (5th grade at the time) and my mom didn't know. We walked back to the house and I decided to freak my mom out. She was taking a bath up stairs so I put a blanket over my head and went up. She had the door open because she thought no one was home besides her. I walked passed the door with the sheet over my head and she immediately got a little creeped. She turned off the faucet and just looked warily. I then crossed the hallway again to get downstairs. This is where my mom starts getting really freaked out. I go downstairs to the air vents (if you speak into an air vent downstairs you can hear it upstairs) I start repeating her name in a grudge voice, over and over, until she runs out of the bathroom to her bedroom to call my father. I then go upstairs into her room (crawling this time, Smeagol style) and she starts screaming and backs up into her dresser and grabs a knife (the night before we ate steak, and she ate in her room, I guess she didn't bring the dishes down yet) At this time I had the sense to pop off the blanket, because I knew I didn't want to get stabbed, but that was probably the creepiest thing I've ever done to my parent.

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[nman95](#)

• [13y ago](#)

One day when I was a kid around like 3 years old I apparently started laughing randomly all day and trying to hug the air and talk to it and was basically interacting with nothing. Turns out one of my old relatives who lives across the globe from me had died that day and one of her last wishes was to see me. *cue twilight zone music*

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[rapple1](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I wasn't gonna comment but fuck it. My situation was super weird and endearing at the same time.

I am the oldest and have two yonger sisters. We are a year apart from one another so 3, 2,1 (for example). When I was but a wee one my sisters and I would constantly talk to "grandma". My mother would walk in on us talking to a space above our closet (we shared a room at the time) and we would point and say "grandma con un vestido grande" or "with a big dress" (any flowing or large garment was a dress to us). Both my grandmothers were alive and well. My mother is superstitious and religious and would ask us individual questions. We told her she liked gardening and flowers and when we drew her it was always with flowers. The folks my rents bought the house from were also our contractors. My parents were interestes about this grandma and asked about the previous owner to which the reply was "a very sweet old lady who had an obsession with gardening and wore the same pink nightgown all the time". My parents were also in an unhealthy and abusive relationship. My father was a drunk and Years later my parents told us this story: One night things were escalating and my sisters and I were crying in the living room watching in the kitchen where the rents were fighting. We had one of those things you put a big water bottle upside down on for drinkong water. Atop that, was a basket my parents just filles to the brim with random shit, pens, pins, notes etc. The little basket, overflowing w "stuff" moved directly right in free space and then down to the floor with zero spillage. My parents stopped and my sister said "grandma is mad and says stop". Over the next few months we got an addition to the house and things stopped. My mom believes she left because we ruined her home but it seems like I had a third guardian angel/grandma for a while :)

I have other creepy stories too. Some not so endearing...

Edit: forgot the dress detail and added

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[Jigokubosatsu](#)

• 13y ago

A couple- my daughter (age 4) was talking to her grandma about old age and dying, and her grandma said "I get sad when we talk about people dying, because we don't see them again." My daughter shrugs. "It's the circle of life, mimi."

Not creepy to me, but...My daughter and I play a game sometimes where I knock on the door and pretend to be something silly. One day I knocked on the front door and she opens it. "I'm here to talk to you about Jesus," I say. Her eyes bug open, she screams "YOU SHALL NOT PASS!" and slams the door in my face.

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[Jake_56](#)

• 13y ago

I can speak for my parents but i remember my dad have this orange GMC truck with a bench seat in front i can tell you what the interior color was what it looks like design on the seats and everything to a T and i have a clear memory even to this day of riding in the back with my older brother (6 years older) and i told my mom about it and she swears along with my dad they sold that when my brother was 5 and around that time he had an imaginary friend he called "Thunder". Still gives me chills

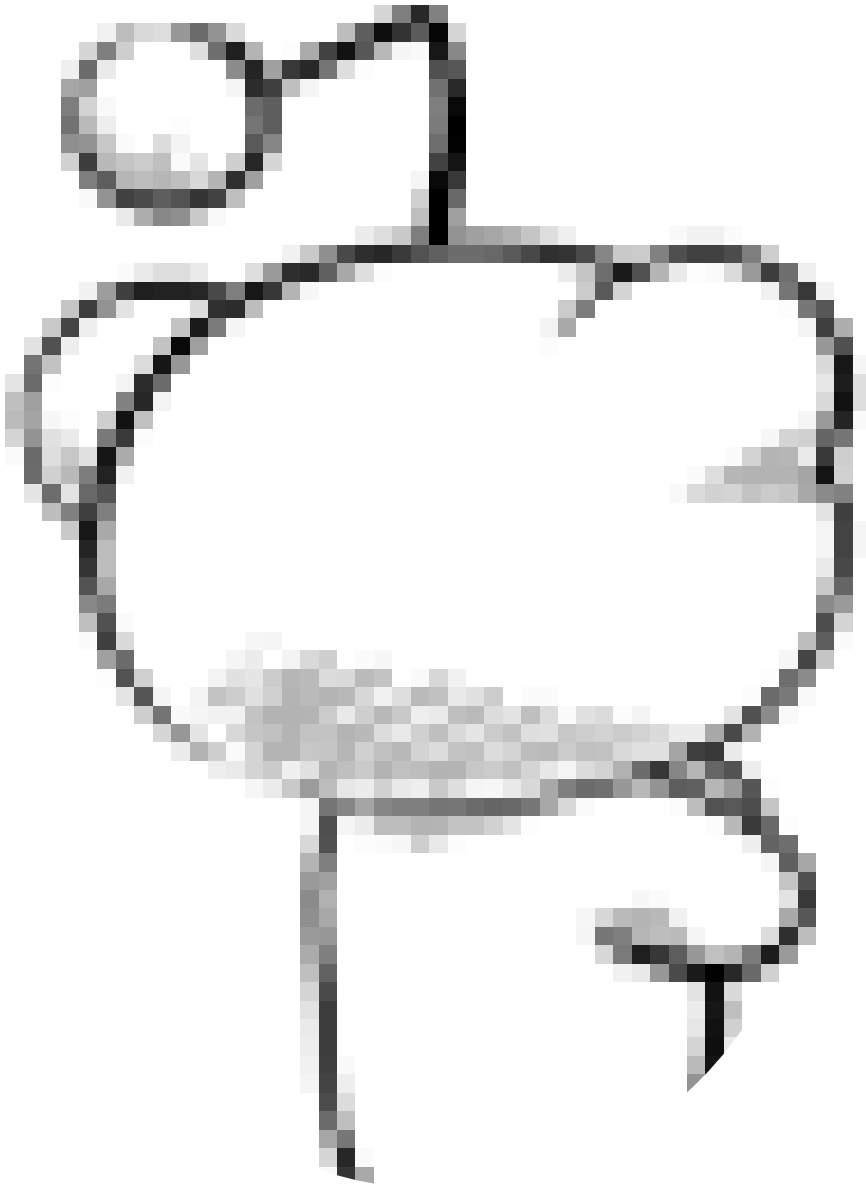


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[McBeth1704](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

My son is autistic and by no means non-verbal, but he isn't very good with a back and forth convo. We'd moved into a new place and I'd noticed alot of strange things, mostly in his room. So I'm cooking and realized he was too quiet, it's twilight. I walk to his room and he is ducked down by the window trembling like he cant move. So I walk over ans say 'whats wrong baby?' he says ' I'm scared' I say 'why are you scared?' He replies 'He comes in through the cold dark window' turns looks at me as I glance out the window and says ' No mama, he's mean' like third time he ever said Mama as well. Creeped me out. The next month my husband who is convinced it's nothing, puts him to bed in his room (he's been sleeping with me) while I'm talking to a friend outside. I walk in to a flash on his phone and him turning pale. I look, and there is a creepy man standing over our son leering at my hubby in the picture. So I said why did you take the picture? He said he felt someone looking at him

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[classicesco](#)
• [13y ago](#)

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[ChristyFinn](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Apparently, when my brother was really little he walked up to my dad and said, "I remember when I was your father."

My dad's father died before he was born.

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[Mamajam](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My wife was complaining to her sister about her period and I have no idea how my two year old niece (nieceinlaw) knew about this, but she stands up and proclaims that she can't wait to have blood in her panties too.



was too much family for me, I just got up, left, and played WoW for a while.

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[Blazingwand](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was 3 I informed my mom that I was going to see Jesus tonight.she replied saying that I couldn't go see Jesus because I couldn't come back. I told her "I Know but dont worry its a nice place I remember it from before I came to you". I remember saying this ,and I remember getting a chocolate bar and watching cartoons all night with my mom.

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[Sky Shroud](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but my niece said that she played with "the old people who lived in her closet." Creeped me right the fuck out.

Also, my nephew said, when ask who he was laughing and talking out loud while sitting on a pile of clothes, that he was talking to his grand father or "papaw" as he called him. No one had told him that his grandfather had passed that morning, I shit you not.

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[Defz](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My mother told me a story from when I was around 3 years old and I was at my grandmothers neighbours house playing with her son who was also 3. When it was time to leave I said goodbye, and he said "no no you have my toys." When my grandmother asked him why he said "because I won't be seeing you again."

He died later on that evening in a car crash.

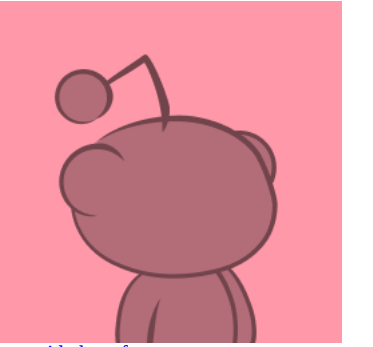
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[everyidtakenpf](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"Dad, I don't like Pizza"

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[babyhugbears](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My daughter is 2. She's pretty smart, can say a lot of words, attempts to sing the ABCs (can get some in the right order even) and manages to count. One day she was singing her numbers, turns to look at me and says in a sing songy voice, "1, 2, 3, you die die die. 4, 7, 8, do it again!"

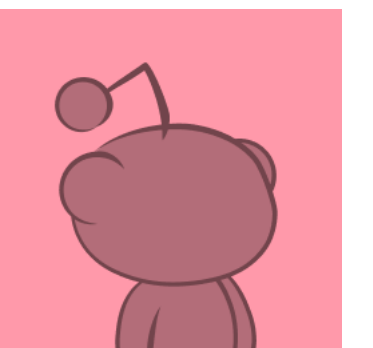
My 6 year old learned the word boobies at a young age. He likes to walk around saying MY MOMMY HAS BIG BOOBIES! Not really creepy, but I get a lot of weird looks on that one.



[Of Monsters](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My sister in-law was told by her son that the "Bad man in the closet doesn't like what she's been doing and she should stop it before he gets mad".



[onemonkey06](#)

• [13y ago](#)



Not as creepy as some of these stories, but my 4-year-old nephew told me that I will get married in a blood dress. Then he got up and danced.

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[curvy_lady_92](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a kid, my mom and I went to visit my great-grandfather one night. I was maybe 7 or 8, and proudly showed off my new foreign language skills to my family.

That night, my mom said she woke up to find me sitting straight up in bed, speaking a language she had never heard. I looked her dead in the eye, told her something in that language, laid back down and went back to sleep.

She told me about it the day after, and she had me repeat all the foreign language words I knew (a little French, a little Spanish). She said it was nothing like either of it.

I remember nothing.



[gaso](#)
• 13y ago

My sister, to her 7 and 5 year old sons: "Nothing you could ever do would make me love you less. Even when I'm mad at you."

Her 5 year old son: "What if we killed your mother, would that make you love us less?"

ಠ_ಠ

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[lemonluke](#)
• 13y ago

"Oh mommy, I miss being in your belly" said my little cousin to his mom, with arms around her and rubbing her stomach enviously.

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[sirbeast](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This whole thread should be CC'd to [r/creepypasta](#)

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[Urias13](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but I once found my little brother furiously smacking his forehead. I asked him, "What's wrong buddy?" He looked up at me and matter of factly said, "The voices. They're so loud." Thought my little brother was going to grow up as a schizophrenic.

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• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but my parents have adopted three toddler sisters (5 years old, 4, and 2). And one week I came home and stayed with my parents to introduce them to my girlfriend at the time, Jessica. Mind you, they have never met her, or even heard of her at this point as it was a surprise. Jessica went to see her parents for the weekend before she came to meet my parents, and I was laying on the bed in the guest room (the room next to theirs) the first night, and I heard the murmurs of them talking. I assumed they were talking to each other, but then I swore I heard them saying "Jessica". The 2 year old has a speech impediment, and doesn't have much capability to talk, and I knew I heard her say "Jessica" so I was intrigued as to how they would have heard of her. The murmurs got loud and Then the oldest one yelled, "HE WONT! HE WONT!" And then I heard a loud thud. Like something heavy hitting the floor.

I panicked and ran into their room fearing their safety. I opened the door and all three of them were standing on their dresser that was WAY too high for the 2 year old to climb on top of, and they were all smiling out the window at something. When I asked them what they were doing, they turned around, and clear as day, the 2 year old said, "You shouldn't marry that girl."

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[ColdBeerDrinker](#)

• [13y ago](#)



am I the only person to have never had an imaginary friend?

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[noozer](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 10 (approximately 1985) I would put my hand on the phone just before it rang. Maybe those phones back then made some sort sound just before ringing.

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• 13y ago

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[jimmyboyne](#)

• 13y ago

When my son was about 2-3 y.o. he said that he used to be a fighter. "What do you mean a fighter?" He says " I used to fight with a sword and hands painted red." "Who did you fight?" He says "Other men with swords and hands painted red." That was all we could get out of him about that, freaked me out. I can say at that time he had not seen anything on tv that could have planted that idea in his head. A few days before I had just watched a show about a kid that would talk about being a ww2 pilot and being shot down by the japanese with so much detail that his family actually researched it and found out who he used to be. I think if we did have past lives some memories may mix in in our first few years but after that we lose the connection

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[ablenot](#)
• [13y ago](#)

We used to live in a small apartment in a refurbished old country mansion in England. The building was a single glorious property in the 19th century, but had since been converted into a retirement home and subsequently left derelict for thirty years.

One night we were tucking in our two year-old...

Him: 'Say good night to the lady'.

Us: 'Which lady?'

Him: 'The lady at the window. The one with the long dress'.

Needless to say, there was no-one there. And that was the first of many mentions of the lady with the long dress. She would be standing at the door, or just outside the window; often she was accompanied by a man with a hat. He thought she looked 'sad'.

We moved out of the property and he hasn't mentioned her since.

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[DownInDarkness](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my kid but a friends. "Seenah says you have her brother and you can keep it.". Found out I was pregnant 2 weeks later. And I had a boy.

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[videoreditor](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My parents swear this story is true: When I was pretty young, maybe 3 or 4, as my parents were leading me off a plane, we were stuck in line next to a man in first class that was a passenger on the next flight. The man smiled down at me, I smiled up at him, and calmly said "This plane is going to crash."

The man's smile turned into a look of horror. My mom was checking the man's flight as soon as we got home.

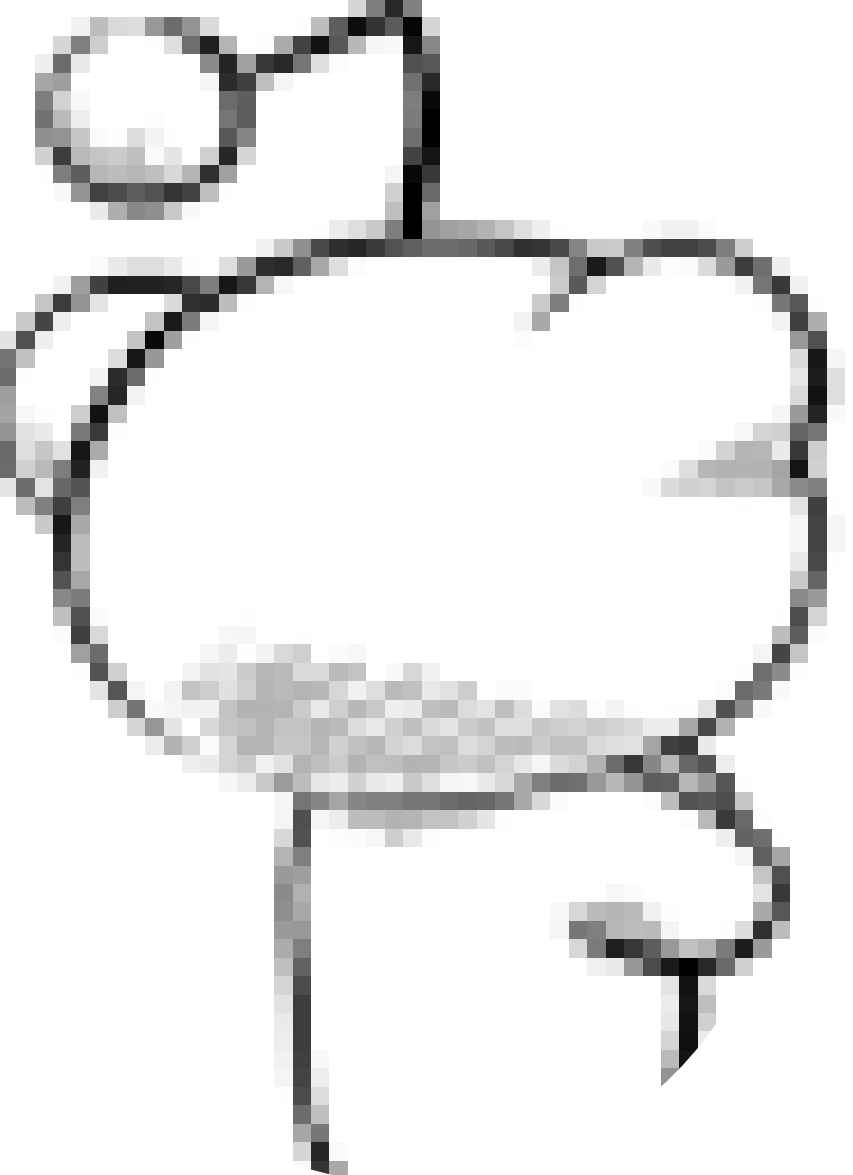
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• [13y ago](#)

When I was five or six years old, I vividly remember a very tall hooded man walking in my room. We had a big apartment so after that he closed the door, I ran outside and saw nothing. The man was gone.

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[scaraboo](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was five and my sister was about six months old, just beginning to say 'dadadadadadada', my mother pokes her head around the door into the living room to see me right in front of the baby's face saying 'he was my daddy first'.

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• [13y ago](#)

I was treated for breast cancer throughout most of 2004, beginning with surgery in February, then moving on to 8 cycles of chemo, followed by around 30 sessions of radiation.* As you can imagine, this involved quite a few trips to the Loyola Cancer Center for all of us, including my four-year-old daughter. She really liked the play area at the Cancer Center, but then she's always been a pretty game sort in general.

One time during my chemo phase, she skipped through the automatic doors and chirped out, "It's cancer time!"

*Edited because I forgot what that asterisk was for. I seem to be just fine now, thank you.



[moonlight 52](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I don't know if these stories are creepy but then again maybe that's because I used to them now. My parents where taking me house hunting with them when I was 6- almost 7 because I had a sister about to be born they needed a bigger house. When we were checking out the basement of one house (our future home) I was talking to this little boy with the typical "farm boy" appearance including the overalls. After talking to him for a few minuets I became frustrated when he refused to tell me his name or even speak to me for that matter. So I ran to my dad (who was in the other room) and asked him what the little boys name was. He looked at me confused so I took him over to the bookshelf he was sitting on (another thing I had asked him about how he got up there.) My dad told me there was no one there I responded with what do you mean he's right there- when I looked back he was gone. Then I had a fit that I was telling the truth my dad said he believed me but I could tell he thought I was lying. I has more stories about after I moved in but I feel this post is getting kind of long

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cdd123
• 13y ago

As a kid i used to pull out some stuff my parents still don't want to discuss. Here's one. I've always felt a weird close connection with my Scottish grandfather that died well before i was born. He was the head of the family and he looked after everyone and all there troubles. It was only until i was older, some of my family has told me why. I've always felt a powerful connection to a man I've never met, I now know that I look like him, sound like him, have the same mannerisms and was born on the exact same date and time that he died. He always wanted a boy in the family and i was the first born in 40 years. When i was old enough to speak i used to describe in detail, places, people, relatives and buildings in scotland where he grew up and when probed how I knew at 2 yrs old, would answer in his full name (that was never discussed at that age with me) that he had taken me there. Which apparently is one of the many stories that I'm still trying to get out of my parents. He also used to smoke a distinctive brand of tobacco in a pipe.. Mum was very close with him. Months after he

died, mum was the first one to enter his work shed, on a hot australian summer day, she felt an indescribable cold go through the room and a woft of his tobacco smoke passed by her face..I've been in many situations to date that I shouldn't be alive from now, and i always have a weird confidence in those situations that i have someone watching thats making it, ok.

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[codenamemiki](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My little sisters are significantly younger than me by about 15 years. My father was leaving to go on a business trip, so we dropped him off. This was at about 4 in the morning, so the car was dark. As I'm driving back, my little 3 year old sister looks at me through the rear view mirror and says "daddy's not coming back, is he?" I said "of course he is". She said "no, daddy is NOT coming back, he's not going to be okay. He's never going to be back again." Then she giggled. Legit giggled.

She didn't talk for the rest of the day. I locked myself in my room.

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[docinaustin](#)

• [13y ago](#)



was on an elevator. There was a white mother with her young son. A pregnant young black woman gets on. The little boy looks at the woman and then turns to his mother and says "is there where chocolate milk comes from?" His mother was mortified and couldn't get off the elevator fast enough.



[Prettyaspunch](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I have found out over the years that I was a creepy child to have around.

When I was about 3 my mom and I were driving to see some family, and about 2 hours into the trip we passed a men's jail. I told my mother that that's where the man who killed my teacher lives. I then told her the whole story. It took me about an hour, and I hadn't ever had a teacher.

23 is my favorite number, I was born on the 23rd and I once told my grandma that I was going to die when I was 23. Apparently she told me that I was going to live a nice, healthy, and long life so I told her "No I won't. I always die when I'm 23." She asked me how I died, and I told her it "mostly has fire."

I can't put my hand into anything that I can't see inside, not even gloves or shoes. I've told people 2 different things when I was a child about why that was. The first was "because something was waiting inside to eat my hands." The other was "because something was going to cut them off." My grandma thinks this is from a past life because I have a line on both my forearms about an inch from my wrist. All the way around in the same spot on both arms.

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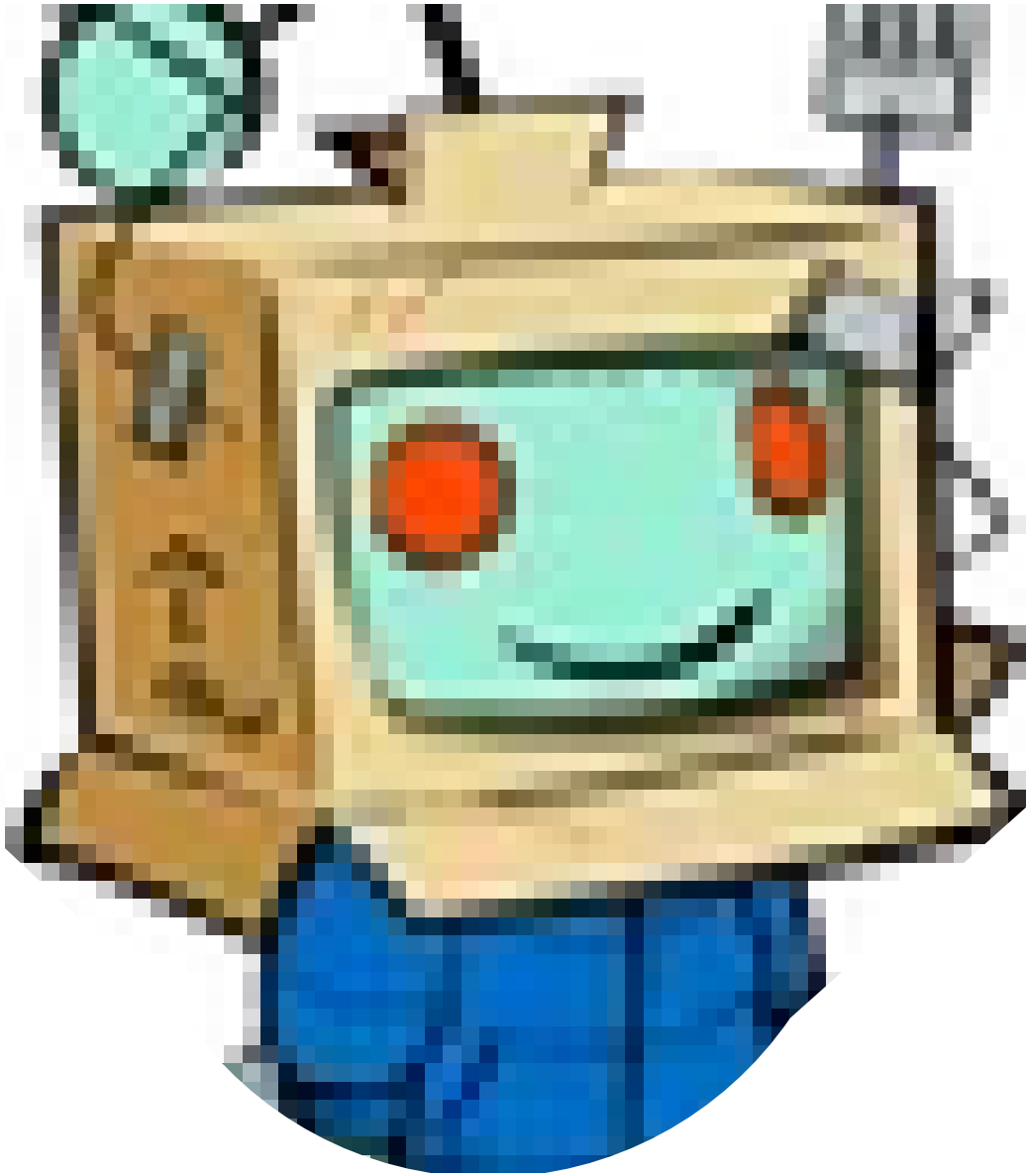
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[massivelegmuscles](#)
• [13y ago](#)

A few years ago, my almost three year old brother and I were in my room. I was sitting with him on the floor playing with him, and we were kind of rowdy and loud. He suddenly stopped and snapped his neck in the direction of my bedroom window and was completely silent. He then turned his head, incredibly slowly, from the window to my bedroom door. I was kind of creeped out, but after staring at my doorway for a few seconds, he turned back to me and whispered, "D'you see?" I replied, "See what?" He then glanced back at the door, turned back to me, and whispered, "He's here." I scooped that child up so fast and ran the hell out of there with my eyes squeezed shut. Never been so terrified.

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[gregtmills](#)
• 13y ago

My daughter who was then three was helping me fold laundry.

My Motorhead t-shirt was on the bed, and she ran her hands very gently over Warpig's face.

"My goodness! What a sweet, sweet angel you are!"

(This isn't creepy, just odd: when she was five, she was outside playing store with her barbies. "Yes, Mrs. Smith, our clothes are VERY good: they cover your boobies AND your vagina.")

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[Lady-SilverWolf](#)
• 13y ago

TIL all children are either reincarnated, can communicate with the dead, or are in general other-wordly.

EDIT: I a word.

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[dotsebeil](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was 4 or 5, my regular babysitter observed me (about 10-12 times over the course of a year) sitting at the top of the stairs, asleep with my eyes open, talking to someone. I was sitting in such a place that I was at eye level to an adult of average height (like my babysitter) standing on the landing. She would hear me talking, come, pick me up, and put me back in bed. I have several creepy stories relating to this stairway, but this is the only one that has been corroborated by anyone else. Although the sitter told my parents about it when it was happening, I did not hear about it until I was a teenager, relaying another creepy story to my parents. Thanks, Mom, for bringing me into the loop and increasing my creep-out level by 300%!!!

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[Nicktar](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent but when my parents, my little sister (around 4yo) and I (around 7yo at that time) were visiting my grandma, the adults were talking about visiting my Grandpas grave when my sister grew stiller and stiller and after about 10 minutes burst out: "I don't want to dig up Grandpa!"



[gregoreo18](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My friend's 3 year old cousin just randomly started screaming in his room and when they went to go see what was wrong he just looked at them and said, "Who was that screaming?"



[goonfake](#)
• [13y ago](#)



My six year old godson was visiting my girlfriend and me for a day. We were having dinner when he asked why I was not talking to the woman. I said "but we are talking" and pointed to my girlfriend but he said "No, the other woman". Creeped me out a bit.



[llagetsr](#)
• 13y ago

As a child, my family lived in an old house that had stood empty for many years. After we moved in, we all noticed (individually, and with each other) the usual haunted house tropes - soft footsteps in empty hallways, doors that opened by themselves, the feeling of being watched, or of not being alone. I was always telling my mother about weird things I'd experienced, heard or felt. She dismissed those things as the usual old creaky house issues, and in time I grew to accept that explanation. But one thing I couldn't shake: the sense that there was a "hidden" room in the house - a room that was not actually there, but still somehow part of the house. I even knew where it was - it was somehow at the end of the upstairs hall, where in fact there was just a bathroom. I even dreamed about the room, although I don't remember the details. Cut to the creepiest thing: Just a few years ago I was having a conversation with my mother about the old house and how we both thought it was "spooky," if not actually haunted, and she mentioned that she always thought that there was a "hidden" room in the house. That brought me up short - and her description of the room, even where in the house she felt it was, was identical to mine. All those years, we had shared this unshakeable feeling about this creepy, non-existent room. I'm a completely rational adult, but I still have no explanation...

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• 13y ago



When my nephew was just starting to learn to talk, he'd often be babbling to himself in his room at night. My brother asked him who he was talking to, and he said "Grandad Roger!"

Grandad Roger died 12 years before my nephew was even born. Nobody had spoken of him in years, and there were no pictures of him in my brother's house.



[ZezetteMaya](#)
• 13y ago

I remember a few things my parents told I did or said when I was young. Most of them were more cute than creepy, but were still weird.

-I was sitting on my dad's knees and out of nowhere, I told him «I'm glad I got you». «What do you mean», he replies and I say «Well when I was in the sky, I wanted to have you, and it's you that I got. I chose you.» (talking about both my dad and mom). -One morning, I told my mom that I dreamt that grandma gave me a star and she told me that she had recently died. -I had the same nightmare and I sleepwalked for over a month almost every night. I would come downstairs and ask about a CD (what cd? no idea) every time. They would get me back to bed and a while later I would wake up from my nightmare, screaming, and go back to sleep. When I woke up, I only remembered my nightmare that had absolutely no link whatsoever with a cd.

Also, not me but the daughter of my mother's friend once came to our house, she was maybe 7. She told my mother that «the old man» was proud of her. My mother asked her what did the old man look like, she described my grandfather that had died a few weeks or months before. The thing is, she never knew anything about him or his death.

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[keko9816](#)
• 13y ago

This story comes from my mom, as I was too little to remember. First, a backstory. When we were little, my brother and I hated being called names other than our own, so of course we tortured each other with nicknames.

When I was about three, and my brother was five, we were all outside, and I was dancing in the yard like little girls do. I stopped, and my brother said, "Do it again, Lucindy." My name is Kelly. I said nothing, but continued dancing like he'd asked. My mom found it weird that I wasn't screaming in rage over being called 'Lucindy'. She said to me, "Kelly, he just called you Lucindy." I smiled and said, "I know." My brother said, "That was her name when we used to play in Sunny Meadows."

This was especially weird, because my brother used to say these kinds of strange things all the time when he was little. He used to say that he lived in the south, (We live in New England), and he died just after eating lunch. (He was born with an ulcer in his stomach.) Lucinda is a southern name.

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[Interceptor98](#)
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago



Not a parent but when I was a kid about 6-7, the house we used to live in was haunted.

My mum was walking across the landing when she heard me talking in my room. she walked up to my door and asked me who I was talking to. I looked her straight in the eye and said

"The girl who used to live here. She dosent like you."

My mum thought they were just childish ramblings until that evening when she went to bed. she was just lying there trying to sleep, when suddenly she felt like she was being attacked. the following morning I walked into her room, with no knowledge of what had happened the night before and said

"I told you she didnt like you." We only moved out last year, and I'm still pretty young so i remember a lot of this.

Edit: Oh yeah forgot to mention: the new owners were renovating the attic, to make a new bedroom, when they broke through a wall. They found a female skeleton, about 21 years of age, with a bashed in skull.

In the 1800s a girl who worked at the mill across the street dissapeared. I reckon its her but you know...

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[eowynevermind](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 4 year old niece crept up behind me and whispered very softly in my ear "The statues move when we aren't looking".

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[Deirhna](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This stuff is considered normal in my family even though it get's a bit creepy at times. Seems rather common until around 5-6 years old then tappers off or disappears.

My son, at age 4, woke me up one morning to tell me he'd been on a walk with Christ. He'd held his hand and they had walked through a beautiful garden. I said how sweet and thought he was spouting of stuff from church until he started shaking me so I would roll over to look at him. He was glowing, had a nimbus about 18 inches all around him that I watched slowly shrink all day. Took about 10 hours to disappear.

My oldest grandson talked about the tiger tattoo he "used to have on his belly". He really liked it and missed having it.

My youngest grandson was violent, even before he was born. He was breached and would punch his mother's ribs black and blue. After being born, he would right hook anyone that tried to hold him in an upright position and cuddle or hug him, (he had a mean right hook). He had a peculiar birthmark/scar on his arm. An oval, tan spot with a marked line through it, when he got angry, the oval would go bright red and the line would become raised and hard. One day when he was 2, his mother and I were talking about how it turned red less often when he walked over to us, made a slashing motion with a clenched fist and said "Knife" and walked away. He was showing us how he got the "scar" he was born with.

These are just the tip of a life full of odd experiences. Makes the world an interesting place.





[severussnape13](#)

• [13y ago](#)

A while back my little brother who was about nine at the time, came up to me with a dead look on his face and asked "When can I eat your skin again? Because you are really tasty. I was taken aback and I asked him "When did you eat my skin in the first place?!" To which he calmly replied "When you were peeling from your sunburn I peeled off part of your skin and ate it!"

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[Deranged](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My neighbor is a widow. When her kid was 4 or 5 he fell in the pool. He didn't know how to swim. They found him seconds later crying and all wet. He said his dad got him out of the pool.



[Smeagol_IsCute](#)

• [13y ago](#)

A paranormal one: Me and my ex bf remain good friends and would often meet for coffee. One of these meetings he told me he has cancer and it has spread to his bones.

Being as independent as he was, he committed suicide to save himself from pain and suffering. He was 45. I was really sad when he died. He was a good man and he love my 4 yr old son (not his) He often played with him.

One evening I heard my son talking to someone in his room. I went in and he had his tiny cars lined up, there were 2 lines, like in a highway. I asked him "who you talking to?" He said "Urie (my ex who died 2 days before) "He's playing with me" I said "where is he now?" He said "behind you!" And what is he wearing? "Purple shirt"

I feel goosebumps all over me. Uri was wearing a purple shirt when they found him dead at a hotel room.

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[shinyredshoes](#)

• 13y ago

My mom likes to talk about how when I was little (from the time I started talking until I was about five) I would tell stories about my "first family." Apparently I talked incessantly about my original mom and dad, who lived in Canada next to a hill. My first mom had moved from Spain to be with my first dad, and I was their only child (in reality I have 2 siblings). I'd tell stories about how they took me to Mexico on vacation, and we ate at a restaurant with singing waiters dressed up like tomatoes--and then we went to the beach, where my parents put me down on a blanket and went out on a boat and (my mom likes to imitate my baby voice here) "I waited and waited but they didn't come back so I had to run all the way to your house so I could have a new family." Cool to see that a lot of other people talked about their "first family," at least I'm not a lone freak.

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[sheldon711](#)

• 13y ago

My cousin's grandfather died (on the side of her family I'm not related to and don't know) when she was between the ages of 6-8 (I'll have to check with her mother)... He lived in the south and ran his own little convenience store. He was robbed at gun point and shot. The next morning, her mother (my aunt) told her that grandpa had passed away in his sleep (she wasn't going to tell her how he really died till she was older) and that he was in heaven now. My cousin replied with "Are you sure he wasn't shot?" to which my aunt, flustered said "No, why would you say that?" My cousin replied "I heard gunshots in my dreams last night." Needless to say, my aunt was creeped out.

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• [13y ago](#)

Ha! Yeah..

When my kid was two he would get diaper rash. So you have to butter up the entire area, butt hole and all, with Butt Cream.

We had him talking and doing stuff like Na, na , na, na, na Butt Cream (to the tune of Batman).

So I was applying the cream rather swiftly one evening and he says: "No, no, no Daddy. Don't do it fast, do it sloooww" (in the creepiest Barry White voice I have ever heard come out of a child).



[BlackDiamondDelilah](#)

• [13y ago](#)

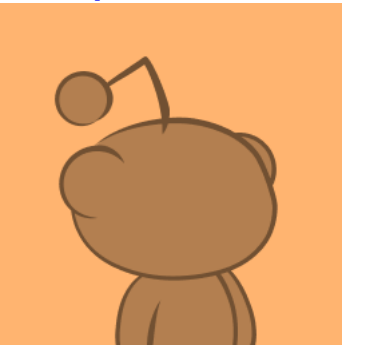
My daughter, who is now 4, lost her father to suicide about a year and a half ago (right before her 3rd birthday). It was something that we never really talked about because she was so young. A couple months after, she started telling me about something she called an augur that would talk to her in her bedroom; apparently it was a "black birdie" and would tell her it wanted to take her away to see her daddy. (Sometimes she would tell me her daddy was the augur. I didn't think too very much of it aside from a child's overly active imagination (she's quite precocious) until one day a friend was over playing Skyrim and there was an "augur" in the game. I'd never heard the word before except from my little girl so we had to Google it. From Wikipedia: "The augur was a priest and official in the classical world, especially ancient Rome and Etruria. His main role was to interpret the will of the gods by studying the flight of birds." There was a raven (just one) that lived close to our house, she insisted it wanted to take her to its nest. As associated with augury, the raven is known as a "stealer of souls." Needless to say, sincerely freaked out - even as an atheist.

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[AlmostAriel](#)

• 13y ago

To this day, my parents will lock our kitchen knives in a cabinet. I always thought it was strange until my dad finally told the story. Until I was 8, I would sleep walk almost every single night. I would go around the house and turn on every electronic then I would go into the kitchen and get all the knives and put them in a circle around me and then I would sit in the middle of it and start talking absolutely gibberish. If my dad would try to get me out of the circle I would pick up a knife and yell "He will get you!" Then I would death glare at him until he backed away. I would sit there for like 30 minutes then I would move all the knives and walk back to my bed.

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[Maxwyfe](#)

• 13y ago

Driving home with my grand-daughter and she began talking about her grandpa dying right before she was born. She's kind of a creepy little kid, but at an age where she is starting to appreciate what death is and ask questions about where we go when we die. I said something about how her grandpa loved her very much and she said "I know because I don't think people who die really leave us. They are all around us."

Now it was dark and we were on our way home from the movies and like I said, she's kind of a quiet creepy little kid so I asked, "Do they...talk to you....?" Luckily, no. They do not. So far.





[deleted]
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

So I volunteer at an elementary school as part of my senior schooling. Each Monday I go over and I help out in the library, the computer lab, and just generally helping any of the classrooms that need it.

One day I was left alone with a class of first graders in the library. I sat them down on the rug and read them a Scooby-Doo book which they loved. To keep them occupied while I put things back on shelves I printed out some Scooby-Doo coloring pages. Now all the kids sat down and began to color the pictures.

After a while I walked over and looked at what all the kids were doing, making sure that everything was alright and one of the little girls was just sitting there. I walked over and looked at her coloring page. The picture was of Scooby, Shaggy, and some monster chasing them. Upon her page she had drawn little knives sticking out of all of them along with puddles of blood below them. Now this was done in crayon but still creepy as hell.

I took her aside and asked her why she had decided to do this and she looked at me and just whispered. "Mommy said all the boys have to die" Fuck that shit. I told her teacher when she came to pick them up and have steered clear of that kid ever since.

Edit: I am an idiot...puddles of blood...not poodles.



[tittakesacrane](#)
• [13y ago](#)



boodles of blood?! are these like smaller cuter Hellhounds?

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[Cipio](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Alright, My dad told me this story recently. I don't remember any of it. Apparrently for a period of about three months I Would wake up screaming about a witch in my room. I would do this every night for hours. I was asleep apparently and my dad called them "night terrors" One night my dad brought a knife and asked me where the witch was at. I pointed and he "stabbed" the witch, He looks back at me and asks if she's dead I respond with "No she's over there now!!" He stabs her again. Repeating this multiple times I begin to giggle, and then go back to sleep. The following night I did the same thing with the witch, but apparently after dad stabbed the witch a few nights in a row I eventually stopped screaming about the witch.

There's also the time I slept-walked to my neighbor's house and knocked on the door crying.

So nothing really creepy I said but just creepy in general. This is the story I was told by my dad and he ended it with "I thought my son was mentally ill"

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[shmoustache](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

When I was a toddler, I'd watch tv with my parents, shows like Friends. I also slept in the same bed with them frequently. So, after watching plenty of tv, I deduced "having sex" meant sleeping in the same bed together, so I once told a pre-school teacher about having sex with my mommy and daddy.

EDIT: Actually, I think I asked my mom if she wanted to have sex. I can't exactly remember, I'll have to ask my mom sometime.

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[JRKS2112](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I have literally just made an account, because I have been reading all these story's and they are pretty creepy. I dont have kids. But I was one CREEPY child and I know my parents didn't know what to do with me half the time.

So I was the kid who was really quiet and would just stare at you with big eyes, before saying something mega bizarre.

When I was about 3.5/4years old we lived in this sort of apartment with shared communal areas. I only remember one person, other than my family, who lived there. It was a really strange man and I didn't like him. Now something that I should say about myself, when I was a child ,my parents say, that it was as though I had a sense about people if they where good or bad or whatever and I used to tell people things about themselves and people used to get creeped out.

So anyway, this man who lived in the apartments with us, when I first met him I told my mum and dad that he was a bad man, who did bad things to good people. I said I didn't like him and they where not allowed to leave me alone with him because he would hurt me. This was all after a brief introduction to this man. I would literally say to my dad that we should stay away from him. After living there for a short time, one day my dad said let go to the kitchen this guy was there and I didn't want to go but my dad said no it would be fine. The guy pulled a knife on us that day, and threatened us. This is when I said, "I told you so but dont worry he doesn't want you he only wants me." My dad was creeped out by that.

A couple of months later the guy hadn't been seen for a while and they then had to break into the apartment to find out if he was still alive ect. When they got in they didn't find the guy, but he had a lot of disturbing things in his room including jars with his own poo in and child pornography.

Things like that continued to happen through out my childhood, not to the same seriousness, but I would tell people they should do something or they where something. Like once as a child I told this lady she was pregnant, she didn't know. My actual words where "Noah's a nice name for a boy" to which she responded "what do you mean" and I said "For your baby, I like that name". She did have a baby boy. Not sure what she named it though. I was like 6/7 at the time.

Im not as weird now I think I've lost my gift. :/

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[crystalbawl](#)
• 13y ago

Moral of this story: sometimes you should believe your creepy kid.

Okay, so here's my story. My sister and I both had night terrors when we were young. I'm 28 and I still have them. My mother called them "fever dreams" because they'd usually happen when we were sick. Basically, we'd hallucinate that the ceiling fan was trying to kill us or the closet was a giant mouth or something like that, and we'd scream and cry and be unconsolable for hours. The subjects of my sister's night terrors would change every time, but I had one scenario that repeated over and over.

When I'd have this night terror, I'd run from my room into my parents' in the middle of the night screaming "Get them off! Get them off!" while frantically brushing my pajamas with my hands -- you know, the way you would if you were trying to get something off of you.

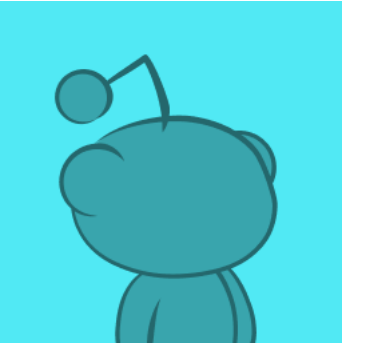
Each time this happened, my parents would calm me down and put me back to bed. They chalked my behavior up to night terrors and didn't think anything of it.

Fast forward ten years -- I'm a teenager and I'm laying in my bed in the early evening, reading. I put down my book, look up at my ceiling and see that it's moving. Squinting, I realize the ceiling is covered with thousands of baby spiders. They've crawled to each end of my ceiling and many of them are dropping down and hanging from different lengths of invisible thread, transforming my bedroom into a gauntlet of spiders that's literally impossible to escape without being covered by hundreds of tiny insects.

After running, flailing, into the hallway, I tried my best to spray my entire room with bug spray, but the spiders hatched at least two more times than I can remember, and it never stopped being terrifying.

And those tiny spiders, almost invisible to the naked eye, are what I imagine was covering my 6-year-old body as I screamed, jerked around and begged my parents for help -- my parents who took my hand and led me right back to a room full of spiders, tucked me in and told me it was just a bad dream.





[grizzlycrush](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Not mine, I don't have kids, but one time my sister and I were sitting in the nephew with my three year old nephew playing on the floor. We're just chatting away and this little shit just stops what he's doing and looks up at us and says, "She's here," and goes back to playing.

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[babyboris](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Not my kid, but me as a kid. Played with a Ouija board when I was like 12 and asked if there was a ghost in my house. I said no. I said had there ever been a ghost in my house? It says yes. Gives me the initials J.L. pants shitting ensues and I stop playing the game. About a week later I find this book I drew in when I was about 5, like a picture diary. Flipping through I find a section with portraits I had drawn of the ole fam-jam...mom, dad, bro, bro...and on the last page I had written "J.L." right next to some adult sized dude with glasses and brown hair. I dont know anyone who looks like that Thanks past me for the nightmares... tl;dr: The Ouija board tells me about a ghost that child me had drawn

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[C. Town BP](#)
• 13y ago

My son said about 3 days ago "There is a girl in the wall, right there" while pointing at his closet...

He's two and a half... And we just moved in to a new house.

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[iruber1337](#)

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

My family was visiting my grandmother, I was splitting a room with my two brothers at her house. At some point during the night I noticed my little brother wasn't in the room we were staying in so I track him down to the living room pacing around...call his name, no response. So I walk up to him and ask if he was okay...nothing. At this point I put my arm on his shoulder to try shaking him to wake him up, he twists his shoulders to push my hand off and yells at me in a foreign language (found out later it was Spanish) then continues pacing. I immediately run to the room my parents were staying in and drag them out into the living room, only to find my brother was asleep again on the couch. They chalked it up to an over active imagination on my part but a couple of months later he did the same thing at home and this time my mom found him. He proceeded to randomly do it for a couple of years and we learned not to bug him while he was asleep and eventually he would find somewhere to sleep.

This was many years before Dora the Explorer existed and US schools introduced children to other cultures/languages at a young age. He did it until he was about ten when all of his sleeping problems randomly stopped.

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• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but I have a 4 year old brother (I'm 22) and when he was about 2 and a half going on 3, he knew how to draw REALLY well, and he didn't really talk much, maybe little words every now and then. One day, while I was watching him alone (My parents and older sibling went out), he got his drawing pad and started drawing a man with wings, 4 legs, and horns, and a smile and he ran to me and said, "Look, it's a beast. He's here."

I shat bricks everywhere and called my parents and told them to come home.

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[mcqueenology](#)
• 13y ago

"I love you so much I want to live in your skin, Ama" and other variations of crawling back inside my uterus.

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[Q_vs_Q](#)
• 13y ago

I'm not a parent, but I work as a tile layer and at a job once this girl comes up to me and talks a bit. Then her dad comes by she say with tears in her eyes:

"He hit meeeeeeee"

Man did I freeze in place until the dad calmly responded "naaa, he didn't...". I'm actually there *right now* tiling their second bathroom and she doesn't remember a thing :D

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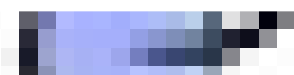
[ontime1969](#)
• [13y ago](#)

standing in line at bank my 7 year old daughter was entertaining others asking if they liked star wars. She paused and then turned to me and asked loudly if she could use my greatgrandfather's old sword to cut the heads off the zombies if they attack our house tonight. As I watched 4 or 5 people faces turn to shock I decided that I can not watch resident evil untill after 10pm.

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[jmurphy42](#)
• 13y ago

My 4 yr old daughter tried to make me promise that if I ever died, I'd come back and be her "zombie mommy" and still take care of her.

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[Nomatophobic](#)
• 13y ago

My child is not old enough to talk yet, but when my little sister was about 4 she told my step mom that she really needed to tell her a secret. She leaned in and whispered "1, 2, 3, 4 people are dead." We think she had heard about a recent bus crash in the area that had killed 4 people. It still creeped out my step mom at the time, though.

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[Domthecreator14](#)
• 13y ago

I've Been Living With Mild Schizophrenia For Years (Just Got Off Risperidone) And When I Was 7, I Went Through A Phase Where I Pretended To Be Patrick Bateman (I Had Watched American Psycho With My Older Cousin) And One Day When My Mom Was Taking A Shower, I Kicked The Bathroom Door Open And At The Top Of My Lungs "DON'T JUST STARE AT IT, EAT IT!" And Kicked A Hole In The Bathroom wall

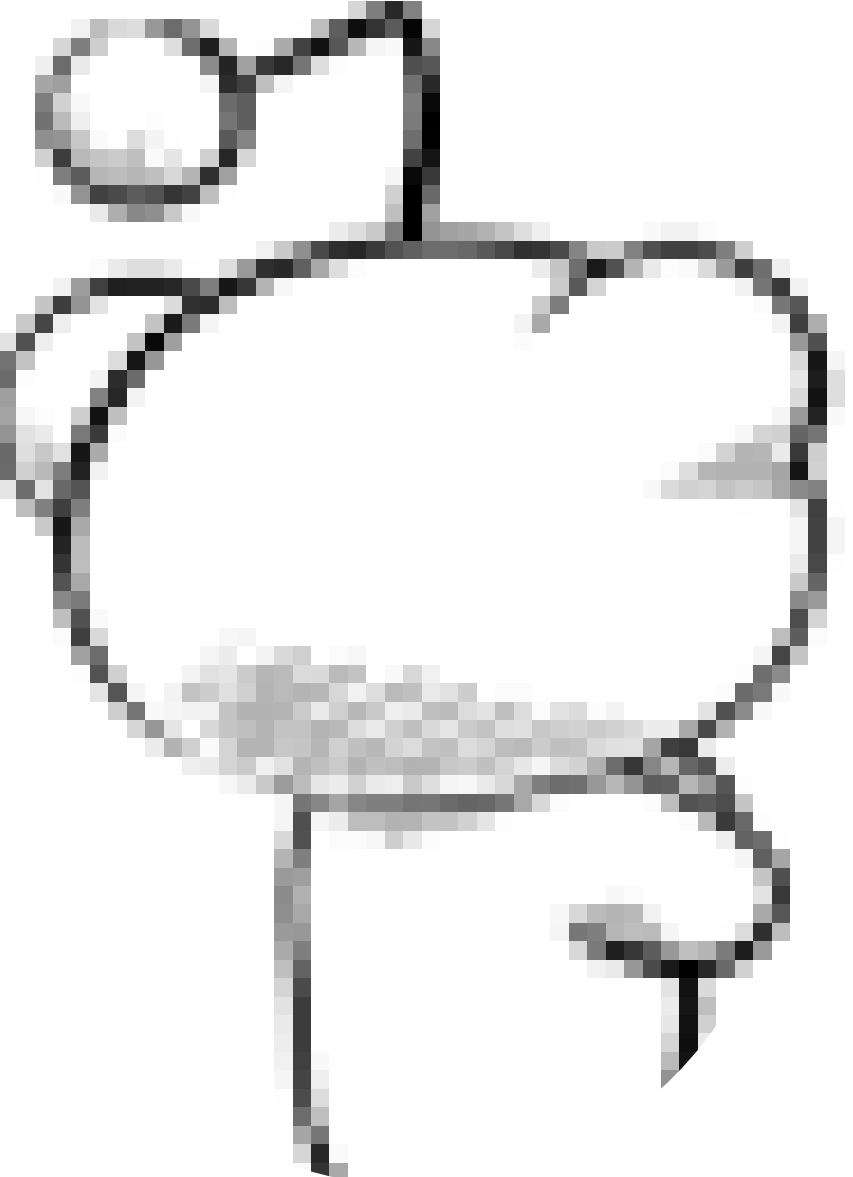
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[Kshaadoo](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Came here just to make sure I dont want to sleep anymore.

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[internetninja](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter spent four days in NICU after she was born. My son (4) came into our room first thing in the morning on the second day she was there and said "(daughters name) died". My husband and I stood there dazed not knowing what to say or do. He repeated it a few more times over the next two days. She was fine, but holy crap. Scary moments.





[deleted]
• 13y ago

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[pantherhs666](#)
• 13y ago

According to my mom, when I was ~3, I perfectly described my grandfather to her, including his favorite hat, having never seen a picture of him, when I mentioned that I had talked to "the nice man in my room". And my friend will occasionally see his dad, who passed away when we were 14.





[pikachu-corgi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Story from a friend of mine:

His dad woke up in the middle of the night once after a terrifying nightmare about being abducted from aliens. When he woke up, he (my friend) was standing in the doorway and asked, very worriedly, "Are the fake people gone yet?"



[deleted]
• 13y ago

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[Pork Chap](#)
• [13y ago](#)

While driving with my 3 year old daughter, we crossed over an overpass from which a man had recently jumped to his death. As we crossed, she stared blankly out the window and said, "They're all dead." She's now 6 and I still go out of the way to avoid that overpass when she's in the car.



[rayisinsane](#)
• [13y ago](#)

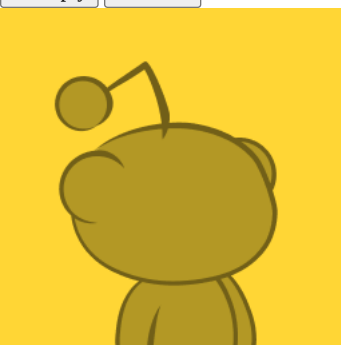
I used to have night terrors as a kid, and there is one story my mother had told me that stays ingrained in my head. During a night terror where I'm screaming and crying, I looked up at her (still sleeping) and said "I wish I was back where I was before I was human" and "you're ruining my mind" that was said by like 4-6 year old me.



[stephslip](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 3 year old's bedroom was upstairs and most of the time we could hear her if she got out of bed. Occasionally, we would be heading up to bed ourselves and round the corner into the hallway where the bedrooms are and in the small alcove there she would be facing the wall in the corner in the dark. One time we went to check in on her and she wasn't in her bed, and when we went to exit the room there she was standing in the corner in her closet. Both times with her eyes open, but it seemed as though she was still asleep! Soooo creepy!!

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[uplatewritingbooks](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I used to work at a party supply store and one day while a customer was at my register, her two or three year old daughter walked over to her holding a deflated it's-a-girl balloon that she "picked out just for her." The lady gave me a worried look and said "I'm actually pregnant, I just haven't told her yet."

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[serioussargasm](#)

• 13y ago

When my youngest daughter was three I went into her room at bedtime to tuck her in. I walked up to her bed and noticed that the floor was wet. I asked her why the floor was wet and she told me "I was spitting at the fog people. It makes them go away." She did this numerous times. Scared the shit out of me.

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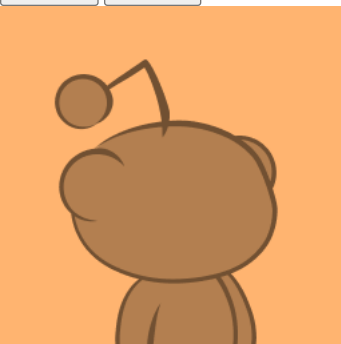


[TheFutureCatLady](#)

• 13y ago

Not a parent, but my little brother came up to me with his plastic cellphone and informed me that "grandma wanted to say hello". Playing along, I took the phone and answered, "Hello?" Immediately he starts making this loud noise that sounds like radio static and then says "Grandma lives in the shower walls" and nonchalantly strolls away.

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[ohmyorangejuice](#)

• 13y ago

From my childhood:

Me (3 years): Papa, I can play the piano Dad: Oh can you? Me: Yes, when I was old I played for my baby

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[R4reland1](#)

• 13y ago



According to my mom, I said some pretty creepy stuff. I was probably 3 or 4, and she had just gotten out of the shower. She heard me through the door talking to someone. Thinking someone had broken in (my dad was at work) she throws her robe on and comes out to make sure everything was all right. I'm alone in the living room, no one is there.

"R4reland1, who are you talking to?"

"I'm talking to the people who used to live here. I told them it's my house now and they have to go."

Needless to say, my mom was a little worried, but apparently nothing happened after that so I guess it worked.



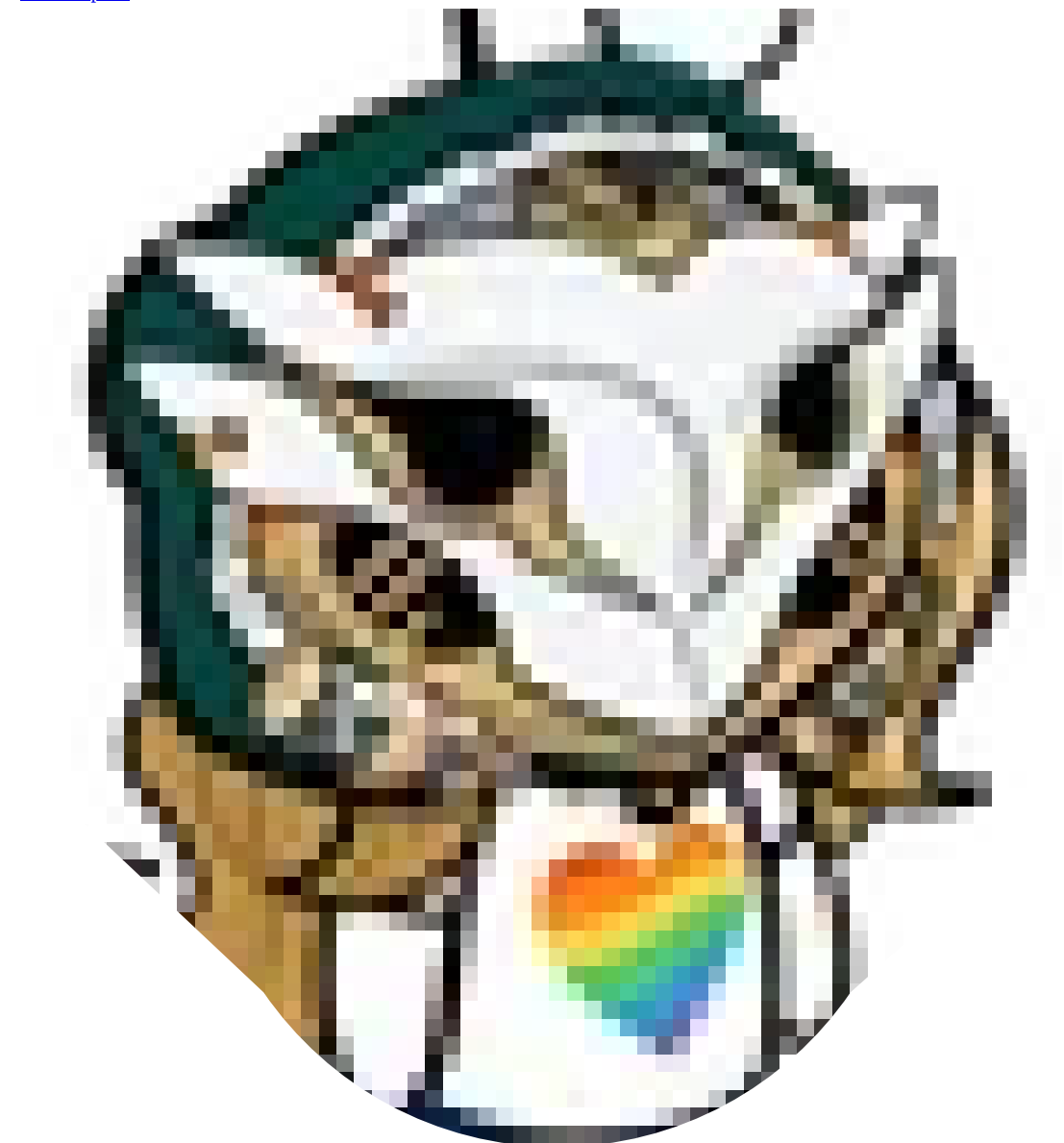
[squirtle202](#)
• 13y ago

When my niece was younger, about 6 or so, she would song the song if I die young quietly all the time. One day in the middle of singing it she stopped, looked at her mom and started telling her when everyone in the family would die...

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[jrwreno](#)
• 13y ago

I went to sleep on the couch due to snoring one night...the next morning, I hear my daughter whimpering. I stay groggy and splayed out on the couch. She quietly whispers " Daddy....is...is she still alive? "

Daddy " Yes hunny, why? "

"Bad dreams daddy....bad"

She then cannon balls me on the couch.....

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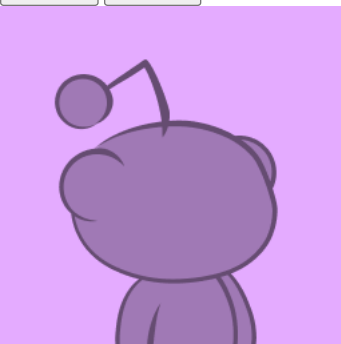


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• [13y ago](#)

"I went to the petting zoo.. and I let the goat lick my weenier"

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[AugustaMB](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Remember the Doctor Who episode, The Empty Child? My then 13 year-old daughter used the intercom feature on the cordless phone to ring the house. I answered and got silence and then, in the exact voice as on the show, "Are you my Mummy?" Creeped the hell out of me and she can still make me shudder by saying it!



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[neopolitanrain](#)
• [13y ago](#)

The first time my daughter and I flew on an airplane, she brought along some colors and paper to keep herself occupied. After about an hour in the air, she taps me to show off her work. Written out on the paper in bold blue crayon were the words, "There's a bomb under your seat". After my initial shock and hurried disposal of the "terror" note, I scolded her for writing things like that. She just laughed as though it was the funniest thing in the world to see dad so freaked out about her coloring.

 2 more replies

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[taznmat](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Conversation in car with 7 yo son Son: "dad, you know shooting at the olympics, do they use real people or just targets?" Dad: "haha they use targets not people" Son: "that's a relief, otherwise people would die at the olympics, but I thought they might have used really old people!"

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[jamieo1978](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was sitting at the kitchen table, my daughter (3 years), said, "Don't be afraid of the little girl under the table." I thought, Geezfuck! I'm NOT looking under there, I've seen scary movies and I am NOT looking! My daughter continued to say, "Don't be scared, she's just curious (pretty sure this word was not in her three year old dictionary). She continued to repeat this stuff for about two minutes. I still was sure I didn't want to look. So, I walked away from the table, grabbed the one year old and the three year old, walked outside, called my husband and refused to go back in the house. Scared the fucking shit out of me!

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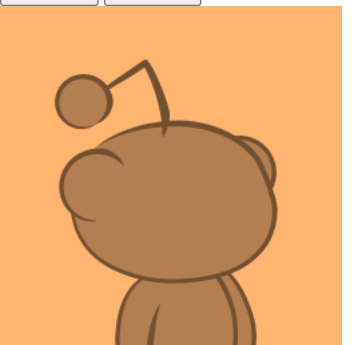


[mysecretnights](#)

• 13y ago

While waiting for Dad to come out of the shops my 6 year son old pipes up and tells me "When dad dies I will take all his skin off his bones, and stand his bones at the front door and he will scare the hell out of anyone that comes here" he says this with a smile.

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[lionhart280](#)

• 13y ago

Not my child, but my sister.

The house we lived in was fucked, I hated it, and there was something definitely going on in there. I have way more stories than I can recount about crazy shit that happened. One that comes to mind is my dad saying "Well if this place is haunted then lets see them turn off the lights" Que a 5 second power out across the entire house. Crazy shit like that happened all the time there.

Basically, the basement of this house was the hub for all this creepy shit that happened. It was also in this basement where my parents had situated the toy room for my sister and I. She would have been a toddler, I guess 3 or 4 at the time, and I'd have been about 8 or 9. I can barely remember a lot of the details of the time but my mom has recounted the story a fair number of times to us.

My sister had this habit of carrying a bunch of her toys all the way upstairs to the main floor, to the kitchen where my mom would often be doing work or just relaxing. Now the kitchen was where the stairs between the basement and the main floor connected, so my sister would have her toys right at the top of the stairs, just inside of the kitchen, and shed sit and play with them on the linoleum.

One day my mom was busy doing stuff and was pretty flustered when she stepped on one of my sisters toys and hurt herself. Already angry, she snapped on my sister and probably said something like "Why dont you play downstairs in your toy room with these?!"

My sister burst into tears and started crying out that "No mommy! I cant! There's a man down there and hes scary! He won't let me play with my toys! He has owies on his feet mommy and he's scary!" And so on, blabbering a lot.

My mom was pretty scared by this, but then my sister turned and looked at the (open) door leading down to the basement. My sister then pointed and started screaming that "He's right there mommy! He's right there!"

My mom scooped her right up and quickly took my sister and I the hell away from that door. I don't remember it well enough to recall the details though, sorry guys.

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• [13y ago](#)

I shave in the shower and apparently some of my hairs were left behind. Later that morning my wife was going to bathe my two boys, one of them is 3 years old. She told him, "hang on, daddy left the tub all yucky from his hair." my son, "what? From his head? We must stop him! Let's get our knives! And our friends!"

I made her a "that escalated quickly" meme.



[hi me 5](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My daughter (5) told me she was going to cut me with a knife, then pee in the cuts.





[Lazarus James](#)
• 13y ago

Made an account to write this one. Sitting at home with my little brother, probably 3 at the time. My sister, him and I were the only ones still up. Watching TV alone in the lounge room. We put the TV on mute to talk, but just as everything goes quiet, my litter brother goes:

"Roly-polies are on the roof."

My sister and I trade glances, but laugh. Yeah, right. As if. AND THE FUCKING NOISES START. IT SOUNDS LIKE THERE ARE THINGS ROLLING ABOUT ON OUR ROOF. My sister and I are getting extremely worried at this point.

And through the continuous noise, my brother goes, "If you listen too closely they'll come and get you."

My sister and I flick the TV off mute as soon as possible and hug the pillows to our chests, trying to ignore the noises on our roof. After a while they stopped and we never heard them again. I asked my brother about them a few days later and he says he didn't know what we were talking about.

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[Rick0r](#)
• 13y ago



My son's only 2, but he came up to me a few weeks ago, beckoned for me to crouch down to his level, and whispered in my ear in a husky voice, "I'm Batman"

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[TerribleTessa](#)
• 13y ago

I created an account especially to comment on this post. :) When I was age 5 - 10 we lived in a really big house. It was so big me and my brother could ride our bicycles in the house with ease.

Three memorable things happened to me during this time. The one was I was sitting at my piano and in the corner of my eye I saw a silhouette figure entering the room. As I turned around it evaporated before my eyes.

The second is, I was standing in my mother's washroom and as I'm watching the top loader, a shadowy hand starts reaching out of the top loader. I ran away and spoke to no one about this.

The third is the one evening my brother woke me up and said 'do you see the dots?' And I look and see the whole room filled with tiny sparkles. As I'm looking at the dots he says 'look a wand!' and the dots shape into a wand into his hand. And he says 'look a gift!' and I see a small package forming in his hands. I shit you not. I remember this vividly. Several years later I was trying to raise the topic of this house and my brother kept refusing to talk about it. So eventually he says something like "I don't want to talk about that place - I still remember the dots."

At about 24 I woke up to a face floating in the air whispering 'blood' to me. Ended up at a psychiatrist. I was diagnosed with simple partial seizures caused by temporal lobe epilepsy which sometimes manifests itself as hallucinations.

I'm still confused about whether the stuff that happened to me as a kid was a seizure or not.

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[zzzeit](#)
• 13y ago

I don't remember this, but apparently I used to talk a lot about someone I called 'the bone man' was I was really young. According to my parents, I described him as this tall, too-skinny man who would appear into my room at night and tell me about all the people he'd murdered. This went on for like two weeks and my parents assumed I was having some kind of recurring nightmare, but when my dad went to check on me one night, he found me sitting straight up in bed, staring into the corner where the rocking chair was with a terrified look on my face.

It freaked him the fuck out and he had me sleep in their room that night. I never mentioned the bone man again after that, and I don't remember it at all.

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[pussej](#)
• 13y ago

We were eating dinner and my son says - "There it is! The light that looks like a person!" I look around. Nothing. "Where, Leo?" "Right there!" Pointing at nothing, as far as I can see. "It's the light that looks like a person. I see it around the house sometimes." My house is 130 years old. I sleep with the light on now. I am 42.



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[devoidz](#)
• 13y ago

When I was very young I met my cousin Troy. We played with some hot wheels. I remember it very clearly. One time my aunt was telling me about her son. Troy. I said oh yeah, I remember him. And she was like you never met him. Yeah I did, we played with hot wheels a couple years ago. No you didn't he died before you were born. I shut up. Then she told me he died in a car accident. I acted like I got confused or something, but I remember it, and I wasn't confused.



[eldrvarya18](#)
• 13y ago

Another story! When I was 14, I babysat a 2 year old boy. One of his absolute favorite games was hide and seek. I always found him fairly easily... not because he was 2, or because he would laugh and giggle... No. I always found him because no matter what room he went to, he would hide and then say, "Hi, again, lady. How you?"

When I would make him lunch, he would hang out in the kitchen with me. He had an electronic kitchen set thing (open the microwave and it sings, or whatever) in his room. In the entire house, there would just be me and him, and we were both in the kitchen, when suddenly every sound that toy kitchen had would go off. He would get the biggest smile on his face, shout "Lady!", and just leave the room.

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[BeristaChic](#)
• [13y ago](#)

So, I don't have kids but I do have a story. Now, I will state right now that I am a religious person, however in this story I was the one taking the fact based, common sense approach.

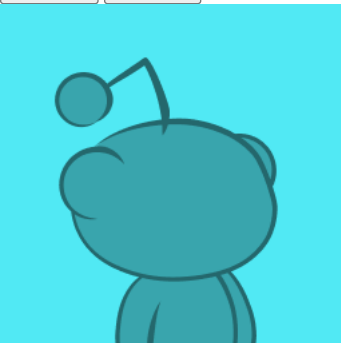
I used to have a friend who had two kids, one five and one eight. This friend used to have a really hard time in places she lived; doors slamming, stuff being moved around, toys turning themselves on, lights flickering. Well, she moved into one house in particular that she swore was haunted and indeed it seemed that all of these things happened with regularity. I tried to calm her down telling her that the house was old, pipes creak, wires get old, lights flicker and floors are uneven which causes doors to open and close. Not to mention she has kids so that explains the stuff moving around on her.

One day after she had put the kids to bed and a few days after she had smudged her house (smudging is a native american ritual that is intended to cleanse spiritual energy.) We were sitting at her kitchen table. It was about midnight and her son (5yrs) had been asleep for a few hours. Suddenly he was in the kitchen doorway, we hadn't even heard him come up the stairs, and he was just staring at us. She asked him sternly what he as doing up and if he needed to use the bathroom but he just stared at us. Then, after about half a minute, that is, thirty excruciatingly long seconds, he says "Not gone, not gone, NOT GONE." over and over getting louder and louder until he was screaming it. Finally he just stopped screaming, turned around and went back down the stairs to bed.

I was shaken, for sure.

After this occurrence I began to spend less time at my friends house, especially at night, it just didn't feel right, and even though I wasn't superstitious about it being haunted at first, I couldn't shake the unwelcome feeling after that episode.

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[hanasea](#)
• [13y ago](#)

At a daycare I worked at there was a little girl who was 5. She looked like a little diva and looked so sweet so you wouldn't expect her to talk about the creepy stuff she'd talk about. We were drawing one day and she says, "Do you know about Chucky?" and I wasn't sure if she was talking about you know...CHUCKY, so I said no. She said, "One time, this boy forgot about his doll and it became CHUCKY and it killed EVERYBODY. AND HE'S COMING TO OUR TOWN. TONIGHT. I was in California yesterday and there's almost NO PEOPLE THERE." (we live in iowa and she was at school the previous day). I told her she was fibbing and I knew that Chucky was just a movie. She leaned in and narrowed her eyes and said, "We'll just see tonight, then, won't we?"

I was scared to go home.

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[Weltenstuermer](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago



there was one incident in my childhood,that made me believe in something supernatural in our life: One day,the kindergarten managment got us kids together in the garden to tell us that the nun who took care of us (i was in a catholic kindergarten in germany) passed away,and in that moment,i was looking at the balcony and saw exactly this nun waving at me from one of the windows there,in panic i told several other childrens plus the managment woman that she isnt dead she is standing right there waving at us but noone recognized her,but the image of her waving at me is burned into my memory since then,and that are the only memories i have from this age,i was only 4 years old back then...

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[thundhearts](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my cousin was 2/3 years old she got extremely emotional in the family car one day and wouldn't stop screaming. Unusual behaviour for such a quiet child, my aunt tried to calm her down and ask her what was the matter. She sat bolt upright and just whispered 'you need to put your belt on because I died last time and so did my sister when the car caught on fire after we crashed' :|

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[TaykenX](#)
• [13y ago](#)

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[Elovdm](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

My mother told me this story from when I was only 3 years old. We were sitting in the car, and we had been silent for quite some time. Then, out of nowhere, I said in an explaining and calm voice: "You know what it is mom, we get born, we grow older, we die, and then we just get born again!" My mother says we never spoke about death or anything like that before that moment, there was no one near to us that died or anything, it was completely out of the blue. My mother actually started to believe that reincarnation exists, because of this event. She thinks I have an old soul.

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[kingunkusss](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was I child I went to get my baby brother, being of a year old, out of his bed for my parents. I exclaimed, "good morning!" as I walked into our nursery. I then began rummaging through the draw across the room for his baby bag as I heard, "good morning" repeated back to me.

I called for my mother and father, assuming it was them, though they had been the floor beneath me.

My brother didn't speak his first words for another two months.

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[slendamob](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I am on vacation right now in Colorado, staying at my aunt and uncle's house. I feel like this needs a little background first. They live in a pretty new house, not even 100 years old. I'm a bit of a fraidy cat, but something about this house has always seemed off. Nothing in particular is wrong, persay, but it just seems off. I feel like I'm being watched. Just a teenager being paranoid, right? So my aunt sees me on this thread and asks me what I'm doing. I explain the thread to her and she starts to tell me a story. When they first moved into the house, my little cousin was about two. Apparently, he HATED that room. He refused to do time-out in the corner facing into that room without the door shut. Apparently he was scared of "the man." His little sister comes along, same thing. Won't do timeout without the door closed. Scared of some "man". Now, my cousin on the other side of the family and her family come to stay there on the way to Estes. She takes one look at the room and says "I don't want to sleep in that room." So my mom then tells me to pack my bags, we're leaving for Estes too. My bag is in said room. I go in there, pack my bag, and go to change my clothes in the bathroom. While I'm in there, the door just swings open. No draft, nothing. It just opened. And not a "I didn't shut it all the way", thing. This motherfucker was pushed from the other side by no one in particular. I nope the fuck out of there and I'm typing this in the hallway by the room. I'm kind of glad we're leaving today. See what you think.

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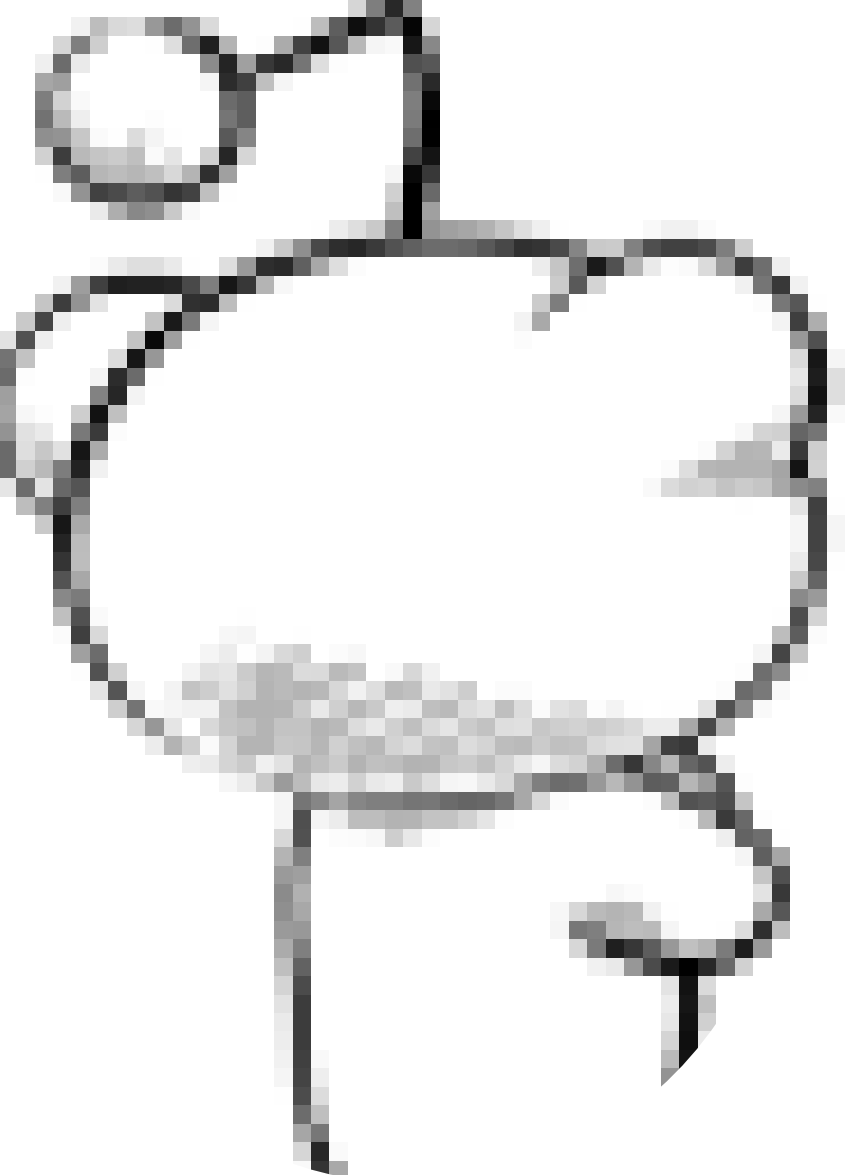
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• 13y ago

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• [13y ago](#)

My daughter used to stare off into space when she was younger. When she was 4 she stopped playing and just STARED into an empty corner of the room. When I asked what she was looking at she tells me

'He's like an angel but all black and there's smoke around him. He wants me to come with me'

I got a priest into the house the next day.

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[Corka](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I think I was about 6 or 7 or so, I knew OF sex because of TV, but not how it worked. I'd see them smooch, fade to black, then comments that they had had sex. So I inferred that kissing was sex.

So one day, I was having a fuss about having to spend the day at my grandparents, and my mother asked why I didn't want to go, and I said 'Because nana always wants to have sex with me!' Woops.

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[bethhelaine](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

When I was two, my dad died. A couple of years later, I was 4 at this point, it was October and my mum was decorating the the house for halloween. She hung a relatively life-sized skeleton from the front porch. When I saw it, I turned to her and asked "Mummy, is that Daddy hanging from the porch?"

She wasn't quite sure whether to laugh or cry... so I'm fairly certain she did both.

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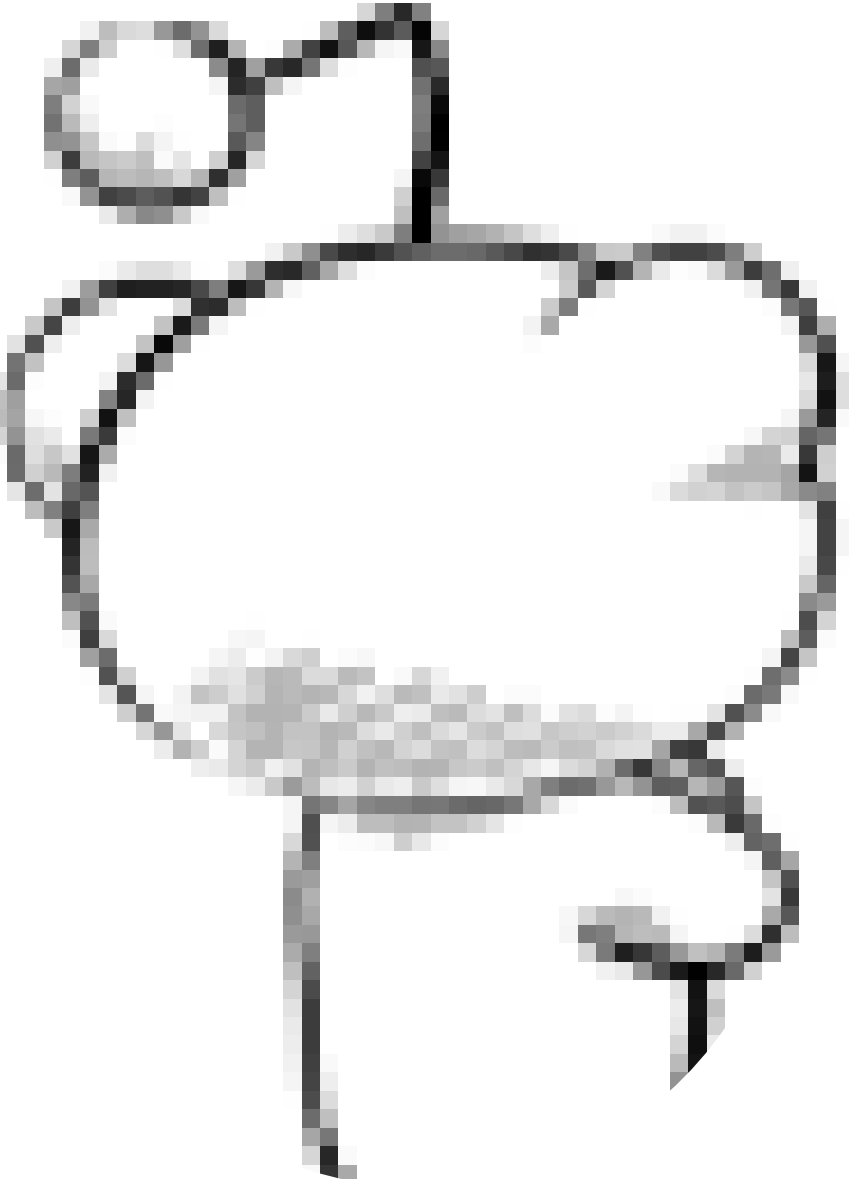
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[girlfrom1977](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Apparently, when I was 2 we were in the car and we drove by a local private estate that has a church you can't see from the road. So I came out with 'I got buried in there', so my parents quizzed me more and I said I had been riding my horse Vicount along [local] beach, when I fell off and broke my neck and was buried in the grounds of that church. Would love to meet someone who could look into historical records of news papers and that to see if it might be true.



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• [13y ago](#)

My 10 year old brother with mild autism watches lots of YouTube channels, and repeats things unknowingly. While playing a game of Monopoly, he announced that he was going to rape Park Place for taking all his money.

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• [13y ago](#)

Gonna be buried, and is a little backwards, but a famous story in my family is that certain circumstances led to my father declaring "New rule: no evil sacrifices in the house."

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[amandarrrr](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my little brother was about 2 he started talking at the dinner table to some one thst was not there. When we askef him what was going on he said "the man" and pointed at an empty seat. The kids was laughing and chatting ubtil the man went to leave out the front door, i carried him to the door and he was still happy about his new friend. Then out of no where he geys TERRIFIED grabs on to me for dear life and starts bawling.

Crazy experience, Freaked the shiy out of me.





[osprey81](#)
• 13y ago

My son was about 5 and we were eating chicken for dinner. We had an awkward discussion which resulted in him deducing that the difference between a chicken clucking around in the farmyard and the chicken on his plate, is that the chicken he was eating was dead. He then put a piece on his fork, chewed and swallowed it, grinned and said: "It's even more dead now!"

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[frostedanimalcracker](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent or anything, but my mom told me a story about myself.

When I was around 4, I had a great-grandma, "Gee-Gee." Well, one night my parents woke up around three or four in the morning to a weird sound. They found me in the kitchen laughing hysterically. In a panic, my mother asks me what I'm doing. I calmly turn to face her and say something to the effect of "Gee-Gee is on the ceiling!" She watched me laugh like this for like, twenty minutes and then watched me calmly go back to sleep. Around 7:30, we got a call from the hospital to inform us that my great-grandmother was dead.

TL;DR: I claimed to have seen my great-grandmother on the ceiling after she died.



[quintus_duke](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a kid, I had imaginary friends, and sometimes they wanted to play different games than me. So, I got angry with them and we got in a fight. Then one of them stabbed me before he ran away. Then I realized several days later that there was a long scar going up my side and I had no idea where it came from.



[marsrose](#)
• 13y ago



remember reading a thread similar to this ages ago and one of the responses had a child saying, "Do you remember when I was the Mummy and you were the Baby?" ... And my fiance and I at the time had a good laugh at how creepy that would be.

One day I decided to be funny and asked my six year old niece the same question expecting to get a reaction like "No that didnt happen!" Instead when I asked, "Do you remember when I was the baby and you were the mummy?", she nonchalantly replied "Yep. Good times..."

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[Brady-Wan](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My parents love to tell this one. One morning I walked into my 1st grade classroom (at a very Christian school) and my teacher asked me, "How are you this morning, Brady?" I scowled and said, "Not very good. My mommy made me take a bath. So I washed my wiener, and now I'm here."

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[staatsy31](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Not really creepy but weird, and kind of cute.

My daughter was about 2&1/2, We were living with my parents, and she stops playing and randomly runs over to my father and says "Hi Guy Guy!" and the giggles and runs back to what she was doing. Well My uncle (my fathers older brother) who died nearly 9 months prior to the day she was born, used to always call my dad Guy Guy. No one else ever called him that, nor did we ever really speak about him around her. Another Odd thing similar to this was when she was like a year and a half old, she was afraid of men especially ones she did not know. My late uncle's best friend was over visiting, and she walked right up to him and gave him the sweetest hug as soon as she seen him. It was very odd and out of character for her, as she was terrified of men she didn't know, and this was her first time meeting him. I don't know if this is relevant, but my late uncle loved jewelery, and precious stones. My daughter has an obsession with precious stones also...

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[HRapunzelM](#)
• [13y ago](#)

aw he's back(:

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[bm777](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This thread should call "100 reasons you should wear condoms".

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[jimfitter](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter whovwas six at the time, came up to me (her father), and declared; "I'm Rick James, bitch!".

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• 13y ago

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[punnyenigma](#)

• 13y ago

My mom used to work at a school for autistic people. Keep in mind these are anywhere from preteens to full grown men with the mental ability of children. There were always a few teachers and aids for every class. She said there was this one kid that was ten that was very very quiet. She was ushering all the kids out of the classroom because it was the end of the day and was about to close the classroom when she noticed the youngest kid in their classroom was still standing in the classroom. She went over and like at him but she said his eyes were different. She said that this 10 year old Asian boy let out this deep, multiple voiced laugh that was not at all even close to what he normally sounded like.

Another time she said one kid who was about 15 and weighed 120 max took 5 full grown men to hold him down when he became agitated.

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[Zanooka](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my sister was young she use to say the phrase "A nickel, a dime and a red dress" randomly. One day I asked her what it meant and she turned her head slowly and said in a low voice "It's from my dreams" then just went back to coloring. Nope.

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[I make milk](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter just turned one, so she isn't saying a whole lot yet. However, since she was first born, she has been reacting to something or someone that I can't see. Tracking objects with her eyes, smiling and giggling at nothing, waving, etc. I nurse her in my bed before I put her to sleep in her crib. Every night, at EXACTLY the same time (and I mean exactly. I have actually been keeping track of what time she does this) She will unlatch, stand up and walk towards the end of the bed, and start waving at nobody. I say, "There's nobody there. Come nurse." She will then turn back to look at me, and very slowly and deliberately shake her head "no" with a weird grin on her face. She kind of scares me.

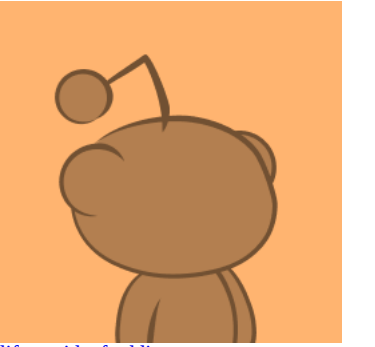
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[lifeoutsideofreddit](#)
• 13y ago

My son is 9 months, so he doesn't speak yet- but after reading some of these, thought I'd share: He just recently learned to wave bye-bye, and he has learned that when someone new comes into the room, we wave at them. There have been a couple of occasions, however, where he and I are alone in the room- and he suddenly zones in on some empty space and waves at it, he has once even smiled and laughed. And then he'll just stop and go back to what he was doing. Always creeps me out.

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[internetninja](#)
• 13y ago

My son did that too around that age. We live in the house that my Grandparents built (and died in). He would smile whenever he was facing the bar in the basement that my Grandfather would always sit at. Makes me wonder sometimes.

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[t1g3rl1ly](#)

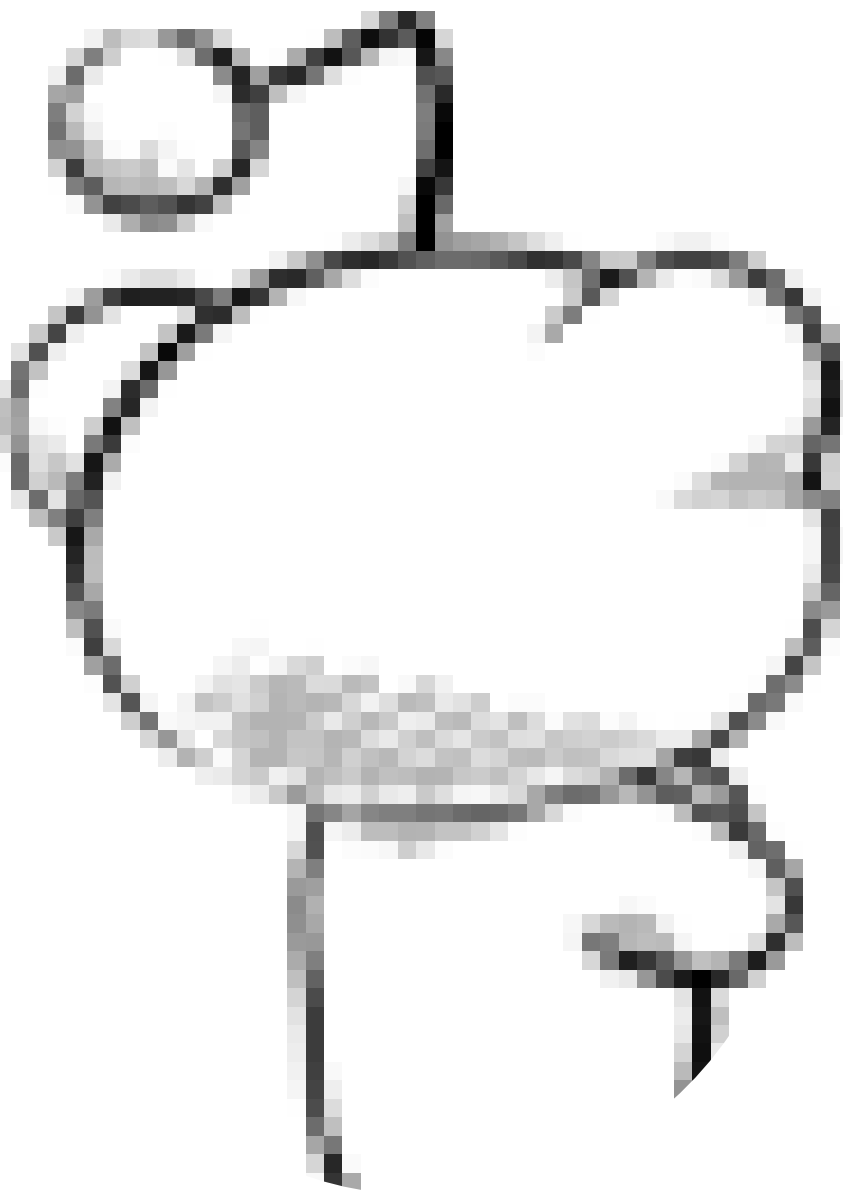
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Sorry for not-parent, but...

My boyfriend's older brother was playing at the bottom of the stairs one day shortly after they had moved into the house (he was probably between the ages of 4 and 6) then came running up to his parents talking about the lady at the top of the stairs. I guess this lady kept telling him to come up the stairs and to be careful. He got afraid and told his parents about it. There was nobody else in the house.

A few weeks later, they heard from a neighbor that the house had been put up for sale after a woman who was sick tried to get out of bed, then died after falling down the stairs.

Freaky stuff.



[Fox That Fights](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I've got a few stories.

My little cousin, when he was just learning to form complex thoughts and sentences, was sitting on my grandfather's lap. He gets a weird look in his eye and looks at my grandfather and says, no word of a lie:

"When you were younger, I used to bounce you on my knee."



We asked what he was on about.

"You don't remember living on the farm?"

My grandfather went white as a ghost. He'd grown up on a farm, but no one knew that. He'd pretty much forgotten, due to some creative debriefing techniques used after his stint in Vietnam as a special forces sniper.

That same cousin told me he used to run through the fields in the sun when he was a little girl with pigtails, before he died.

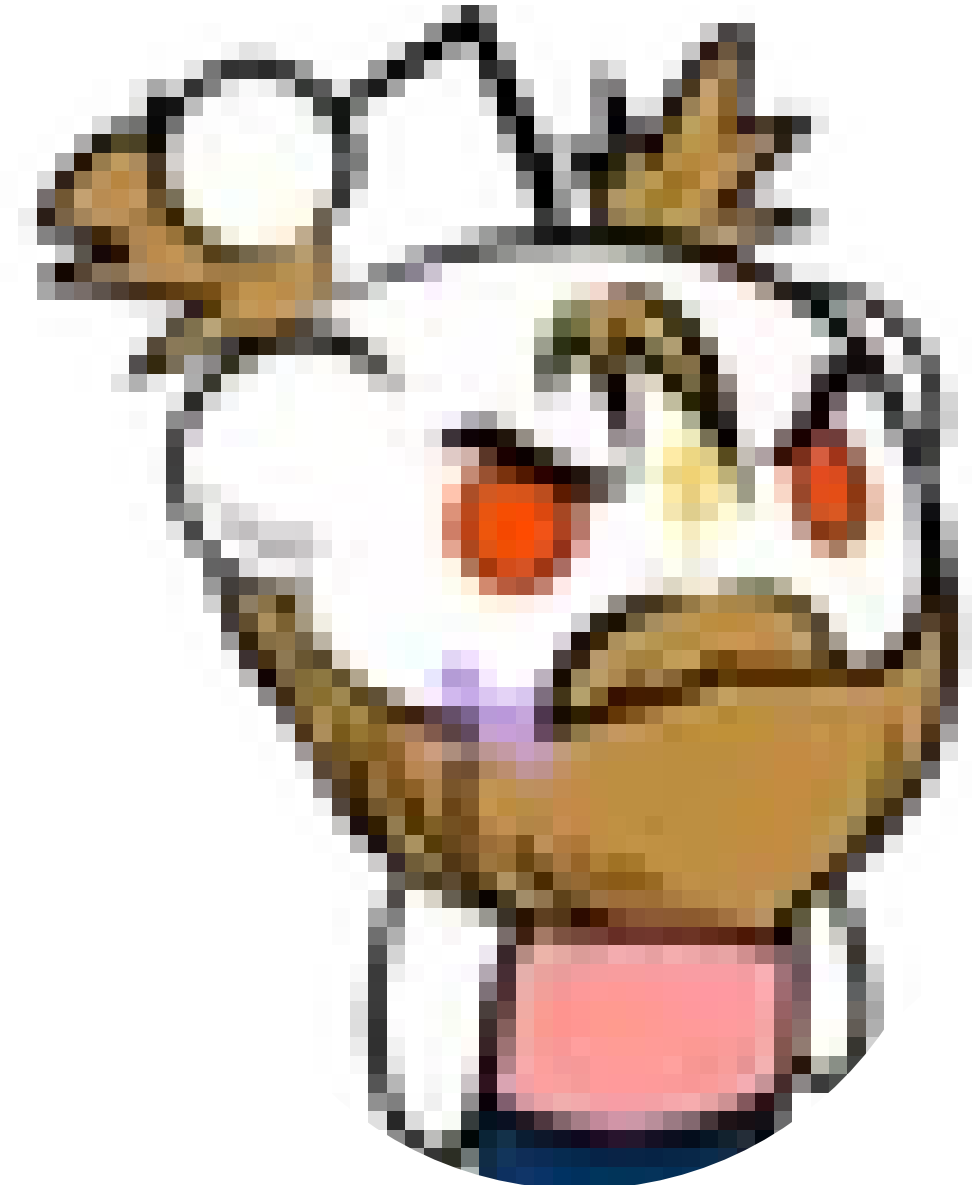
Now, apparently I did the same thing, around the same age. I was on a train going to see my great-grandfather with all my cousins and my grandparents and my mom and shit. I apparently wouldn't be quiet about the train I'd conducted before, through the hills and mountains.

I also talked about fishing and hunting at my favourite spot, which was a small island under a cliff on a lake.

Of course, I don't remember any of it.

My brother once pointed out our dead uncle, who'd died before either of us were born, from a wedding photo my parents had, explaining that it was "the scary man who comes and watches us at night".

Now that, I do remember. Well, sort of. I remember seeing a man standing very close to our bunk beds, blocking the doorway. He was slightly see-through. The house we live in, and did at the time of the sighting, is the same house my dad and uncle grew up in as kids.



[HeyEvilboy](#)
• 13y ago

First, I am an Athiest and I am skeptical about "ghost stories", but this is MY experience and I do not know what to make of it to this day. When I was a boy (in the 1970's), from age 3 to age 8, we would take two months each summer and head up to New England with the Coachman Trailer hooked up to the big green Lincoln. We would stay in the trailer at various campgrounds except when we would visit Mrs. Starr on Cape Cod, and the one time we stayed at her home. She lived in the D.C. area, near us, but had a summer home on a quarter mile of private beach right on the cape. This house was enormous, at least 150 years old back then, and had been in her Husbands family for all that time. Her kids were grown and she was a widow since before I was born, but she had a room upstairs for her grandchildren, and for my younger brother and I, filled with giant tinkertoys and other cool things. When I was about six, we stayed there overnight for the first time. The night we stayed over, I remember being kissed goodnight by an older man with rough cheeks who smelled like my mothers father. now that could have been a dream, but the next day, while my dad was out at the beach painting, and my mom was downstairs with Mrs. Starr, my brother (3 years younger than me) and I were playing when the door creaked open and i got a whiff of the cologne again. I remember walking to the door, opening it and poking my head out. I saw an old man walk in to another room. I walked over and looked in and he smiled and pointed at the closet. I went over to the closet and found a box with some old books and knick knacks in it and in the pages of one of the books there was some papers and a photo of the man. I was confused because when I turned around and the man was gone. I ran downstairs to my mom and Mrs. Starr who were sitting and having tea or some such. I told my mom that the man upstairs wanted me to bring this down to Mrs. Starr. they were puzzled and said there was no one in the house. I insisted, and

they said what man are you talking about, daddy maybe? "No", I said, "him", and pointed to a photo on a shelf by Mrs. Starr of her and her late husband. Mrs. Starr became visibly upset and my mom was embarrassed and told me that was not nice to say, as that was Mr. Starr and he had died before I was born. I insisted, and I took the papers and pictures from behind my back and handed them to Mrs. Starr telling them that It was true and he had asked me to bring these down to her. I remember Mrs. Starr gasping and turning ashen, asking where I had found these, and she left the room quickly in tears. In later years I found out these were some old photos of her and her husband, as well as one of their children who had died young, as well as some missing financial papers, all long thought lost. We never stayed there again, although we still visited there every summer... Now this is a combination of my memories and the recounting of the events from my Mom, but the basic facts stand true. As an Atheist it makes me uncomfortable and I have no rational explanation for this. It is what it is.

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[shelley01](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When i bought my second baby home, big brother aged three looked at her in the cot and said "wouldnt it be terrible if her head came off?".... he followed this up with "Accidents do happen..." slept with one open that night.....

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[Sweetsarin](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Little brother to big sister: "I don't like you. And I didn't like you when we were at God, either."

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[ElfEars](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 2 I told my mom very matter-of-factly and calmly, "I had a dog in my past life." It freaked her out because I would not have heard it on any TV I was watching or anything. It really creeped her out at the time, sadly I don't remember it.

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[slutgarden](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a kid, probably 13-14, I slept walked a bit. Anyway, one night my mum comes back from work around midnight and I walk into my parents' room and say to her "Mr (insert name) died". She was working with his wife in the same factory just half an hour earlier and wondered why she didn't seem distressed until she realised I was talking shit while sleeping.

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• [13y ago](#)

She was wrestling with her dad in the front yard, and things were getting pretty crazy. So she runs to a tree and grabs a fallen branch, then runs at him intending to hit him with it.

"No, honey, that's too much. Don't hit," he tells her.

"Sorry daddy. I have a new master now," she responds.

(Thanks Disney.)



[ephantmon](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my brother was 3 or 4 he was sick with a fever. He woke up during the night yelling for my mom. She went in to calm him down. He told her "There's a man in the bathroom", which was across the hall from his room.

My mom, being relatively no-nonsense, looks across the hall and says "No there isn't, see? The door's open and I can see there's nobody in there"

My brother replies "No, he's hiding behind the door". My mom turns around again, and sure enough, the door is not flush against the wall. It's ajar far enough that a man could conceivably be hiding behind it. Now she starts freaking out. My dad worked the night shift, and she was alone with two kids under 5. She quickly runs across the hall, SLAMS her body weight into the door and says "He's dead now!"



Turns out my brother was either dreaming or hallucinating. But it got mom's heart rate up to about 180.

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[drdanielloom](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Who's that lady who looks like your first mommy downstairs? He was referencing my first wife who passed away before he was born who he sees in pictures.



[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

"Every second someone is born. Every second someone dies. In one of those seconds you will die."

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• [13y ago](#)

When I was a small child, I was terribly ill with an unkown virus. Doctors had no idea what to do, antibiotics were not working and I was getting sicker by the day.

About a week into my ordeal, my uncle was holding me like a baby in a very dark room with no lights on, and my mother was sitting next to him.

I start to whimper and yell for someone to shut off the bright light. I kept on yelling to shut this light off and to keep me away from it. I was asking them why it was getting brighter.

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[teslacoils](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I once asked my mom if we could run someone over in the car to "see what was inside."





[sugarpixie](#)
• 13y ago

When I was just learning how to talk, I was in the car with my mom. Out of the blue I turned to her and said in perfect English, "I used to be your grandma". She was pretty weirded out considering I barely knew how to talk, and I said it in such a matter-of-fact way.



[Neroshun](#)
• 13y ago

I never met my grandfather but my mom tells me when I was little I tied her shoe laces together in several knots and when she found them I told her "Grandpa says the cat did it." Freaked her out because her dad used to do stuff like that and blame the cat.

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[tydalt](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was given the grim task of inserting a suppository into my three year old boy... He exclaimed, rather giddily, "ohh! That tickles!"

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[RDRHostage](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I had a fever as a child, I'd have all sorts of hallucinations, many of which I can't remember.

But one thing I used to do over and over was walk around in the middle of the night following my cat, deliberately trying to place my steps on either side of him. Needless to say he was pretty disturbed by this, and would walk faster. At some point I'd wake up and realize I was running after the cat for some reason.

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[xtana](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Was hanging out with my cousin's oldest son, E, at their new house. My cousin LOVES sock monkeys and decorated the youngest son's (O's) room with sock monkey stuff, crocheted him a sock monkey outfit, etc. E is showing it to me, then shows me O's actual sock monkey. To be funny I said, "I think your mom wants to turn O INTO a sock monkey!"

Very calmly E replied, "She can't do that. If she does that I'll have to kill her, and then I won't have a mom."

8-o

Edit: Improper apostrophe use. Can't believe I did it.



[novalocus](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not my child, but my cousin is autistic, and once he said "wait, I have something important to show you", and proceeded to turn off all the lights in the room. It was a basement, we were alone, and I thought I would have to call someone.

It turned out he was showing me some toy disco light that he really liked.





[Tonda06](#)
• [13y ago](#)

not my child, but I once worked in child care (bunch of teenagers 13-16) and I had an autistic child (we'll call him Larry) in our summer camp, one day everyone was on a field trip, and Larry had a previous incident where the last field trip he was on he escaped and a police helicopter found him 3 miles away from where he was last spotted...but anyway..since he was no longer allowed on field trips I was waiting in the Teen Center with Larry until his father came and picked him up. Now i have had some basic training and experience with autistic children and know that their behavior is different, so we would play chess or video games and he wouldn't really talk much or at all...but we were sitting there in absolute silence for roughly 30 minutes and he just has this blank expression on his face and suddenly he turns to me and says with a smile on his face, "the evil is coming" then went back to blank expression...That freaked me the fuck out, I had to get a co-worker come in and keep me company because that freaked me out to an extent.





[Droksid](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

This will get buried, but when I was younger I was visiting my Mom in her new place. I remember instantly not liking the place. It had a weird vibe. I was probably nine or ten, maybe a bit younger. Anyway, she had rented a game for me to reward me for my grades (Final Fantasy 6) and I had stayed up late to play it. I nended up getting spooked by some random noises and noped myself to bed. I couldn't sleep so I turned on a lamp and started to read.

I started to feel the chills again but it was different; more intense, more vivid. I wasn't a "kid" kid so I shrugged it off and kept reading.

To this day I remember the next moment. I looked up from my book and saw a book HOVERING and then come straight at me. I convinced myself it was a dream and covered my head in my blankets. I could hear voices. They were chanting something I didn't understand.

Anyway, I woke up the next day and told my Mom. She gave me a funny look and told me she found a book in the hallway in the morning, but that my mind was probably playing tricks on me. I was still seriously scared. About a month later her and the landlord were having a conversation and, I shit you not, the landlord told her that the previous tenant had been kicked out for practicing ritualistic sacrifices. Someone had reported a funny smell and they searched the place to find mutilated cats and shit.

I am not a spiritual guy, but I remember it vividly. Makes you wonder.



[⌕ More replies](#)



[IneptInebriate](#)

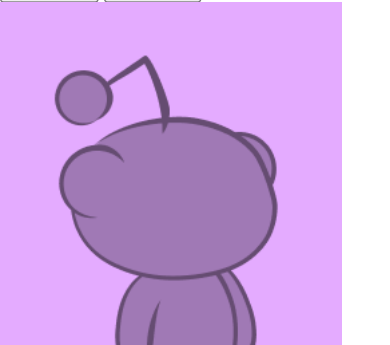
• [13y ago](#)

My now deceased aunt recanted a conversation once between me and my mother that gave her the existential tingles.

I don't remember it, but it was right after I was learning to talk, so quite young. I asked my mom what she and my dad were doing before I was born. Of course she said something nice, akin to "well we were getting ready for you." I responded with "you should have hurried, I was waiting for you."

Existential tingles abound.

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[iaccidentlytheworld](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My 4-year-old little cousin had a panic attack when he stayed at our house. He ran into my room and said "he's out there!" I asked who and told him that he was safe. He said "The man outside the window, we're both not safe." Nothing resulted, but ever since I've worried about a stalker or robber around my property.

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• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Comment removed by moderator





[Khoeth Mora](#)
• 13y ago

shitting in the hallway

Parenthood

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[More replies](#)



[eriksax](#)
• 13y ago

"Shitting in the hallway" I had a buddy in college who was notorious for getting shit faced drunk and shitting in the dishwasher with no recollection. This reminded me of that. My comment has no point just thought I would share.

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nick4state
• 13y ago

WARNING - THE PICTURE IN THE EDIT IS A PENIS

⊕ 4 more replies
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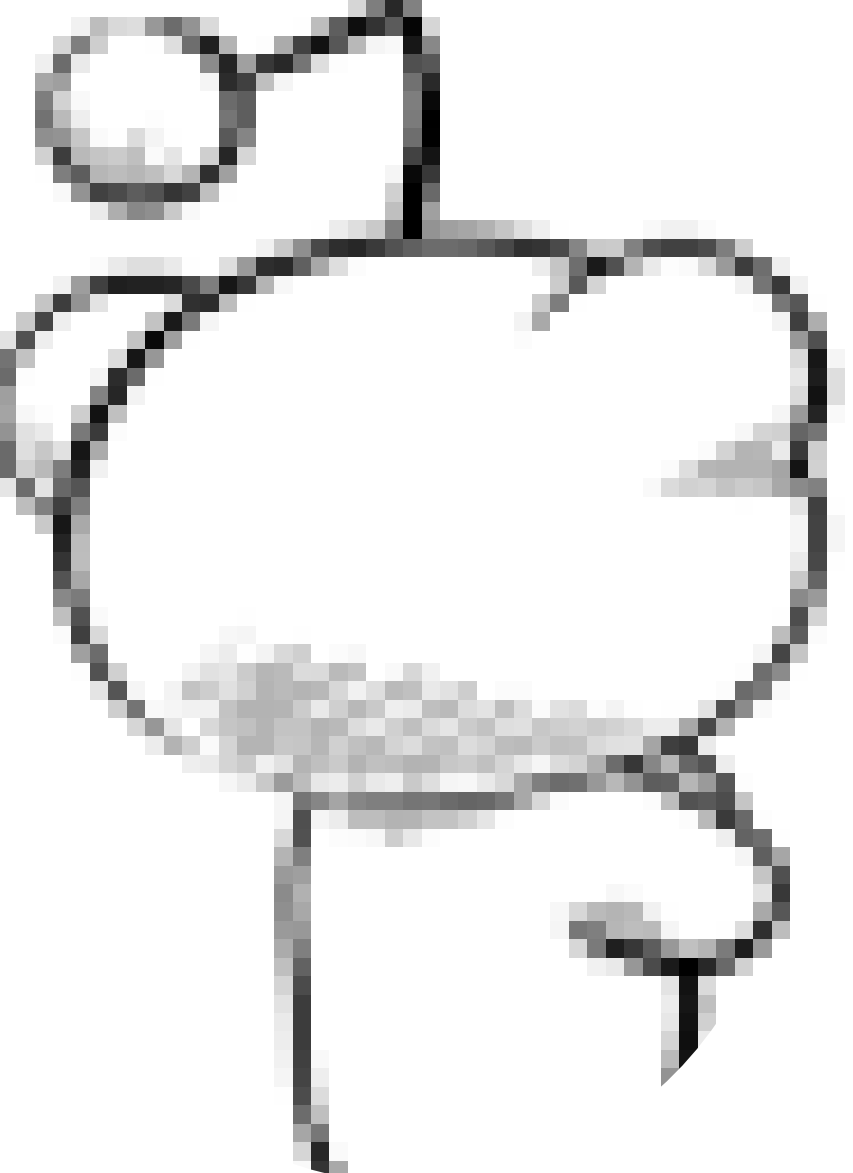
• 13y ago

Is anyone going to address the picture of a dudes dick? No? I wanted to see your kid shitting, not a penis Edit: saw username, got depressed because the story is fake. Damn you

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⊕ 1 more reply 



[⊕ More replies](#)



[virusrt](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Why the fuck is the picture of a dick. I can't be the only one.

edit: MOTHERFUCKER

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[⊕ 1 more reply](#) [🌟](#)



[⊕ More replies](#)



[fakechow](#)
• 13y ago

THAT IS NOT A DEER IN THE HEADLIGHTS PICTURE

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[sonofalink](#)
• 13y ago

Mine whispered to me when she was 4 "Daddy, we're all going to die. Soon."

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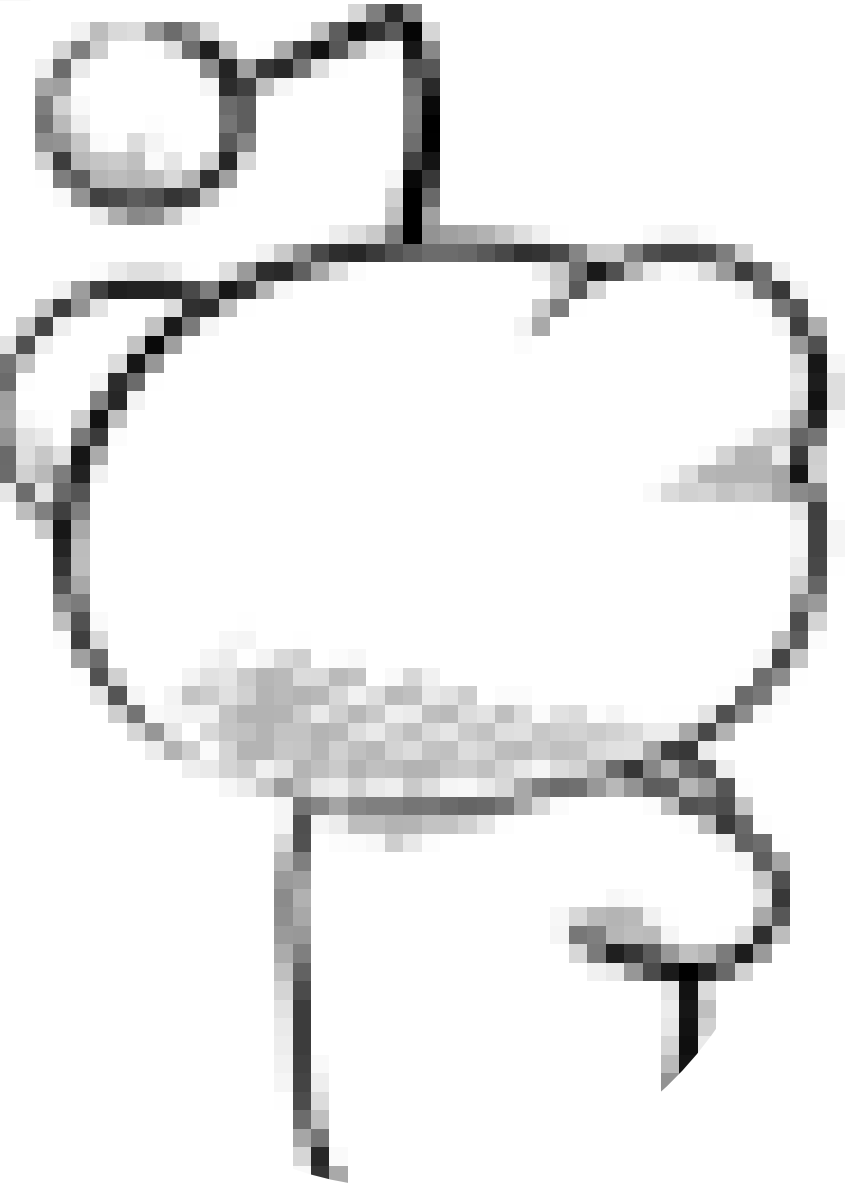
[slyfoxtony](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"Don't count your chickens until they're dead."

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• [13y ago](#)

"I know Harry Styles' blood type. "

 Reply

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[Tealieb](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I teach 4 year olds. A little girl in class completely sincerely said, "Miss, I really like your nipples."

It was not a cold day.



[austinlarkin](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was at a neighborhood NYE party a few years back, and some distant relative of the family hosting was there with their children. One of the kids (probably six or seven) was sitting on the couch staring blankly forward looking creepy as fuck. He then proceeded to vomit into his hands, look me in the eye, and whisper: "I made a mistake. It's evil." Never again.

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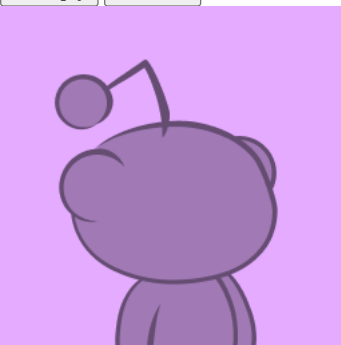




[Arthnur](#)
• 13y ago

I'm not a parent. But I just asked my parents and when I was like 3 or 4 years old I was standing with my dad's best friend by a dock. They said that I looked dramatically over the sea and then I said: Many have gone to sea, only to find themselves lost, where only death can find them...

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[duckthefuck](#)
• 13y ago

Taught a grade 2 student in Colombia. He made a pile spit on the desk, coloured in red pencil crayon to make a dye. He covered his face with it and ran around the room screaming, "Soy El Diablo!" (I am the devil).

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[leahmary](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My four year old: "I'm going to strangle God with my bare hands for making us die when we get old."

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• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

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[SatinSerpent](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My son says: "Dad, you could lose weight if you got rid of those things inside your back." Me: "What things?" Son: "The rabbits with no hair and no eyes."

... wtf?

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[ZeR47](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent but my niece who was either 3 or 4 at the time explained how to take apart the transmission of a truck. Confused the whole family.

On a completely random second note I feel unsafe telling someone named Dr hand job about little kids.

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[possessed_flea](#)

• [13y ago](#)

one of my daughters constanty used to make references to a old lady that used to hang around in her room with extremely creepy accuracy about her great grandmother (whom had passed away 5 years before she was born) Including activities and mannerisims that she would have had no way of knowing (e.g. being taught painting and she was a artist, or fixing a blanket that she made and it was a blanket that was knitted for my wife when she was a baby.)

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[⊕ More replies](#)



[betterofflurking](#)

• 13y ago

My son, as a toddler while we were driving with the radio on: "I used to listen to this song when I was big."

[⊕ 2 more replies](#)

[⊕ 2 more replies](#) 

[⊕ More replies](#)



[Mare Tini](#)

• 13y ago

Another one. My son was about 7 or 8 when he said, "Dad, did you give mom the gift of sperm?" He's an avid watcher of Animal Planet.

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[⊕ 1 more reply](#) 

[⊕ More replies](#)



[ApollosFrock](#)

• 13y ago

A few weeks ago my three-year-old said to me "Momma, my saw a ghost man in the yard." Just thinking it was something he might've seen on Little Bear, I replied by saying "Oh you did? What was he doing?" Not expecting much of an explanation, he replied "Just running around in the back yard. Right out there." And he pointed to an exact place. Curious, I questioned him further. I asked him "What color clothes was he wearing, or can you tell me what he looked like?" He thought for a minute while looking around the room. He spotted a 20oz. White Out Mountain Dew I had been drinking. The soda is a transparent milky white color. He ran over and grabbed it saying "It's like dis color, Mommy." I felt very strange after he said that...a weird, uneasy feeling. Mostly because I know that my children seldom watch TV, and he is very young as well. I stay at home with them 24-7, and I know what they are exposed to. He told the same story, no additions to or subtractions from, to my husband. For a child that young, without any exposure to the paranormal, I felt it very creepy. He mentions seeing him a couple of times a week still...but never seems frightened...just matter of fact. I'm glad this is a friendly spirit...and hope he is the only one!





[malakai28](#)
• 13y ago

I was working at my bench on my 6 y/o sons rc truck, obviously frustrated and he comes up behind me puts both hands on my shoulders and says "Just relax dad and let it happen". After I got done laughing we went and got ice cream.

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[ahairycat-astrophe](#)
• 13y ago

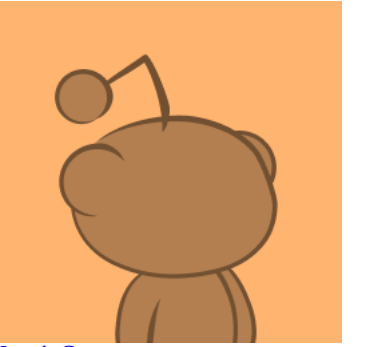
I can safely say, I never want kids after reading these.

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[LetsAyGo](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This happened when my little brother was 4. I remember I was babysitting him one night and at the end of the night I was tucking him in bed. He started to cry because he said that his imaginary friend Mark was mean to him now and he didn't want to be alone. I asked him where Mark was and he said he was by the bedroom door... nothing there. I got in his bed to calm him down and 5 minutes later he said "Mark is in the bed now too" Yeeaahhh, last time I babysat him by myself at night

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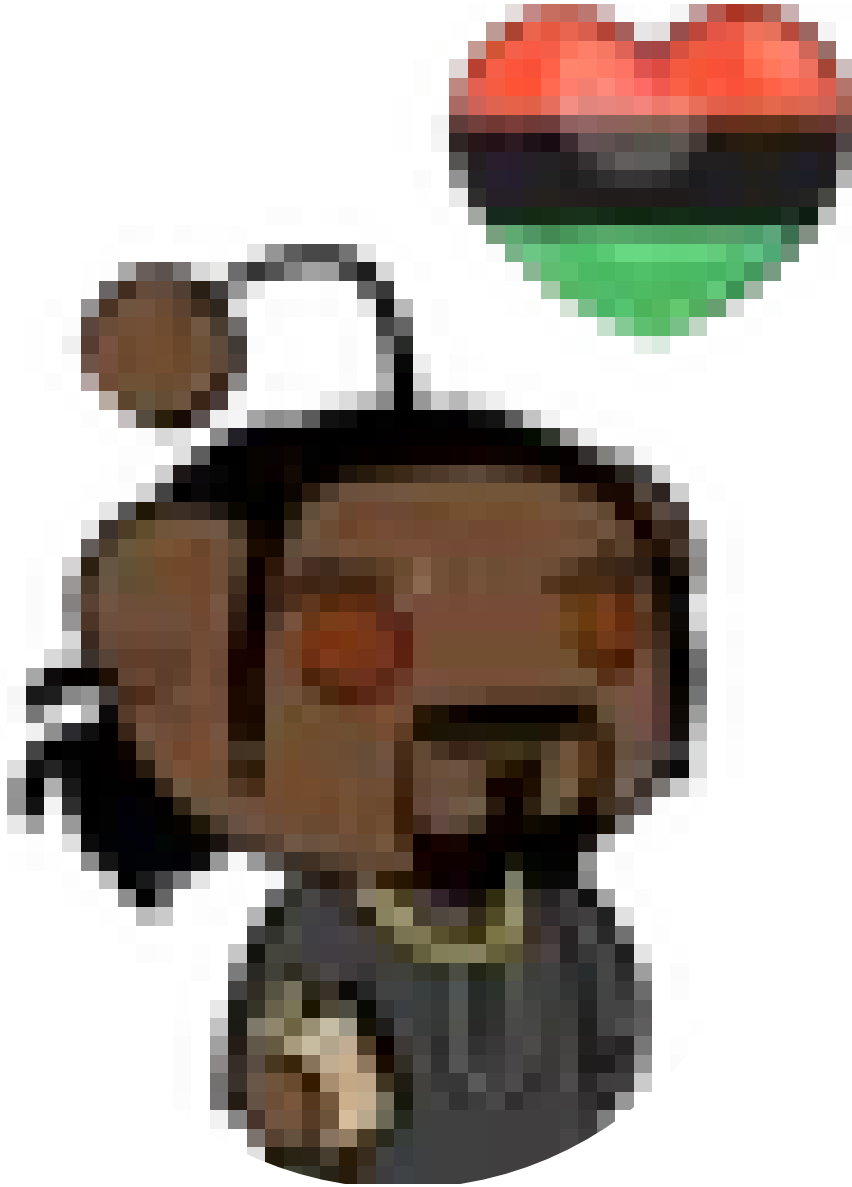


[betchcakes](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was babysitting my dad's friend's son, who was about 27 months. I was watching TV while he played with his toys in the corner. At some point he stopped, and started looking up and talking. I watched for a few minutes, curious, and asked him who he was talking to. He got up and walked to the bedroom, sat in the corner, and continued to talk to nothing. I sat down next to him and put him in my lap, and he laid against me and looked up, still talking. Again, I asked him "Who are you talking to?" He just pointed up, smiled, and waved.

I took him out for a nice, long walk after that.





[esoteric enigma](#)
• 13y ago

One of my friend's neighbors little brothers was in preschool. He kept getting sent home because he in another little boy made a habit out of shoving their hands down each others pants and grabbing the other's balls. They would groan and grunt in this creepy voice and say "nice ones" as they did it. Everyone thinks they were imitating something one of them saw on tv but I can't imagine what it was.

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply ✖





[esoteric enigma](#)
• 13y ago

When I was like 6 or 7 I had a dream that my dad was killed by being stabbed through the chest by a giant pencil that was being held by a giant robot. I scream myself awake. My dad comes and asks me what's wrong. I opened my eyes really wide and whispered to him "You're going to die. I've foreseen it...". It was really creepy because I was imitating something that I saw in a horror movie because I was under the impression that prophets talk that way.



[Wilsar](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent but I worked at a daycare for a while during my first year in college. One of the "rougher" kids in my class didn't want to take a nap one day. "My daddy's gunna get his gun and shoot you." Creepy? Not so much. But seeing as his dad was a 250+ lb cop with a blatant superior, woman hating attitude, I was a tad uneasy.





[SpaceDudeTaco](#)
• 13y ago

No kids yet but I teach young children how to play piano. The other day a four year old girl told me she has special powers because of the direction she wipes after using the restroom.

I also told her in our first lesson not to tell anyone I have bad hand writing. The next week she reaffirms she has told no one. Following that week she informs me she has told EVERYONE!



[a_random_hobo](#)
• 13y ago

My younger sister, who is seven years old, once turned and said to me, "Sometimes I hear people who aren't there. They keep saying my name quietly."





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Little late to the party, but when I was a few months old, my brother had just turned two. We moved to a rental house a few towns over for a couple months while we were waiting on another house. My brother, who had never had an imaginary friend before this house, and none after, had one from day 1. One of the scariest things, my mom tells me, is she was out back, pushing my brother on the swing, when my brother points to the window in the room I was sleeping in and tells my mom that his friend is in there. My mom sprints inside, and obviously finds nothing, but for the whole time we were there, we would always find doors open, toilets flushing, and floors creaking.

FYI, the house used to be a doctor's office and a whore house.

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[nectarousness](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Okay, technically, this wasn't my kid, but my brother (aged 4 at the time) once woke up my mom, smiled, and simply said "I'm going to cut your head off and suck all your blood! I am a vampire."

This kid also tried to introduce himself to his own grandparents by the name "Dick Lickins." Yeaaaaah. I have no idea where he learned that stuff.

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[derb8412](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Had an imaginary friend named Jitka. Talked to said friend all the time, especially while alone. Would have long, laughable conversation with Jitka (only hearing her side of the conversation, with pauses). One day daughter said "Jitka died". Never heard from Jitka again.

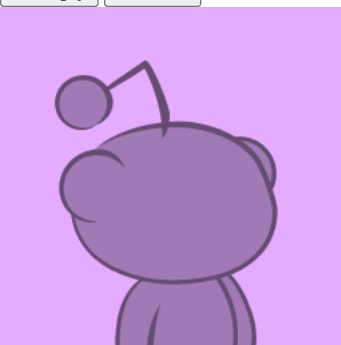
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[kiquevega](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Once after scolding my 5y/o daughter. She ran to her room and yelled, "you're not my favorite Dad anymore!" Which was not so scary as it was funny... I was thinking " I gotta get myself back up the ranks".

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[JimboniTV](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mom always tells me a story that totally creeped her out. When i was very young i was begging her to take down a toy clown off of a shelf. When she asked why i told her that he was talking to me. She asked what he was saying and i told her he said 'get me down'. Next garage sale she practically gave it away.

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[ashleyohno](#)
• 13y ago

It's 730am Halloween morning and I'm dropping my 3yr old daughter off at daycare. We see a 13-ish yr old boy dressed like a zombie. Full makeup, dragging the leg walk- the kid was out for theatrics. My daughter looks up at me with the most serious face and whispers, "No survivors." She also used to talk to my dead grandma. I don't believe in ghosts, and we never talked about my Gma. I decided to take her to my grandma grave and my kid hopped out of the car and ran right to the spot. It was about 50 yds away too. Creepy. TL;DR my kid's ok with dead people. Even when they come back to life.

Edit- spelling.

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[lankist](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"You go to sleep for hours every night. You would never know."

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[blurghh](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I don't have kids, but a friend's younger brother was born not too long after their grandmother had died. Apparently, even as an infant, he would turn himself onto his stomach and always towards the same corner of the room (regardless of what side of the crib he was on) and giggle and laugh as though something was making him laugh. When they watched VHS tapes that had the grandma in them, he would have the same giggle and laugh that he did towards the empty corner.

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• [13y ago](#)

I got home at midnight, and did my check in on my daughter before going to bed. I creeked the door open and use the hall light to look in.

She was standing in the corner facing the corner. She was sleep walking but it was most deniably the creepiest thing she ever did.

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• [13y ago](#)

When I was babysitting my six year old nephew he disappeared for a while to color alone in his bedroom and about an hour later came running into the living room with a folded up piece of paper. He had stars in his eyes and the biggest smile on his face as I opened it.

It said "FUCK ME" in bright red child scribble.



• [Yannivee](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I keep on telling myself to stop reading these comments beacause I over anylize alot and get freaked out. i orginally thought these comments would be funny. But nope, just visons of demonic black infinty holes and dead people giving advice. these stories could be some of the scariest shit i have ever heard. I swear this is going to deprive me of sleep.



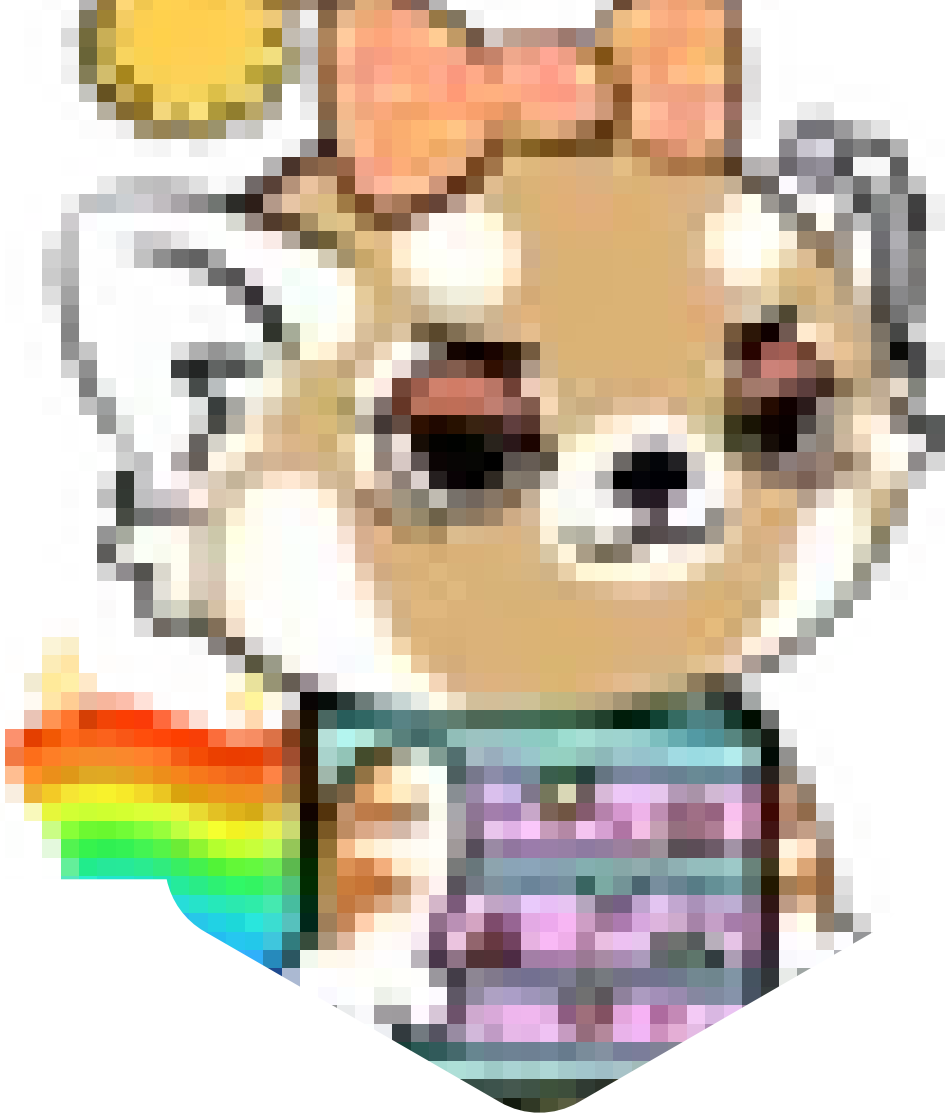


[cmurphy96](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My youngest sister, just turned six, was watching the news right after the Boston bombing. She turned to me and said "the devil did it" I asked why she thought so, and she answered "well he told me he did"







[KittanLuvr](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but I am a preschool teacher. One of my girls said to me

"I wish you would get into a car and die and have blood all over you so that you would be dead and then I could be you because you're so pretty."

And then she laughed.. talked to her Dad about it and he genuinely thought it was funny.

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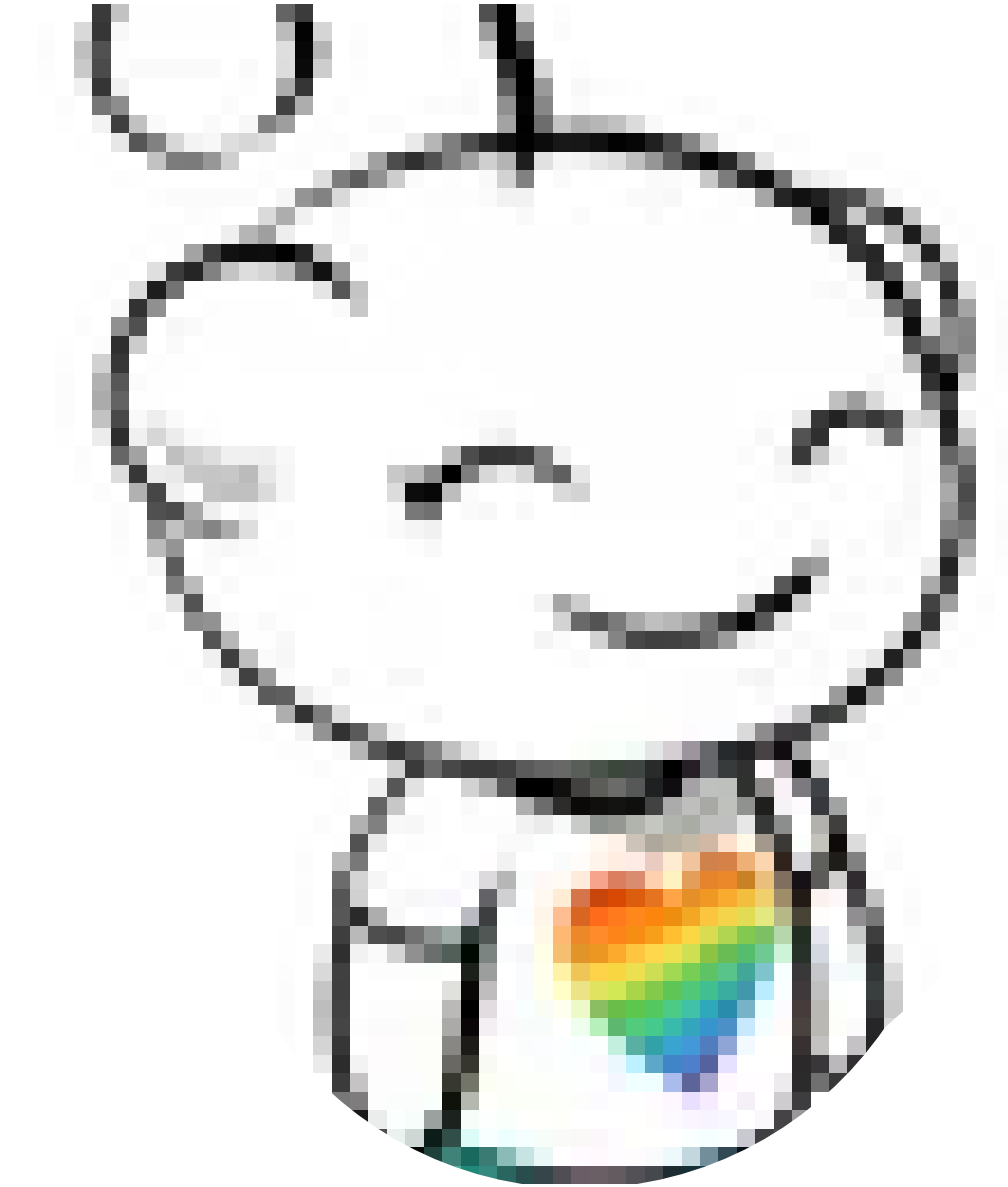


[WhosThatGirl_ItsRPSG](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 4 year old daughter was in her room laughing and I went to check on her. She was rolling on the floor, laughing away. I asked why. "The rainbow keeps tickling me!" Didn't think much of it. A few days later, my niece was in the bathroom and I heard her saying "Stop it! Leave me alone!" I asked who she was talking to and she said "This stupid rainbow keeps following me." I was freaked out.

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[belenbee](#)
• [13y ago](#)

The father of my son died when he was 4 month old, one day when he was about 2 years old, he kept staring at the ceiling, and I asked what was he watching, he said "it's my dad", he was so happy and calm I didn't freak out... but it gave me chills (he did mention this happening again a few more times to his nanny, but then it never happened again)

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[f4t80yt](#)
• [13y ago](#)

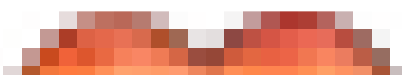
A few years ago I was back in my home town for a friends funeral, he had fallen asleep at the wheel and hit a tree.

My sister was taking my 2 year old daughter into town for some reason or another, as they neared the tree my daughter sat bolt up right and screamed "No No you're going to hit him" there was no one on the road or in eyesight.

I got chills when my sister told me this.









[imthefunnyone](#)
• 13y ago

Its not my kid but my aunts. She was 5 when I babysat her. Anyway she and I were eating lunch and all of a sudden she points to a dark corner of the house and asks in this evil sounding voice "do you want food?!?" She then proceeds to walk into the corner and just stand with her head facing the corner. I was just done. I haven't babysat since. Now anytime I see her she always asks if I'm feeding the shadow. She is just a creepy child. So creepy.

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[thatguyz123](#)
• 13y ago

This was *me* when I was a child.

I was sitting at the table when I turned to my mother and said, "Mom, grandpa is dead." At the time, one of my grandfathers was still alive. My mom told me not to say things like that, to which I replied, "But he's dead!" We went back and forth a couple of times before she changed the subject.

Just over an hour later, my parents received a phone call. My grandfather had a heart attack and had been legally dead for a few minutes.

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[factsdontbotherme](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was a small child I would often tell my mother the gray lady came to visit me again last night at breakfast. Used to scare her shitless but she never showed that she was spooked. She told me I never found it frightening, just that a gray lady would come into the room and sit on my bed and stare at me, smiling. Here's the really strange part. She told me this years later and it triggered a memory in me of a gray lady. A distant memory, I just remember her smiling, but there was sadness and something else behind her eyes. It actually gives me goosebumps thinking about it. Oh and one time she came down in the middle of the night and the TV was on, I was sitting in front of it with a glass of milk and the front door was wide open to the street. I was 3 at the time. Spooked her good. I was a strange little kid I suppose.



[Haze245](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My parents have told me, that when i was 2 or 3, i had just started to realize that it was the cat that meowed, and the dog that barked, cows moo and so on.

One day my parents were watching me play in our living room and i looked straight at them and said in my little kid voice... "Paint the floors red... But don't paint yourself into a corner." After saying that i resumed playing and moved on.

It was creepy even for me.









[philosofik](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my son was 2, he would slightly-too-frequently look up from whatever he was doing and whisper to me, "He's coming." He'd then resume what he was doing with no other comments.





[Boronx](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Another one. Not really creepy, just weird.

Five year old kid says "Earth is the third planet. We live on it."

Me: "That's right. Where did you hear that?"

"That one girl told me."

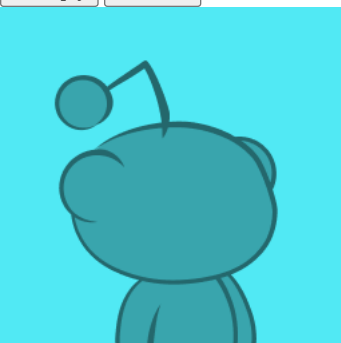
"What girl?"

"You know, that one girl that lives in our house."

".... you mean Mom?"

"Yeah."

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[snotwad](#)
• [13y ago](#)



little sister five years younger, when she was maybe 5 or 6. She fell asleep on the couch watching tv. Our mom woke her up to go to bed. She stands up, looks straight at me sitting on the end of the same couch, points her finger and says "we're all gonna die hard, but you're first." Walks past me and goes to bed. We've laughed a few times about it in the last 30 years, but i still remember the look in her eyes to this day and it continues to send chills up my spine.

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[shannonc1984](#)
• [13y ago](#)

So when I was a kid, around three or four. I told my parents that I had an imaginary friend named Tom Smithen who had committed suicide via hanging. I still to this day wonder why my parents weren't more freaked out.

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[wertyytrew](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not really that creepy but when I was around 3 I kept head butting my mum in the vagina saying that I want to go back inside of her

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[ladymaisy](#)
• 13y ago

When my niece was 5, she looked at me with a very serious face and said in her sweet little girl voice "Aunt Ladymaisy, I'm going to take your eyes out of your face and make you eat them. Then I'm going to make you spit them out and point them at you so you can see yourself without eyes." After this, she went back to playing with her Princess Celestia doll like nothing had happened.

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[mmmmmmbrains](#)
• 13y ago

My son was three at the time and had an imaginary friend he called Deedee. He used to talk to her all the time and could describe what she looked like. We actually had a babysitter call us when when my husband and I were on a date to the movies to let us know our son was creeping him out because he was laughing and talking to no one. One day while driving down a section of the interstate we always took, my son told me "This is where Deedee lives." I asked him what he meant and he told me she had gotten in a car accident and had a sucking chest wound. She was taken to the hospital by ambulance, but she died. Scared the shit out of me.

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[Oculata](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Just the other night at dinner, my 6-year old daughter asked us, "Are people meat?" Creeped me out a little.

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[trullerte](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I once told my mother "I love you, Mommy dearest."

She kinda freaked out.

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[CLXIX](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My girlfriend at the time and I took her daughter about 3, to the park to play on the swings and jungle gym. There were no other kids there that afternoon. After about 10 minutes her behaviour seemed peculiar, she said to "Mommy can we save Braden? he needs are help." We couldn't figure out what she was referring to, and were a little puzzled.

Flashforward about a month or so. I was at the same park playing discgolf. And after a bad drive I had to retrieve my disc that went into the playground area right next to the same jungle gym. After i picked up my disc I looked up and noticed the name Braden was etched into the soft plastic lining. What creeped me out was the fact that her daughter was too young to read. How did she get that name??? And who who the hell is Braden?

I understand the most likely case is that another kid had read that name off and she had repeated it, But there were no other kids there that afternoon. However it is not the only time she has gone to the playground. But still it is a bit perplexing.

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[wellscounty](#)
• [13y ago](#)

2yr old: "Daddy there is a baby in my tummy. OOH it hurts I need to go to the doctor I am having a baby." sounds cute but her "pain" act was quite good and it just creeped me out.

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[danielle3773](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my sister was little (I don't remember how old; she was still sleeping in a crib) she told my parent's that she had a dream that the walls were covered in blood. My Dad thinks that it may have been an early memory of being in the womb.

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[rajface](#)
• 13y ago

My girlfriend at the time decided to be nice and drop the neighbors kid off at school, so while she was getting breakfast prepared for the kids he had wandered into my room where I was sleeping.

I VERY slowly woke up to him staring in my eyes doing some weird whispered chanting sounds (I think from Harry Potter which had just come out in theaters). I just yelped like a mad man for her to get him away from me.

I later learned he was a bit mentally challenged so i felt bad, but MAN that kid scared the living shit outta me.

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• [13y ago](#)

My niece who is 9, was mad at her mom for whatever reason and told her the next day, that while she was in her room, she thought of different ways to get back at her. Killing her was one of them....I know she loves her mom, but that was creepy.

I remember telling my mom at bedtime that I wish I could cut her hand off and sleep with it. I was scared of sleeping alone.

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[Kdean509](#)
• 13y ago

Kissing my daughter goodnight she looked up at me, then around the room and said "Sometimes my walls talk to me". She didn't elaborate, just rolled over and went to sleep. She has since used this in response to other various actions or things that she's said. She won't ever go into detail and I don't question too much but it creeps me out everytime

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[Sick_Girl01](#)
• 13y ago

My daughter and I were telling each other mad up stories to pass the time in the train one day when she layer this on me. "once upon a time there was a girl who had to live under her bed. She was never allowed to come out. She was very small because she was never allowed to eat or drink. She never played because she had no toys. She stayed under the bed until she died. The end."

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[caledoniax](#)
• [13y ago](#)

At the age of 6, I received a Barbie campervan. I liked to fill the van with as many Barbies as possible, and throw it down the stairs so they could go on a 'family outing'.

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[fapjaks](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was a little kid (7-years-old-ish), my little brother (5-years-old-ish), we shared a room on the top floor of a very old house (150+ years). It was in a town that was raided and burned to the ground around the time of the American civil war. Square nails in the stairs and everything. Anyways, we had four build-it-yourself IKEA-style bookshelves lined up side-by-side to separate the two sides of our room (which was functionally similar to the Iron Curtain). During nights, my brother would sometimes be talking to himself, but pretty quietly so that I couldn't hear. One morning, he started telling the family about "Abraham Lincoln" in the corner of his room. My mom asked him about this, and my brother repeated that "Abraham Lincoln" visits him at night to talk, but that it was "kind of scary because his veins are hanging out of his arms". After that morning, anytime I heard my brother talking on the other side of the room behind his side of the bookshelves, I just threw the covers over my head and hoped for the best. Some nights I would lay there terrified for hours. My brother remembers almost everything and we talk about it sometimes. We are both now combat veterans, but I tell you what, thinking about that story still scares the living shit out of the both of us.



[babymama1](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was younger I would look after my cousin when our moms had to go somewhere. I remember one day we were playing in the back yard and she was playing with her tea-set when she randomly said, without any emotion or even looking up from her tea cup, "I was killed by pirates when I was 12 and then came back to life" She was 3 at the time. WTF.

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[Penguin619](#)

• 13y ago

Apparently my sister when she was a kid (I think she was 5 or 6) on the way to school, she said "I had so many great imaginary friends." And my mom being an educator corrected her and said "No hun, you HAVE many great imaginary friends" and my sister looks at my mom angrily and said "No mom! I had! They all dead!" and my mom asks "Why are they dead?" and my sis simply responds with a smile "I had to practice, and baba [Farsi/Arabic for dad] always says 'practice makes perfect!'" And my mom goes "Practicing for what?" and my sister with the biggest grin she just turns to me.

Another story I have with my cousin who was 4 at the time, we were on our way to Louisiana by driving and my grandpa was sitting in the seat in front of him and my cousin kept poking him with this straw he had, and my grandpa got aggitated and said "If you do not stop I will grab you by the foot and THROW YOU OUT THE WINDOW! And mommy, daddy, aunty, grandma, and I will cry and cry about how Daniel [his name] put this onto himself!" And my cousin pouts and says angrily to himself, "Yeah, not if I do it to you first...and everybody is going to cry, but not me. I'll laugh, I'LL LAUGH!!" And he gives off a demonic laugh to himself.

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[hollandercooper](#)

• 13y ago

When I was young my mom caught me putting toys on the stairs. When she asked me why I was doing that I said, "So daddy can SLIP and fall."

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[cjs411](#)
• 13y ago

I used to work at a summer camp, and one day while we were all down at the lake, I found one of the kids digging in the sand by himself while all the other kids were swimming. Upon further inspection, I saw that he had arranged a bunch of sticks in a row with little stones above each one. When I asked him what he was doing, he relied nonchalantly, "oh, I'm just playing 'mass grave'."



[mom5g](#)
• 13y ago

Hmm, I have a few, lol. I have 5 kids so I've heard all sorts of scary, weird crap come out of their mouths in the last 8 years! My middle daughter used to have night terrors when she was 3/4. She would wake up screaming and when I tried to calm her down she would tell me that she couldn't sleep because "they wouldn't stop yelling in her head." When I asked her who "they" were, she said that "they" were people who aren't here anymore but sometimes they'd yell in her head for her to wake up and it made her upset. It was a bit creepy, lol

Also, my oldest daughter was born within hours of my Uncle passing away so she never met him. But when she was around 5, she started telling me that "Uncle Bobby said hello and he loves you." I thought someone had said something to her (even though we live 3,000 miles from family) and she described him as looking just like my Papa... He does. She also said he told her to tell me that he would make her subs (his specialty) when she gets to heaven but that he's looking out for her here on earth. I bawled like a baby then!

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[aadams86](#)
• 13y ago

I babysit often and had a kid tell me this: T: Guess what? Me: What? T: My daddy has a tail! Me: A TAIL?? What do you mean a tail? T: I mean a tail, a long one like a cat.. except his is on the front and not the back!



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• 13y ago

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[empressaradia](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This is actually a story from when I was a child, and it's sure to be buried, but I figured I'd put it out there anyway.

When I was nearly 2 years old, my little brother was born. During the ride home from the hospital, my parents strapped the seat with the newborn baby in the back of the car beside me. For a while I was just babbling to him, and they tuned me out - until I suddenly started bawling. Cue worried "what's wrong?"s and general concern, to which I replied, "Ethan says I bad!" They of course tried to explain to me that he was a baby, and thus could not speak to me, but I was insistent that he had, and I would not stop crying.

Not even 2 years old and I was already sparking a sibling rivalry. At least, that's what my parents rationalize it as. Still, I remember how vehement I was that I was not lying, and how scared I was of that baby for the next few years of my life. (This is the same child that sat on the kitten I got for my 6th birthday until its eyes were popping out - so I think I was a bit justified.)

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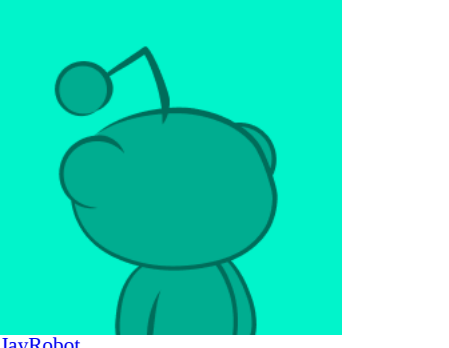
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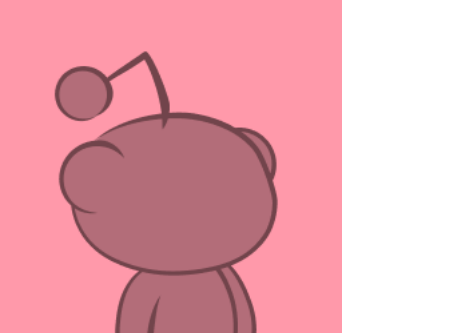


[JayRobot](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"Can you cut someone's tongue off without killing them?"

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[LednergS](#)

• [13y ago](#)

when I got a new gas grill, my son (6) said "and when you're dead, it'll be mine!"

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[Nefilim777](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mother tells me when I was a toddler I would constantly say 'When I was another boy' and refer to other parents I had and another life, before abruptly stopping. I have no recollection of it. My brother, who is mentally disabled, often refers to dead relatives that died long before either he or I were born, he also points to empty parts of the room and says 'the man' or 'the lady' but there's never anyone there. He's in his twenties now but doesn't do it so much anymore.

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[endofradio](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter is 4. Yesterday she said "tomorrow I'm gonna have sex"

dafuq? That girl is not leaving my sight today.

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[sitella](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My aunt one night says "Come here Michael!" He replies with "Michael? My name's George...But I died so I guess I'm Michael Now"

He was all of 5, and the creepiest thing ever.

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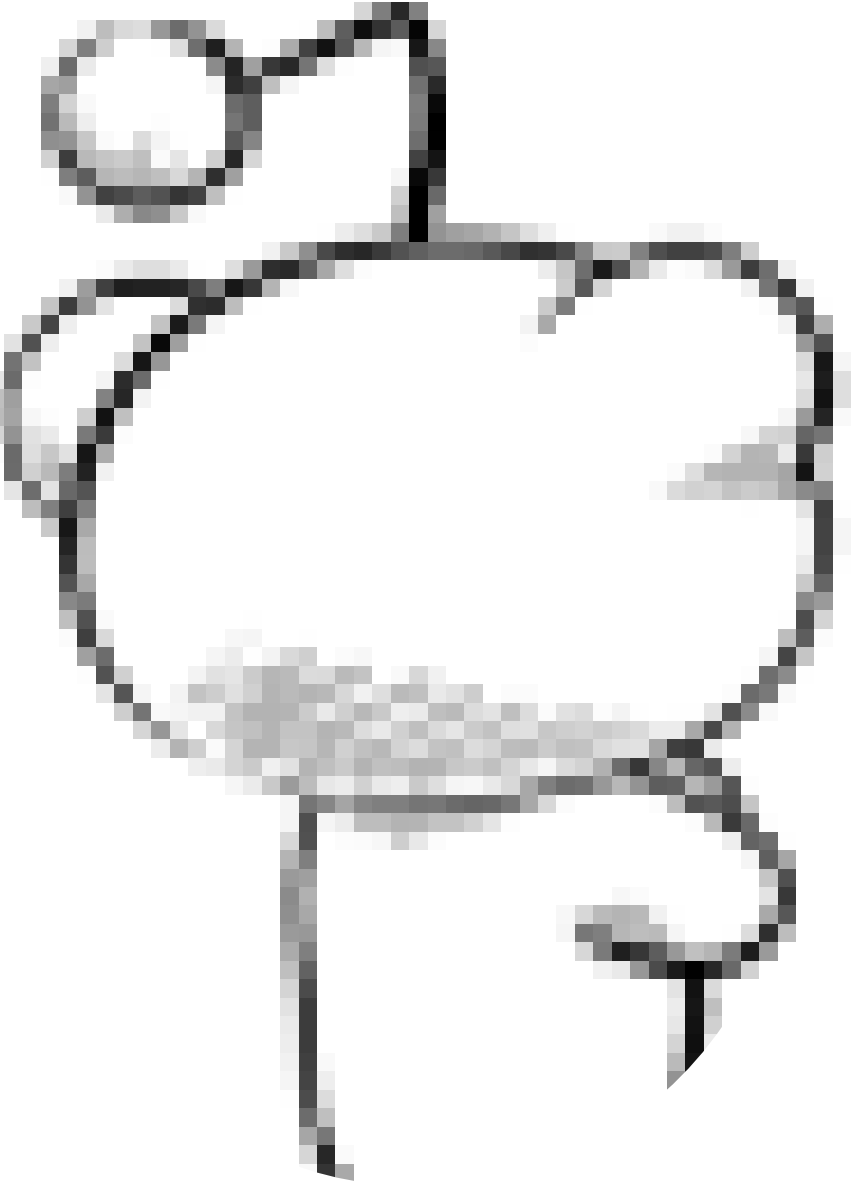


[PsychoCookie](#)

• 13y ago

Was downstairs in living room, my bedroom was right above it...I was 10 or 11, anyways. I heard something slide across the floor. Wtf?! I thought...I went up stairs with a flashlight, my little brother popped out of no where and said, "I'm the seed of Satan baby !!!!!" I nearly hit him with the flash light, Justin always was a creepy boy O.O

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• 13y ago

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[breetacular](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I'm too young to have children right now, but one time I was patting my cousin, then 3, to sleep one night when she looked at me and asked, "When I die, will you be my new mommy?"

Edit: I was 13.

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[Meowalldaylong](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm probably late for this but oh well. I am not a parent, these are just things my parents have told me over the years about things I have done.

First one: They don't remember the exact age I was when I did this, but they say that I had just recently started to crawl and was still very clumsy and unsteady and could only crawl for a few moments at a time before I was worn out. My parents had laid me down for a nap a couple hours before and my dad had gone upstairs to check on me. Upon entering my room, my crib was empty, (I not having the skills to get out of it myself) my dad freaked out and him and my mother ran around the house screaming my name. After about 10 minutes my mom heard a giggle from my room, went to investigate and found my on top of my bedroom door, arms and legs sprawled across either side of the ledge. They never figured out how I had gotten there.

Second: This took place from around the time I was about four until I was almost 11. I had a habit of waking up in the middle of the night scared and running into my parents bedroom squeezing in between them on their bed to sleep the rest of the night. I claimed that there were 3 ghosts in the corner that wanted to get them and that they weren't safe to sleep in there. My parents shrugged it off and forgot about it for a few months until my dad woke up with the down comforter pulled up over all of our heads, me in between them fast asleep. He proceeds to take the covers off of our faces and return it to its original place. I simultaneously wake up screaming that we have to sleep with the covers over our heads or else the ghosts in the corner will fly into our mouths when we sleep and take over our bodies. My dad freaked out wakes my mom and tells me to repeat what I said. After repeating it my mom said, "now why would they want to do that?". So I told her, "its easier for them to kill people when they have a human body to do it with". This face covering continued until I was 11.

Third: At about 7 or 8 years old my parents took me to LACMA to see a Pompeii exhibit. Being only 7 or 8 I wasn't really interested in museums. So I just sat on the bench in the middle of the room playing with my doll who i called, "baby" that never left my sight. I sat waiting for my parents to retrieve me to move on to the next room. My mom came to take me to the next room, I looked at her annoyed and said, "I don't want anymore rooms." And she told me that it was the last one and that after we were going to lunch. So I followed her into the next room and as soon as I entered the last room I bolted to the far end and stood looking at one o the famous photographs of bodies encased in ash and plaster or whatever and this particular one had a woman with a baby in her arms among other people. I screamed, pointing at it and began to sob really loud, so my mom took me outside and asked me what was wrong with me. I told her to take me inside and I would show her. I dragged her to the photograph, pointed at the body of the women with a baby in her arms and said, "that's how I died mom." I then held up my doll, "baby" and pointed to the picture and said, "that's my dead baby. But now, this Is my live baby. And I'm not sad anymore" Needless to say, we went straight home. My mom asked me about it the next day and I had no idea what she was talking about.

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[TimelordNitori](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was really young, I use to do a crabwalk while growling and hissing at people. Not a parent, but yeah.

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[Slipslops](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my daughter was three, she got a tortilla and bit eye holes out of it and came into my room at 3am. She just stood in the corner of my room and stared at me until I woke up. I have never screamed so loud in my life. She was a weird kid at 3. One time she came in from the back yard crying. She told me all about a boy with nice black hair named Zoloft (anti-depressant kid???) who got dead in some water. (her words not mine) she told me Zoloft was looking at an already been kilt buffalo and fell in the cold cold water. She said Zoloft got dead because the grown ups wouldn't help him. She then begged me to go help her friend. So I went out. She said, "Well never mind Momma, he's dead. Dead dead. Blue kid mom. The squirrels will eat the body." Weirdest crap ever. After that she was terrified of squirrels and we had to spray "squirrel repellant" on every door and window every night for a year.

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• [13y ago](#)

I was very creepy as a toddler. When my mother tried to put me down for a nap I would pull my sheet up, and slide under it. I would proceed to pretend that I would go to "tight school" with my imaginary best friend, An (I spelled it that way). Apparently, I had a school teacher with no face and An had abusive parents and was in a fire when she was little. I would write her name over and over on pieces of paper, each time on a little balloon. I would go hide in my closet and play with her. I later learned that one of the families who owned the house I lived in *were abusive and neglectful to their children* and that there had been a fire. There were locks outside of the doors that had belonged to the two children. And there were bones in the yard, in a crawlspace in the basement, etc. Once my mother found a small box in the back of a cupboard. She had never seen it before, and I doubt I had. I piped up and said "That's from Grandma ____" This grandmother had died before I was born, so I had no way to know this. My mother opened the box, and there was an ornament with the grandmother's name on it. When I started school I begin to out-grow An, I imagined that I saw her on my schoolbus. She had lost all her color and ability to talk and just stared at me. On our last day in that house, before we moved, my mother found a small dish that had engraved in the metal a small picture of a boy and girl who looked just like how my brother and I looked at that age, standing in front of a tree in our yard. Years later, I found out that in Japan, there are legends of a faceless ghost that avenges the souls of women, called a noppera-bo. Yeah. I was creepy.





[ItsVEmily](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not too late to this post, am I? I'm aware this might be a bit tl;dr, but I'm plunging in anyway. The house that I grew up in, for starters, was an old Victorian house -- the spire on the side, the multiple rooms, etc. In any case, I was about six when this happened. It was a usual day for me after school, my mother busy in the kitchen with something but occasionally poking her head out to see where I was. At one point when she did this, she heard me mumbling, "Gonna get you, gonna get you..." and came to investigate. "Going to get who, sweetie? Who are you going to get?" In reply I looked her straight in the eye and replied, "I'm not gonna get you, mama. She is." And pointed straight behind her.

Fast forward. Just a few months ago, I brought my seven year-old son and five year-old daughter to visit their grandparents. Same house and all. Goodbyes were exchanged, promises to visit soon were made -- and all seemed fine. At least, until we got into the car. "She's still there," my son told me as we were pulling away from the house.

"Who?" I asked. My daughter, who had been quietly playing with one of her dolls, looked up.

"The lady."

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[JayleeRae](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was 6 I described in detail my previous life in England. I guess I was killed during the war, I said I was a war nurse and had been on the field. I gave my parent my full name and the address where I live. I've always felt like I needed to be in the health field too, I'm in my second year of med school.

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[lotusdove](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I once saw a 4-year old girl in produce aisle, chanting in a deep, creepy voice, "You will DIE, you will DIE, you will DIE....(back to normal child voice), oooo, tomatoes, my favorite!" Her poor, exhausted mother didn't say anything and just handed her the grape tomatoes.

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[wibblebeast](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

When my daughter was two and a half, she told me she had lived many times and I was her mother once before. She told me what my first name was and in detail about the accident in which I died. She seemed pretty disgusted that I had got myself killed. She said we lived in a place with a lot of snow, and at that time she had never seen snow before. But the snow had apparently played a part in my accident, which involved skis. The only way I think she could have heard of skis or a skiing accident was television, but we usually only had Mister Rogers or Sesame Street on. Maybe a news program? No one in my family has ever had skis or had an interest in them.

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[SecretLife_7](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I don't have a daughter or son, but my five year old sister told me "remember when we got robbed by that man, and I hid in the closet?" and she always talks about how she died.

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[RybusZask](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I will be using fake names of real people in this re-telling of the story so keep that in mind. My little niece knows all of the family connections basically who is related to who.

My little niece who is about 3 or so has conversations with an "imaginary friend" or ghost, as everyone else likes to call it. She is at the stage where she can form sentences, none to complex but sentences in general. Most of the time when she talks to the "ghost" it is random words jumbled into sentences, then she pauses as if listening to a response. (We like to make jokes that she is talking to her grandmother, my aunt, who unfortunately died in the same room, but they never got the chance to meet). Sometimes there are really clear sentences like: "I like blue" "No blue is better than red" for example. When I was visiting them I was usually up late at night and would listen just in-case anything was wrong. So as per usual at 1 a.m. or so she was having here conversations and I opened my door, I accidentally let it slam. She paused in her sentence and said "No it is okay that is Rybus" (not my real name). This caught my attention, since she usually payed no attention to my noise, so I stopped and listened. She paused as if listening to the response as usual, then said "No that is your brother, Uncle Joe's son it is ok." She then went on with her normal talking until she went to sleep. I however had alittle bit of trouble sleeping that night though!

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[FidelityInMusic](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my kid, but.

My grandmother had always seemed to be in great health for a woman of 70 or so, she was always full of life as well as wisdom.

Last year, she had caught a stroke while out singing at a club. She survived but it was revealed to us that she had four tumors on her brain. She resisted chemo, she wanted to live out the rest of her life naturally. Due to that stroke, she needed a wheelchair and training with her speech. Four months pass and she has to stay in the hospital from March until April. She comes back home in May, and we get to celebrate Mother's Day with her. (Which is on a Sunday)

My stepmom and her sister are spending some time with her a day later and she says to them: "On Thursday, I have to go home." They look at each other in worry.

Thursday, May 17th comes. 6 AM, I wake up to hear my stepmom crying on the phone with my aunt telling my stepmom that my grandma had passed away.

She still contacts us in strange ways, too.

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[RowieMonster](#)

[13y ago](#)

My little sister is four and just she learned about dinosaurs.

"Don't go near those dinosaurs with the pointy teeth, okay?"

"Why?"

"They're meat-eaters.. and your heart is made of meat."

She said it with the most serious face on; I was a little disturbed.

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[tomatoting](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My sister did a lot of creepy paranormal type things when she was a kid. She is now 24, and has mostly lost much of her "eye". I never knew of any of these stories until I was about 17 (I am 3 years older than her).

Her childhood consisted of things like: waking up in the middle of the night seeing "sparkling" people in her bedroom.

Sitting in the living room an hour after dinner giggling that our recently deceased grandfather was tickling her (she was 12 at the time).

And also using nicknames my great-grandma had been called by my great-grandfather, whom had died 30+ years before both my sister was born, while also being able to describe physical attributes of him (specifically his distinctive eyes).

I can elaborate further if anyone is interested...

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• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I am. Tell me everything you know. I love this kind of stuff and I am a true believer. I grew up in a haunted house but didn't experience much. My brothers and step mother saw things though. I don't know if I'm just not sensitive or if it was because I was older than my brothers. Don't get me wrong though, I can think of three specific things that happened to me. One was that I often heard children laughing and playing while I was alone in the house. It was very distant and easy to tune out, but it was there. The other is late at night when everyone was in bed our piano would be played. Whoever was doing it wasn't very good, they'd just randomly press keys. It would stop if you went to the room where the piano was. The third thing is the night our kitchen radio kept turning itself on, even after I unplugged it. I was not a huge fan of that incident.

EDIT: I should tell you that our ghosts were those of children. This we knew because after researching the history of the house we found out that two orphan children were taken in by a previous owner who physically abused them and eventually killed them and then buried them on the property.

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A few years ago I was doing some psychology research with children. I interviewed a bunch of kids, but one particular 4-year-old girl was particularly memorable. The interview questions were about morality.

Me: Should people always obey the law?

Child: Yes. You should always obey the law because the police will come and they will get you and god will punish you in hell. And one time there was a boy and he was drowning and I grabbed him and I pulled him out of the water and then he was evil and I pushed him! Can we play candyland now?







[pfluty](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

My nine year old, in a fit of anger (Kind of the norm for him, unfortunately) told me "I'm awake when you're asleep. And I know where the knives are"

Anyways, I've been a pretty light sleeper lately.



[X803288050](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Not my kid but a 6 y.o. cousin. Was playing with a few of them when all of a sudden she wanted me to 'tie her up and call her a naughty girl.' I have 2 guesses, either it had something to do with the cowboys and indians show they were watching earlier, or my aunt is into some kinky shit

I really hope it's the first one....





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• [13y ago](#)

When I was 5 I had imaginary friends. I don't remember it, but my mom said she never knew how many i had or there names becuae when she ask anything about them I would just say " Your not suppose to know." If she would try to easedrop on us, I would tell her I knew she was there becuae they told me she was. Once when I was sitting in my room talking to them my mom had just left the kitchen to bring me something to eat, I yelled that we didn't want that as a snack. She never even told me she was bringing me something.





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• [13y ago](#)

"Mommy, there is a baby coming to live with us; did you know that?"

She was 2, and I found out a week later that I was pregnant. BIG surprise.



[carriekeepsitreal](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

My oldest son was about 7 when we watching some kids on skateboards. He asked me, "Do you remember when I used to ride skateboards on the big hills by the ocean (California) and I died, I skated so high I flew by an airplane". I'm pretty sure that was when he died and the airplane he passed was his soul passing the 747. He used to always talk about California and would describe it in great detail even though we had never been there.

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[NicholaiBlack](#)
• 13y ago

This thread would be so much more enjoyable if people used proper punctuation. It's not as creepy when you have to read a story four times.

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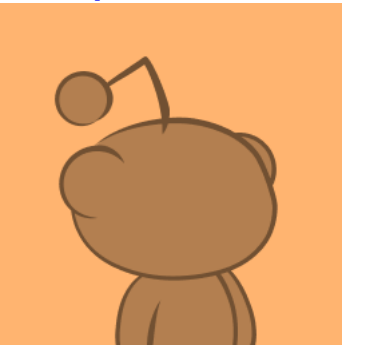
[sterlingrose](#)
• 13y ago

Maybe they're too scared to worry about commas, what with the ghosts and aliens and shit.

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[GameLoser93](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was babysitting my cousin once when he decided he wanted to cut my hair. When I told him no and to put the scissors back he dropped his head and mumbled "the scissors at Nana's are sharper anyways". O.O

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• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I had real problems going on at home and I was bullied a lot as a kid besides. Every school, every grade. It just never stopped. Considering the abuse my schoolmates and my parents inflicted upon me I was damned near saintly in taking what I did sans retribution but I used to end up spending a lot of mandatory session time in a counselor's office trying to cope. One guy in particular the abuse was very sexual in nature, and though a teacher even stood up for me on that one he was never disciplined for it because he was a star player on a couple of sports teams and they cared more about that then they did about him inappropriately touching me and he and his friends all harassing me all the time.

High school in particular it was just hell. I couldn't even contemplate going to a dance for fear that they would pull a Carrie on me, it was that bad and to this day I see someone from school, I turn and walk away. I've been through tons of therapy but just seeing some of them, utter rage just fills me and I can't help it. I'm afraid of what I might do or say so I just have to leave instead. I don't think most of the adults in my life back then quite got how violent and filled with rage I was. I consciously embraced a sort of ironic pacifism because I was honestly afraid that if I ever did let myself go I'd seriously hurt someone.

the time I was sitting with a friend and talking and one of the gang said something, made a very sexual joke that was he thought was wildly funny at my expense and ran off back to his friends. My friend got all pissy about it and said "Oh you think you're so funny, don't you, you asshole!" and to her evident surprise I just smiled. She of course asked why I was smiling and I said "He wouldn't be so amused if he knew what I was thinking of doing to him." She then asked "What?" and I shrugged and mumbled something about cutting off his dick, making him eat it, then gutting him like a fish."

I didn't know it but there was a teacher behind us eating. She stood up nearly choking on her lunch, grabbed me and hauled me out of my chair and down to the counselor's office. It was hilarious. She told her what I'd said and the counselor who had heard similar from me many times said "Oh yeah, she does that. She's a serial killer in her head this one, but only in her head fortunately for the crowd of sadistic little morons she has to deal with every day in this school."

The teacher, she just blinked and looked at me and then at her like we were both nuts, way too scary for her to deal with and left. The counselor she looks at me and I look at her and we both just burst out laughing. She was a really cool woman that one and she knew me pretty well compared to most people. After we stopped laughing she said "You know you really can't air thoughts like that in public. You keep this up and one of these days someone is going to believe you and you will end up locked up in a mental ward."

I didn't even blink. I just replied "Are you so sure I'm kidding? That I don't belong in one?" She smiled and said " Kid, considering the crap you deal with and the pressure you are under every single day I think you are the sanest, most level headed young person I've ever met, but God help those kids if you ever do lose it because I think you could kill people and actually get away with it."

In retrospect I think maybe she was right. They were lucky and I was very lucky actually that I did hold it together and did not go after them. I could have easily become one of those psycho kids like at Columbine who just did not cope with bullying well and who finally retaliated in a very violent way. I had access to guns growing up. Lucky for me my Dad and my bros were all very responsible gun owners and I didn't have a psycho gene if there is even such a thing, or I might have really hurt someone.

Even now as an adult I have to do mental exercises sometimes to keep anger under control. As a kid I was a lot less controlled and I had an unusually vivid and violent imagination besides. Had I gone there? It would have likely led to a major tragedy. But back then, I never thought of doing that for real like troubled kids do today.

I never even thought of really hurting someone. It was strictly an imaginary game, a way to blow off steam and keep myself sane when someone was bugging me. Same reason I wrote gory horror tales and often offed my real classmates as the victims. If I could imagine doing something bad to them it helped and that was enough. I didn't really have to go there to feel okay...

But yeah, I was a very scary kid at times. That Will Graham character in the Red Dragon book by Thomas Harris? On Hannibal the series? That is me. I'm not quite as ticky as they are portraying him on TV, but I get that character just fine. Only the fact that I do not see the logic in indulging in senseless violence and possess an actual conscience probably kept me from going there. Somehow despite it all I missed actually becoming Hannibal Lector. Considering what my childhood was like I'm actually pretty amazed that didn't happen.

Wherefore but for the grace of the universe go I....

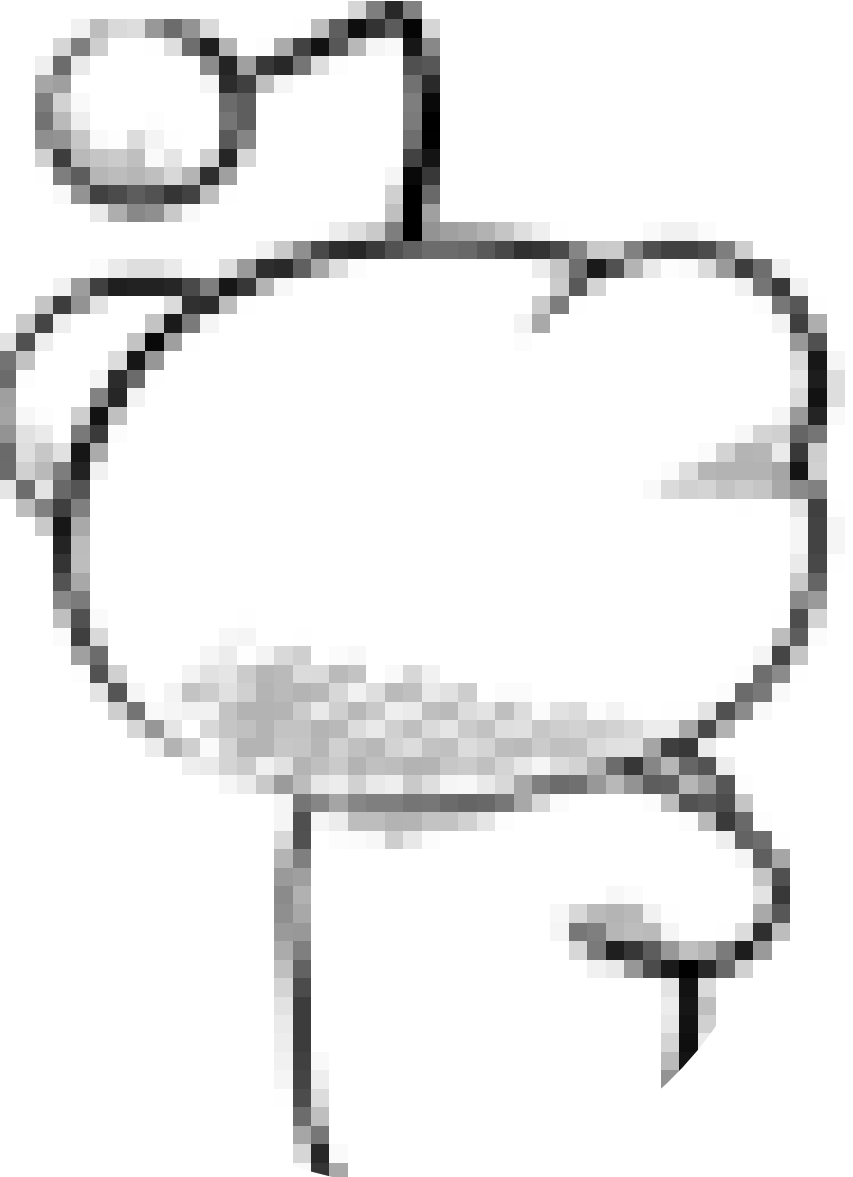
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• [13y ago](#)

Me (called my mother 1 minute ago): hey, mom did I ever say weird shit when I was a kid that creeped you out? (Gave her reddit examples and why I asked)

Mom: no, but you say weird shit now, specifically, right now.

Me: disappointed oh, damn

Mom: maybe you're making up for lost time.





[Supertack](#)
• 13y ago

Always used to say shit like 'when I was a grown up' as many kids do. My parents would just laugh it off. However, when me and my family went on holiday I described a playground I used to go to when 'I was a grown up' right down to climbing area that looked like an old plane. Again, they laughed. They freaked the fuck out when they saw the playground just over the hill we were walking up. Mom's convinced I had a past life. She's always kinda be receptive to things like that once. She just began crying when walking down the coast on holiday with my dad one night. Said she just had a horrible feeling. Next morning they return and in the daylight they can see a plaque in memory of a ship that hit the rocks in a storm on that part of the coast. 0_0

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[ukechii](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent but when I was about 5 I seriously freaked out my mom and my grandma: I was in my grandma's finished basement (carpeted, well lit, not creepy) playing by myself when I felt the need to look up. I remember clearly seeing someone on the opposite side of the basement walk from the locked room on the right, pause to look at me, then continue to walk through the huge pile junk on the left. As soon as it was out of sight I ran upstairs to my mom and grandma screaming at them that there's a man in the basement. They went to investigate and found nothing but locked the basement door just in case. I, to this day, will never be caught dead going in that basement alone.

Then around a year ago my mom and I were talking, probably about the paranormal or something, and she said "Don't you remember when you saw Grandpa in the basement?". My Grandpa had died when I was 3.



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[Jorgwalther](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my sister was 7 she had a dream that we all actually lived inside a big computer and there was a man and a woman in black trench coats that were trying to save everyone.

The Matrix was released the year after.

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[crackersandsnacks](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My five year old said "I love our cat, she is so cozy. I want to skin her and make a soft blanket." He is not an aggressive kid and the cat and him are best friends so this comment made me a little uncomfortable.

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• [13y ago](#)

While I've never experienced anything like this (and wouldn't say that I'm in either camp with regards to beliefs), I am quite creeped out by the similarities in stories that many of these 2-6 year olds seem to be having with seeing spirits/the undead.

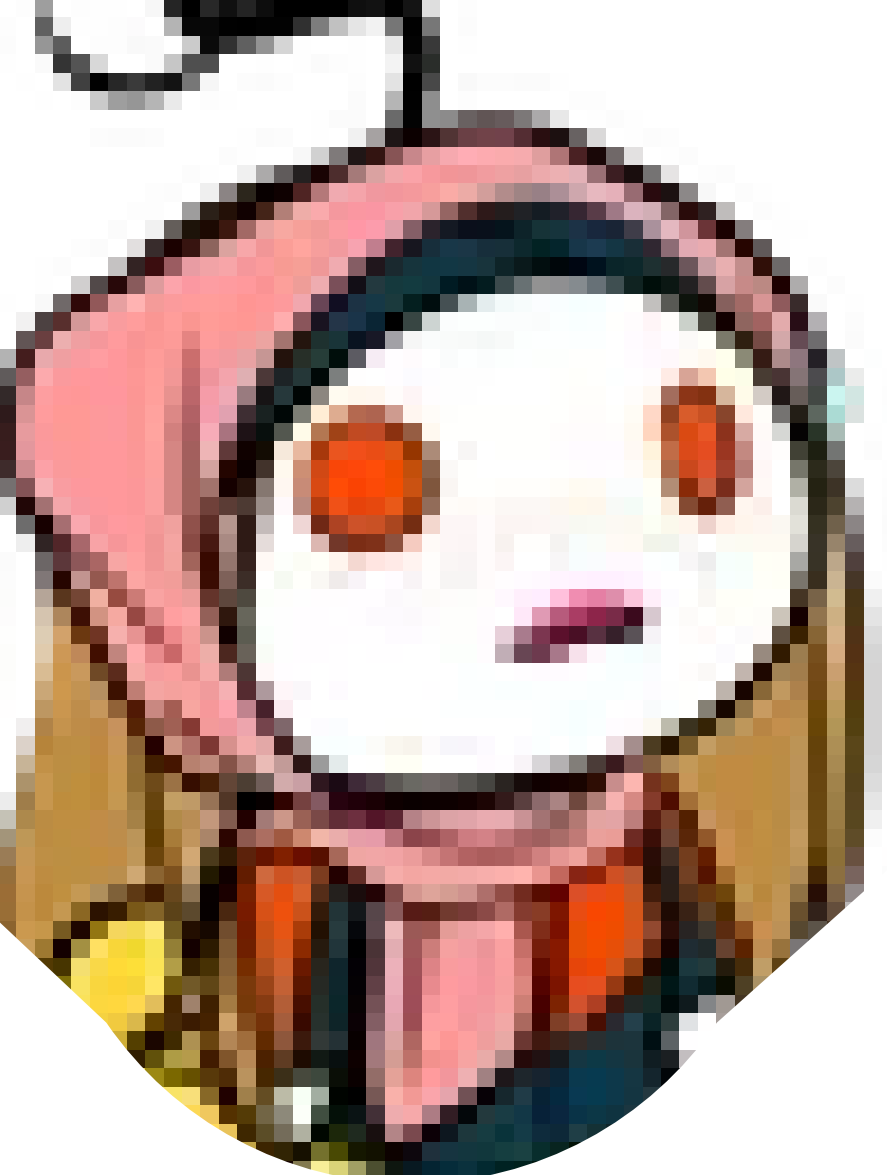
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[groggyjava](#)
• [13y ago](#)

when changing his diaper, my son would look over my shoulder and start freaking out in fear at whatever it was he saw. surely it's just baby stuff, but it kinda freaked me out how regularly it happened.

but the really creepy thing was one time when he like 2-3 and still not talking very clearly in complete sentences, he was very sick with normal stuff, puking/diarrhea, and hadn't kept anything down for so long he was becoming lethargic. he looks at my wife and me and says very clearly, slightly mournfully, but matter-of-factly, "i'm dying"

chilled me to the bone. never felt such fear/heartbreak, still chokes me up to remember it.

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[strikeuhpose](#)
• 13y ago

When my niece was about 3 years old, we were out on our boat on vacation. She sat with me on the front of the boat and when we started going fast she grabbed my lips and twisted them shut, then plugged my nose, looked off into the distance and said (in the creepiest monotone voice ever) "Talk, Aunt. Talk. Auntie, talk. TALK." Then let go and gave me a death stare the rest of the ride...

She also went through a phase where she only acted like a cat. She'd crawl on all fours, meow to answer you, "scratch" you, lick beverages up like a cat, perch on couches and stare at you and growl. Yeah, she was a really weird kid. But now she's 13 and totally normal :)

 Reply

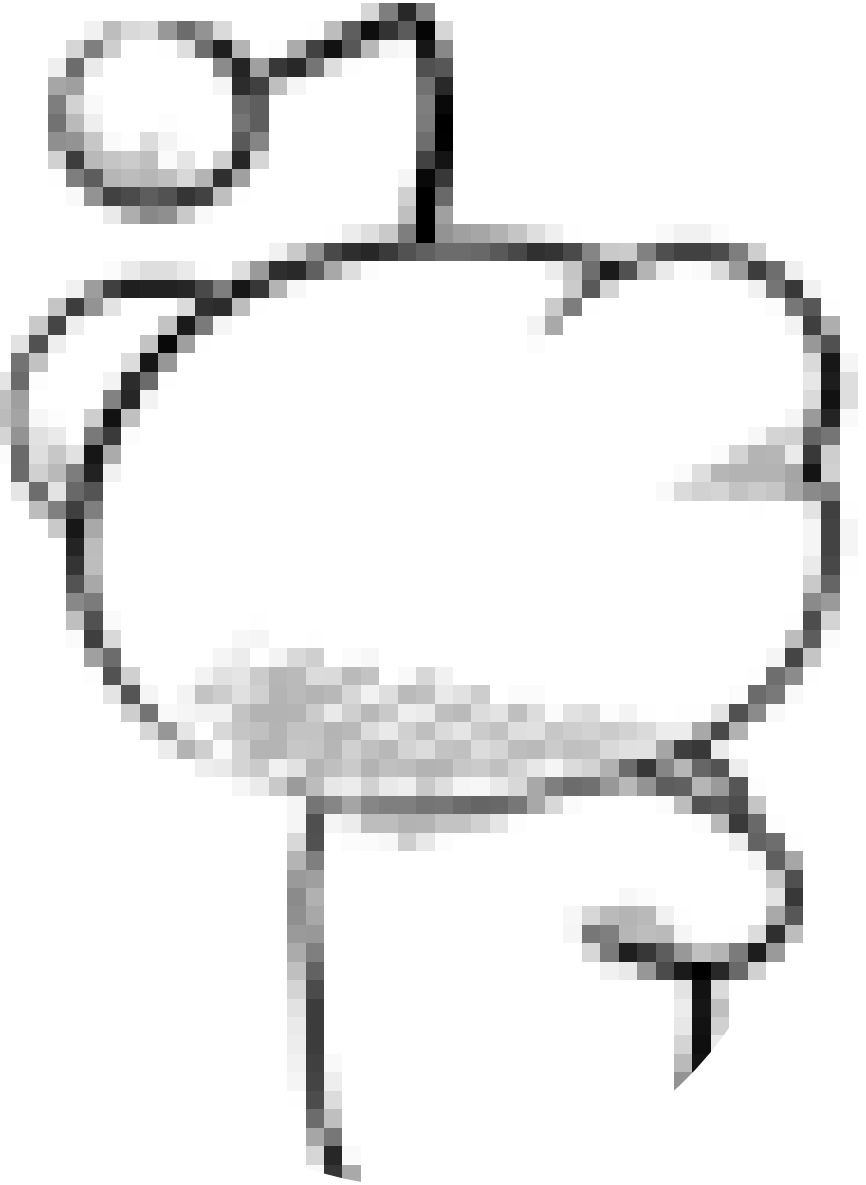
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• [13y ago](#)

Fuck I forgot about this.

When I was a kid, I was on vacation with my family and I woke up in the middle of the night hearing a horrible howling scream. My parents asked me what had freaked me out and I said "Someone just died". They said it was a nightmare and sent me back to bed.

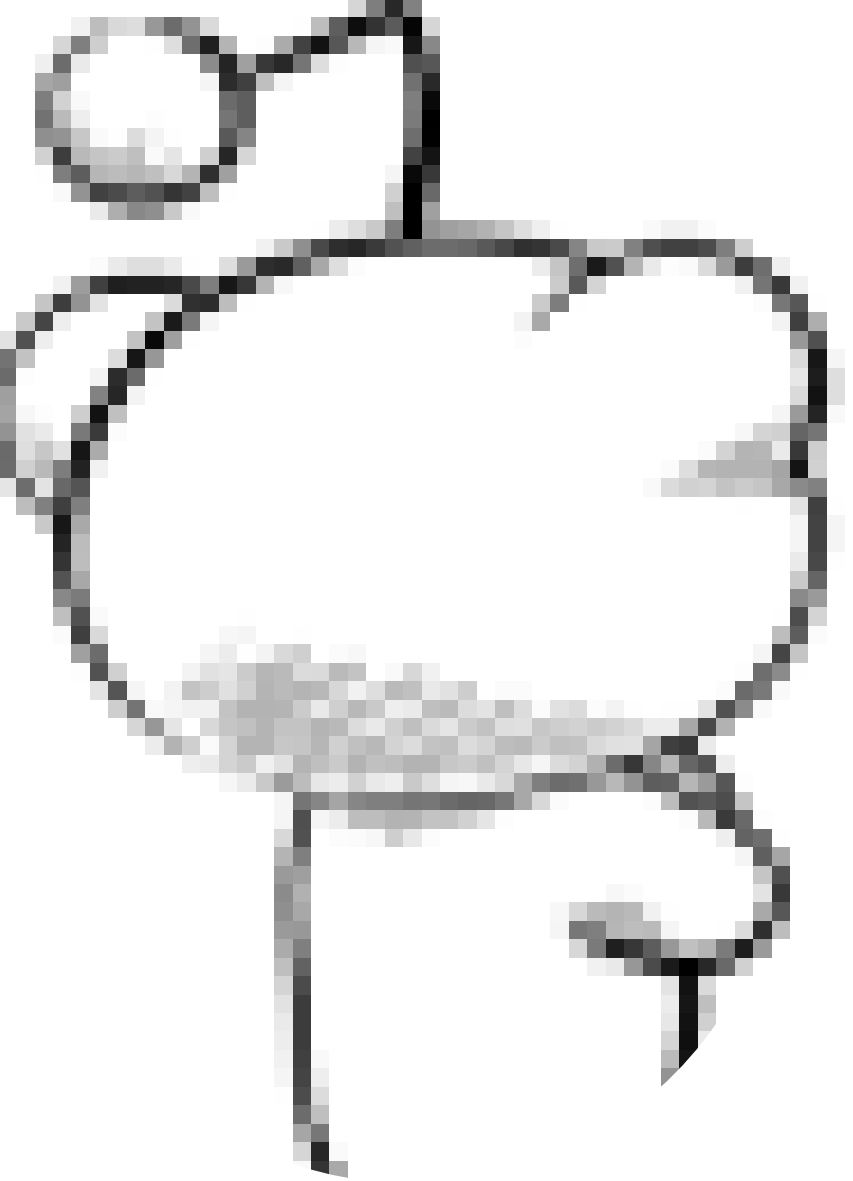
The next morning they phoned home to see how everyone was doing and my grandma told them that her mother, my great-grandma, had died in the night.

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)



[⊕ More replies](#)



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• [13y ago](#)

Not my child but I've been around long enough to be considered an uncle. My friend's 3 year old is fascinated by her genitalia and recently asked her father to "Tickle her pee pee" while naked. So fucking awkward.



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• [13y ago](#)

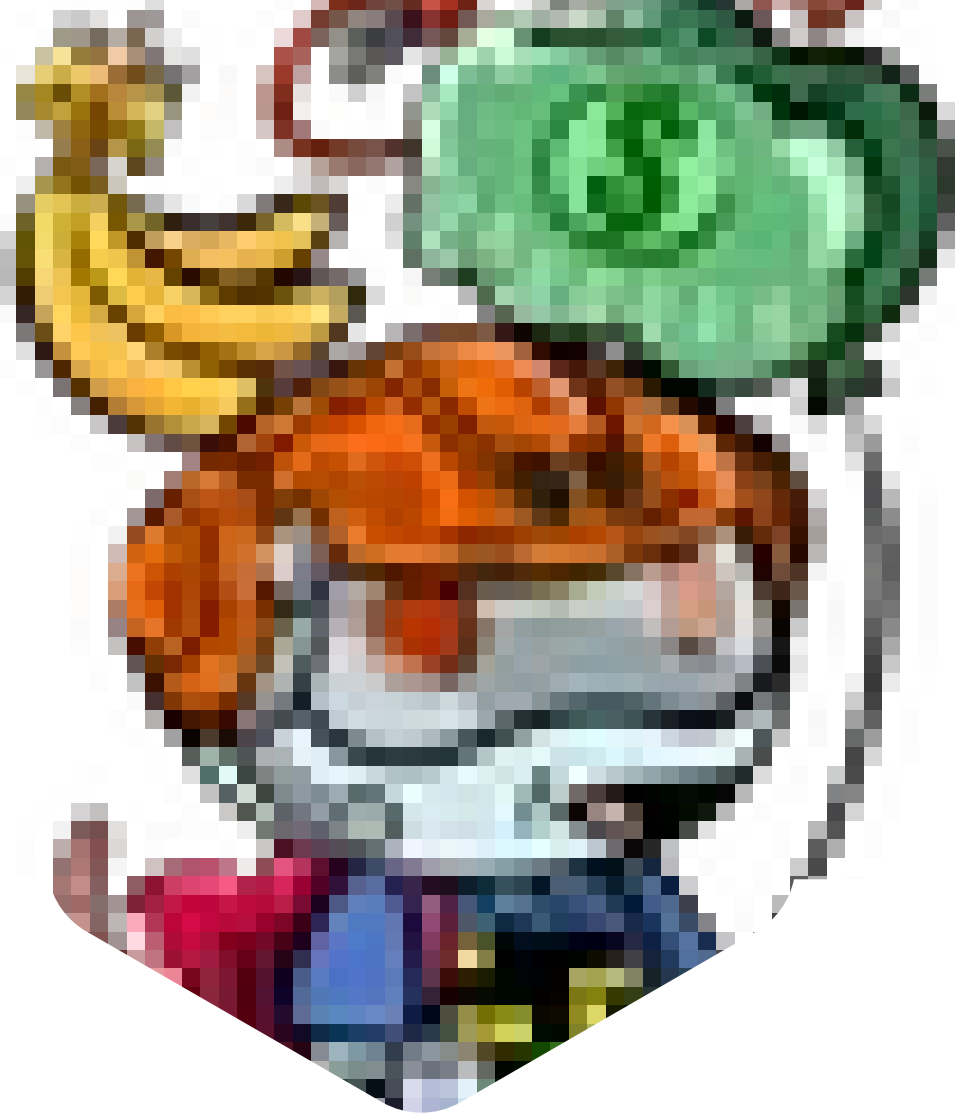
I remember being 3 years old and telling my mom I couldn't wait to die. I still remember her horrified response "why?!?".. to which I replied "'cause then I'll know *everything!*"

That must've creeped her out pretty hard.









[little_oaf](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

When I was about 5, I freaked out my mother and grandmother by running at them screaming. From what I was told, I ran from a room where I was playing with toys because I was scared by a loud neighing black horse with red eyes and a shadow rider that resembled a mexican "Charro". My description had them on edge because I wasn't the first person to have seen a shadowy cowboy figure in that house.

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[electricpuppy](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"My eyes smell of death" said by my gorgeous 8 year old daughter. Wtf?

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[WigglesTheHoly](#)
• 13y ago

My 18 month old daughter came into my office without me knowing it as I was working on the pc in the dark and said very slowly and menacingly "I Can See You!" Scared the shit out of me.

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[olivsidian](#)
• 13y ago

My little sister used to sleep with her eyes open. Creepiest shit.

 Reply  Share





[alli420](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my kid, but my little cousin. My brother (his father) asked him what his favorite smell is, and he replies "Gasoline and when stuff burns." A sweet kid, but man he gives a hell of a death stare. :(

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[AdmiralDave](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I took my daughter to the grocery store once, she asked what the place was as we headed inside. I said, "The grocery store." and she goes, "Oh yeah. That's where we keep the bodies."

 Reply 



[am0202](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was about 9 when I started learning about cells and organisms in school. I proudly told my siblings and my brother in law once, "Did you know that we are all orgasms?" My brother in law replied, "Yes. You are one big orgasm." Now I get it.

 Reply 





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• [13y ago](#)

My daughter told me that a "ghost" lady comes in her room at night. "Mommy, she has blonde hair and wears a pants suit. I need you to bring a chair for her, ok?" So before bed, I would bring in one of the kitchen chairs and place it near her bed. She would say "Now, she will be more comfortable." She is 4 years old.

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• [13y ago](#)

"Daddy, here is a picture of me so that you won't forget me when I'm dead"

I wasn't that freaked out because I had started to realise that at the age of around four kids start to get to grips with the concept of death and it inevitably leads to some odd, possibly creepy questions and statements.





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• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply





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• [13y ago](#)

"I like to eat babies."

- My 4-year-old boy

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)



[⊕ More replies](#)



[brhjts](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 3 yr old son dropped the bomb on me that his fathers mother farts in the tub and lets him play with her boobies -_-

It was addressed immediately..

[⊕ 4 more replies](#)

[⊕ 4 more replies](#)



[⊕ More replies](#)



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• [13y ago](#)

That she was going to burn the house down while I was sleeping. She's 14.

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)



[⊕ More replies](#)



[mustard_green](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"God told me to murder my baby brother so I have to do it"

The girl was a 7 year old I was tutoring in a not so good part of LA. Her brother? An unborn child; her mom was about 8 months pregnant. Oi.





[wolverine161](#)
• 13y ago

I gave my 2.5 yrs old a time out and she told me, " You must go outside so the monsters can bite you".

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[DarkStar5758](#)
• 13y ago

Not a child but a story my mother told me from her childhood.

Her grandmother used to live with her family and one night (she said about 4am) she woke up and her grandmother was sitting at the end of her bed. The next morning she found out her grandmother died early the previous night.

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[cappychu](#)
• 13y ago

Just recently my 5 year old daughter and I were on our way home. She asked, "Mom, is God a ghost?" I did my best to explain, and she seemed content with my answer. A few minutes later, she told me, "Mommy, can anyone kill God?" Uhhhh what? No. Getting creepy there, kiddo. Then comes the fun stuff. She got VERY excited and started explaining, "There is a big see saw that has spikes on it, and it goes CHOMP and keels God!! It's the only thing that can keel him." While doing this she scrunches up her face and claps her hands together. I was pretty amused at this point, so I just said, "That's very interesting! Where did you hear about the see saw?" Her response, "I just know these things, Mom."

Creepy cuteness.

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[gohelp](#)
• 13y ago

When I was 3 years old I was forced out of church, because I screamed whenever the pastor said hallelujah. Kinda weird I think.

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[vicee](#)
• 13y ago

My nephew, who I think was about 6 at the time, walked up to me once and whispered in my ear "It wasn't an accident..."

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[5hreder69](#)
• 13y ago

my little lad stan has done a few creepy things..

one of the first things was when he was around 18 months it so.. he used to wake up in the night and babble nonsense to himself (or so I thought) until one night I found him sitting in his cot chatting to something (or someone) who was at the opposite corner to him - he'd point at whatever and chunner away quite happily.

I actually spoke to a stranger a few years later who reckoned she knew things about me, my family and my house.. being a total sceptic I let her go on.

she told me all about my house and about things that had happened there - things going missing for ages and then turning up in places that you'd look at and see everyday..?

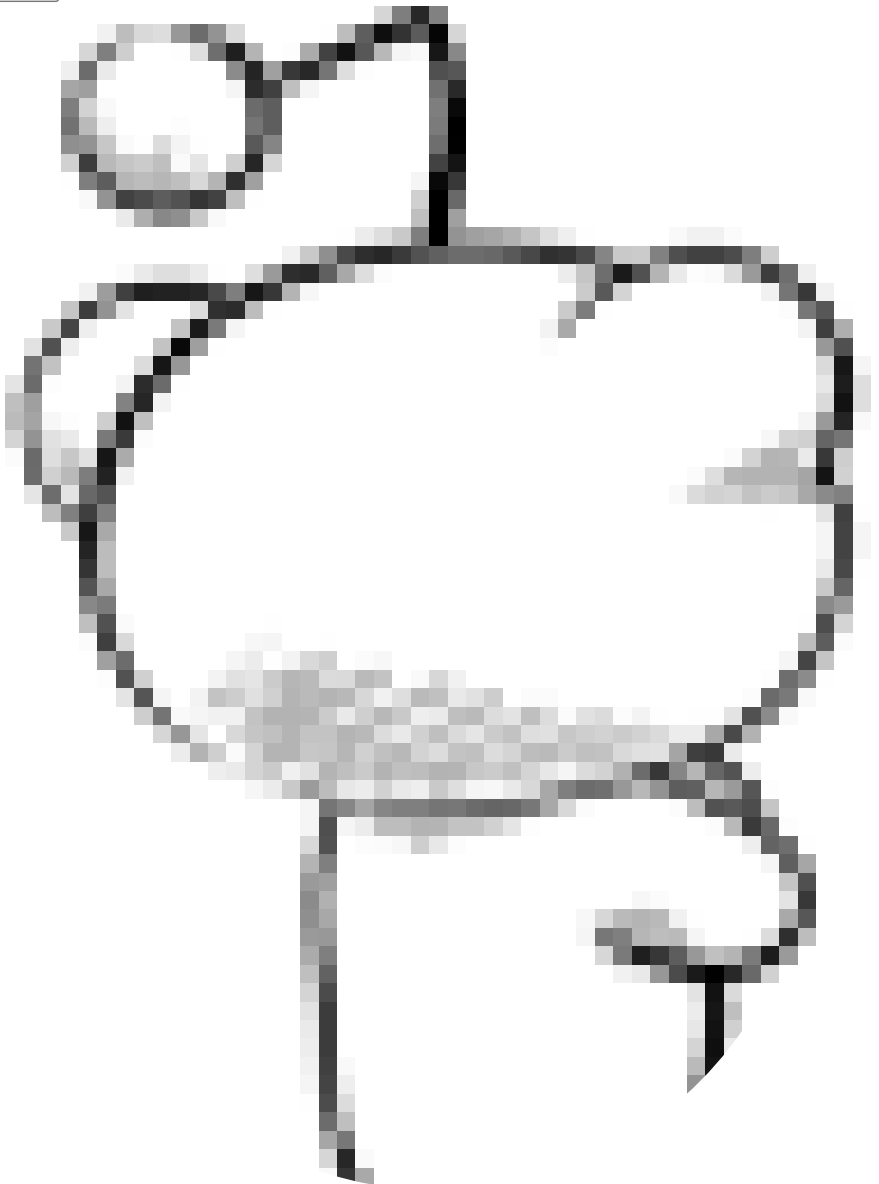


then she started telling me about two sisters who used to live in the house I owned.. that they liked me and my family and often chatted to my little boy who liked them very much also (the stranger knew nothing about me having a son or anything).

then a year or two ago.. I reckon he must've been about three or four me, my girlfriend and stan were sitting on evening watching telly when stan started staring out if the window into the garden.. when I asked him what was up, he asked us.. "who's that little boy in the garden?"

we had a good look but couldn't see anyone. our telly room is all windows on three sides do we have a really great view into the garden - total visibility, and like I say saw absolutely no one!!!

stan was adamant that there was a little boy there though.. I dunno.. strange as fuck!



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• [13y ago](#)

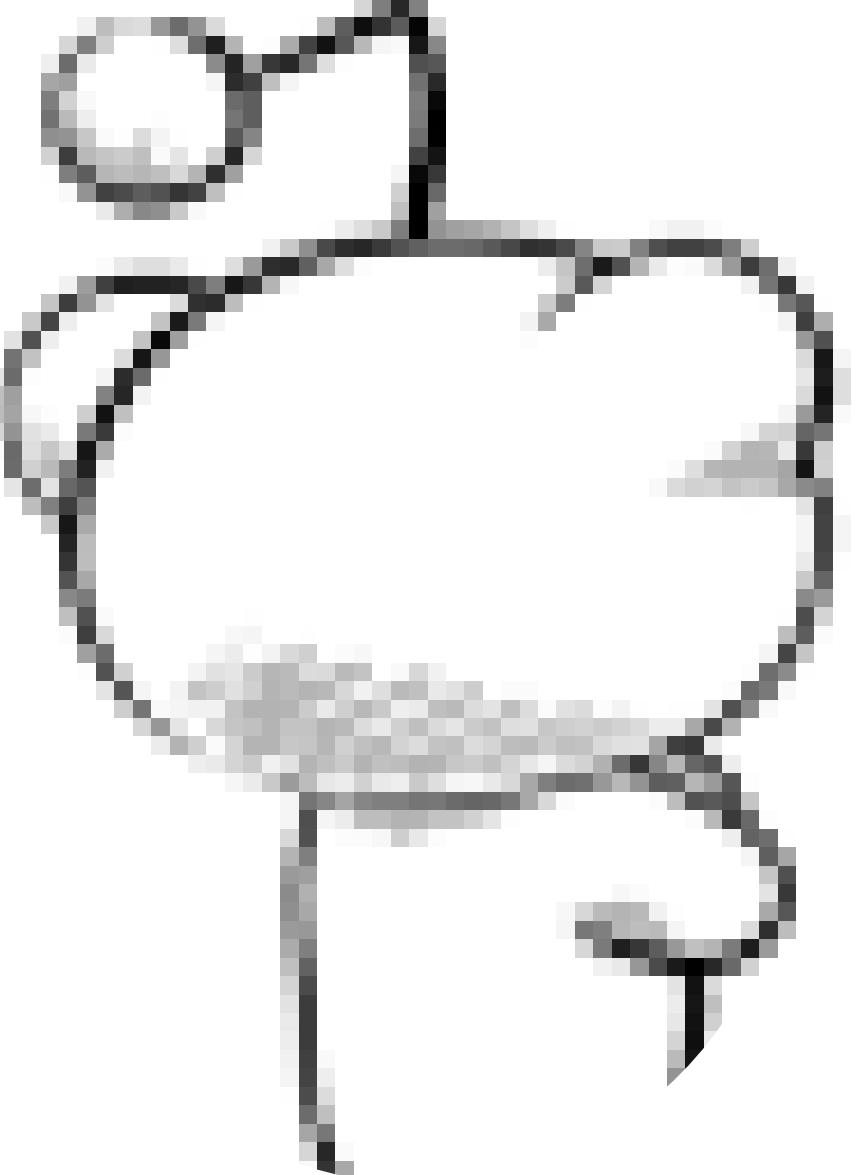
Different type of creepy than most so far...

"Daddy, I hope one day my penis gets big like yours."

Context - potty training my three year old.



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• [13y ago](#)

Reading through a lot of these replies makes me think that maybe young children are able to somehow "see" or experience things from [parallel universes](#). Perhaps the way their minds are wired up enables them to somehow see past apparent wavefunction collapse. This could be a more scientific way of explaining 'past lives'?

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[thain1982](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My wife told me that, when she was little, her cousin had a Barbie vanity or some similar Barbie-branded lighted mirror type thing. When they were playing alone, they would sometimes lay the mirror over like a runway and stage Barbie stripteases.

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[⊕ More replies](#)



[biscuitdoughhands](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not mine, but a friends son was crying and the father bent down to wipe his tears away and the little boy sniffed and said "dad, I think (sniff) I'm gonna cut you head off with a chainsaw".

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[DO U EVN SPAGHETTI](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Three year old son always had an imaginary friend, who was with him 24/7. When we were looking through old pictures, he pointed out my grandmother and said "it's my buddy"! He has never seen her before, maybe he can see the dead.

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[NooooopeNopeNopeNope](#)

• [13y ago](#)

ITT: 3 and 4 year olds are evil witch demons

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[Bemy_Gunshot](#)
• [13y ago](#)

ITT: Ghosts and shit.

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[Only_Play_Singed](#)
• [13y ago](#)

How many people on Xbox Live have had sex with my Wife..





[Pompom346](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This one time (I was about nine years old) my little brother woke me up and told me that someone was was watching us, when I asked him who and what he looked like, he said that it was a little boy about his age watching us, he then stated that he died there. Afterwards he went to his room to sleep, and that was that.



[kittiesandsloths](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My little cousin likes to sing to herself. Once she sang "I hear secrets, from desire to desire." When my aunt asked her where she heard the song she said she learned it from her imaginary friend. CREEPY.



[TheHow7zer](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"Are you my mummy?"

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ 1 more reply](#) [⚙](#)

[⊕ More replies](#)



[Crazygluegun](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Asked a my 3 year old daughter what her favorite color was? She replied.. "Blood"





[Blondie2112](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This thread is 2SPOOKY4ME.



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

I live with my sister and a bunch of cats. One year we were decorating for our haunted house on Halloween night and were running out of ideas so we asked my 6 year old sister. She turned to me and looked me dead in the eye, smiled, and said "Cut off the cats head, skin the body, and hang the fur from the ceiling fan then make it spin." After that she went back to colouring her pumpkins...





[Willbennett47](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My parents said that ive always known how to read--always.and its not like they were hell bent on teaching me either. My kindergarden teacher caught me reading and understanding Moby Dick.



[MaryJane Butterseed](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Hey mom, I found this amazing site online. It is called Reddit, you should check it out...





[ehtran](#)
• 13y ago

I once bought my 5yr niece a beta fish that was redish purple and asked her what she wanted to name it, she said "Lucifer"

She calls it Lucy for short.

⊕ 2 more replies
⊕ 2 more replies ✨
[More replies](#)



[RadRandy](#)
• 13y ago

My GF just said that when she was 10 she would tell her step mom if she was mean to her she had "people that could deal with her"

she didnt....but still lol

correction: friends were not ghosts but instead black people





[themetz](#)
• 13y ago

My brother was getting his 3 year old son ready for bed and his son, very cheerily says, "Time to play with Grandad!" My Dad had died 6 months earlier...

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[mmthrowaway](#)
• 13y ago

Reading through this is like reading through a bunch of short [r/nosleep](#) stories. I have to listen to that dick song from earlier today to keep from getting paranoid.

 Reply  Share





[yellingletters](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my mom was putting my little sister to bed, when she was about two, my sister looked at her and said "I don't want to die again."
Freaked my mom out.

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[Lulaay](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My three year old cousin told my uncle "Remember when we were bugs and we lived under that bench" one day while taking a walk in the park.

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[fisher2four](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"Chickens are stupid. That's why we have knives!"

Context: Child learning how to use silverware and getting frustrated

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[maggie56](#)
• 13y ago

When my youngest daughter was about 3 or 4, she was sitting in her car seat and my husband was driving the car and I was the passenger. Out of the blue she said "When I was little I died in a fire." Well we were both shaken and I said to her "Really, tell me about it" She proceeded to say, "Oh yes, that was when I was living with my other family...." and then she looked out the window like nothing had happened. I asked her again about it but she just refused to talk anymore about it. We did then recall that she appeared to be frightened of her birthday cake (candles lit) and is now 25 and loves to light candles and have them around the place.



[Dolores Lays](#)
• 13y ago

When my mother was pregnant with me, my brother, then 6, said to her unequivocally that if she gave him a baby brother, he would take it and stuff it into the garbage. She had no idea of the sex of the baby she was carrying. Needless to say she was relieved I turned out to be a girl.

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)
[⊕ 1 more reply](#) 

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[butterflyVShurricane](#)
• 13y ago

My friends little sister was about 5 at the time, patting a kitten. "Niiice kitty. I just wanna paaat you, and stroooooke you, and huuuug you, and squiiiiish you, and CRUUUUUSH YOU, AND KIIIIIIILL YOU."

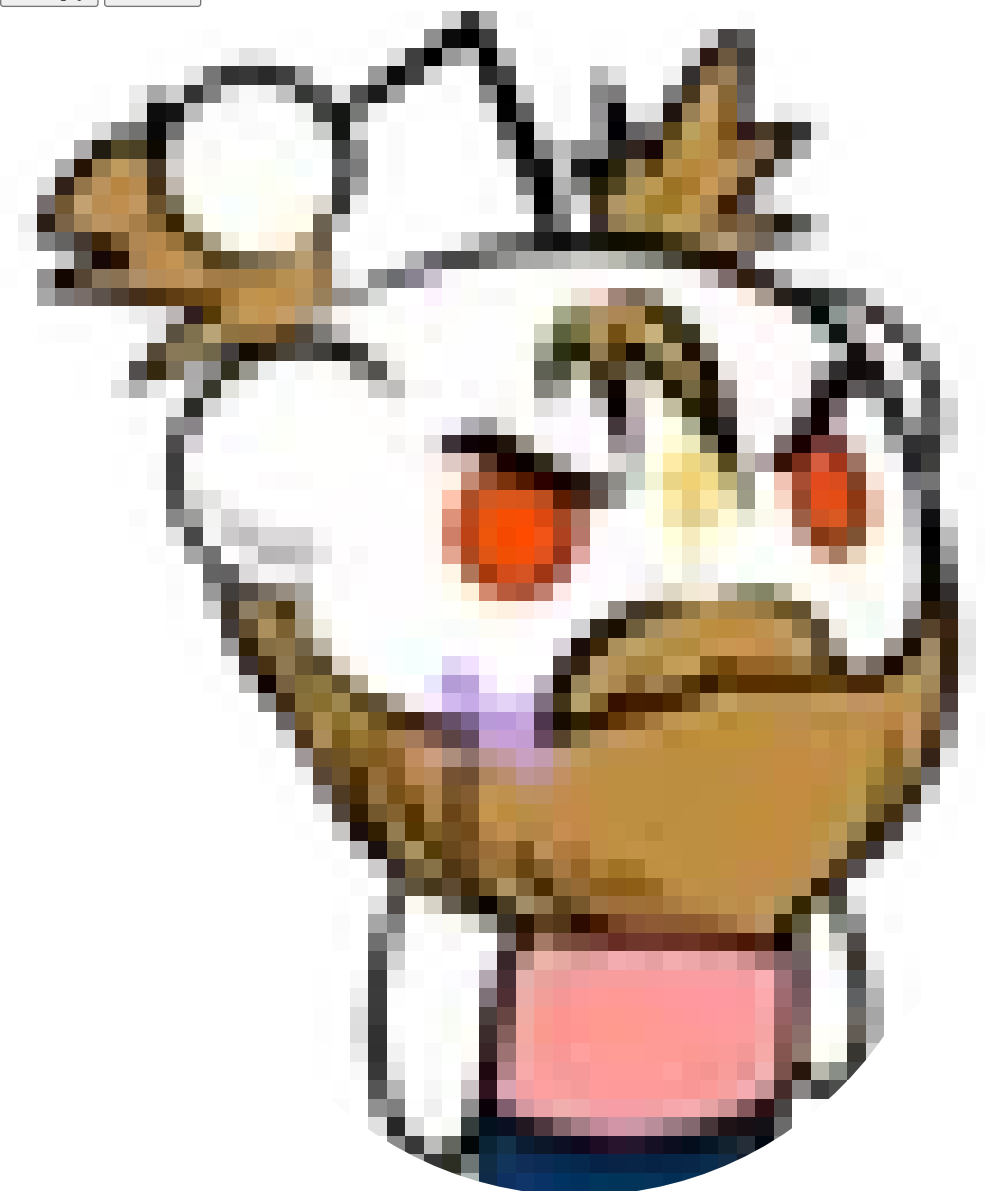


[sammy676](#)
• 13y ago



caught my 3 years old coming at baby with a kitchen knife. I freaked and grabbed he knife and asked what she was doing and she replied "I just want to see blood"

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[HeyEvilboy](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Our six-year-old son constantly tells us he wants to eat our eyeballs.

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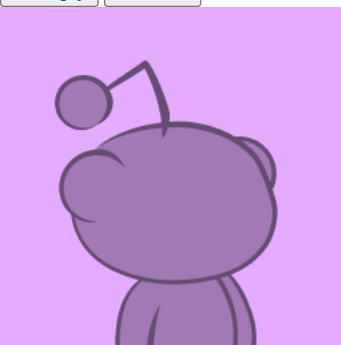
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• [13y ago](#)

A four year old I was nannying for said, completely seriously, "I love you. I don't want you to leave. I'm going to eat you. Then you can never leave me...until I poop you out "

I told her that was kind of creepy. She laughed hysterically and hugged me really tightly.

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[whyamidoingthis55](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was a kid I had an imaginary friend I called Harold. I had him up until I was five. Fast forward to age ten, I walk into my parent's room, lean over their bed until one of them wakes up, then whisper "Harold's in the closet Daddy, Harold's got the gun." I then turn, leave the room, and go back to sleep. I apparently repeated this every night for a week, but where Harold was kept changing, until I said "Harold's right behind you daddy, goodbye."

I had no memory of doing this until my dad mentioned it a few days ago. I guess I had been sleepwalking, but needless to say my dad didn't sleep for a while after that.

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[julieamorgan1](#)
• 13y ago

When my twins were 3, they asked me where their old mother was now. I told them, Im your only mother. They then came very close to my head with theirs and whispered "No....Our old mother who was in the grass with blood all over her". Freaked me out big time

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[LadyLorennna](#)
• 13y ago

One day my 2 year old niece and i were riding around in the car looking for apartments and as we're goin around the loop of some new apartment im thinking "looks pretty nice, people seem to be nice, they allow pets..." all of a sudden my niece shouts "there's gonna be fires!!" im a little creeped out but i ask her what she means hoping her mom had told her that they were gonna see a bonfire later or something but nope she just repeated herself. so i left. a week later one of the apartment was burned to the ground by an arsonist! i now take all advice my niece gives me

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[Ciderbat](#)
• [13y ago](#)

tl;dr 2 year old niece is an arsonist who gives fair warning

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[MikeTRose](#)
• [13y ago](#)

4-year-old approaches her aunt, while holding a toy plastic screwdriver. "Would you please stand up so I can kill you?"

tied with

6-year-old, in the midst of a big Project Runway watching kick with her mother, getting ready for school in the morning. I hand her a red dress. She holds it between index finger and thumb, disdainfully, and says "Daddy, what the hell is this?"

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[deleted]
• 13y ago

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[lovetusk](#)
• [13y ago](#)

At doctors office for my mother and myself, We were talking and my 3 year old got upset and was telling up to stop talking. My doctor smiled at him and joked about girls being so talkative and loud, and asked how he thought he could get us girls to be quiet and my kid said "With a knife."

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[Barahir 1401](#)
• [13y ago](#)

We were visiting my grandmums grave one day so my son (4) could see where she's been buried, and accompanying us was my grand aunt. Her late husband was the brother of my grandmum, and had been buried for about five years already,a few steps away in a different grave.

My son (after thoroughly checking on the graves) turns to my grand aunt: "Is your husband now only bones? Like in the pirate movies? Can I dig him up and see if he's a mummy? I really want to have a skull on my shelf, you know!"

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[finefin](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my little sister was about to be born - and nobody knew if it will be a girl or a boy - my parents asked my big sister if she'd rather like to have another brother or a sister.

sis: "A sister!" parents: "And what if it's a boy?" sis: "I'm going to kill him!"

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[shadowwwweb](#)
• 13y ago

When i was young the sister of my Grandpa lived with us (we had a really big Home). In her Room there was a Really old picture of her Father or grandfather on a Bike. I think it was one with one big Wheel and one small. Everytime when my little brother did something bad he said it was the man on the Picture who told him to. And he said lots of other stuff the man told him too.



[DontBeSuchAnAnnHog](#)
• 13y ago

I've got a newborn, and all these stories seriously scare the shit out of me. I sincerely hope my little boy doesn't start telling me shit like this when he's growing up.



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[bkliz](#)
• 13y ago

Ug, I can't believe I'm so late to this thread, but when my youngest sister was 4 or 5 (around that age), she had imaginary friends. She would say things like, "I went to my brick house today, but the bloody monster was there."

One time we were driving somewhere and, out of nowhere, she says, "This is the way to my brick house..."

"I played with my dolphins at my brick house today, and we saw the bloody monster again."

Ughhhhhhhhhhh I thought she was the antichrist. I really did.

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[UniqueLittleFreak](#)
• 13y ago

When I was about five, my bigger sister who was eight at the time, and my mother were talking about muder. I patiently waited for them to finish and very seriously asked, "Murder? Is then when you shove an oar up someone's butt?"

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[stefatr0n](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I walk in to the lounge to find 4yo daughter enthusiastically squeezing the cat. Poor cat's eyes are like saucers and it looks like it's about to pop

Me: What are you doing to the cat? Her: I'm just giving her a hug. A big hug. Because I love her. Me: Just give her nice hugs remember? If you squeeze her too much you could hurt her Her: If you squeeze animals too tight do they die? Me: Yes. Her: That's ok. I will still love her if she dies. *hugs cat again*



[thatowlchick](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I got a birthday card from my five year old cousin, on it it said goodbye Kaitlyn, we will miss you! I asked if it was because I was going to college, he said.

"No it's because... Well you'll be dead soon anyways, it doesn't really matter"

He then hugged me and ran off.

I ended the party early...





[Fishea1](#)
• 13y ago

I was nannying a little boy around the age of 6 or 7 for the first time. I usually like to get to know the kids and the home (for safety reasons) by letting the kids give me a tour. He showed me his mom's bedroom; this is where I first noticed a shrine with waxed down candles all around in the corner of the room. Assuming it was a Hindu, or Buddhist tribute, we moved on. As we continued on I noticed that there was nothing in this huge house. (Seriously the house was empty). There was only a single couch in the living room. This made the whole house loud, echoing and eerily cold. Something even more interesting was that there were crayon drawings all over the walls. Both he and his mom had clearly done their fair share of graffiti throughout the whole house. This is when I noticed a giant red Pentagram drawn far too high above the stairs for this young boy to have reached. I am a total believer that you have the power to invite spirits/demons whatever you call them, into your home. I was in a giant cold freaky house with a giant pentagram on the wall. I was more than a little on edge. Later that night during bath time the boy abruptly stopped playing with his toys jolted straight up gasped loudly and asked, "Did you hear that?" "Hear what?" I asked. "The front door. It opened. Someone's here." He whispered. He then continued to play with his toys as if not missing a beat. I ran out of the bathroom to see if his mom had come home. The door (located on a landing below) was shut but very much unlocked. I swear to God I felt like someone or something was watching me as I sprinted to the front door and locked it. I went back to him and asked how he knew someone was here, but I was very much interrupting his playtime. He just kept saying that someone opened the front door and was here. We spent the rest of the night locked in his room. I never babysat for them again.

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[keymmachine](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 2 year old, right after I tuck her in and am about to shut off the lights. "Don't turn off the light. The children scare me."

When I ask her about them she points to her dresser. Then in my head I'm imagining miniature little children tormenting her on the dresser.

She's three now and still sometimes talks about them.

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[3van](#)
• [13y ago](#)

From my friend Amy:

I taught the preschool Sunday school class with my mom, and a little girl (age 4) is coloring. Drawing a circle on a piece of paper, over and over. She flips her hair over her face, hands it to my brother, and says in a creeper voice: "You're going to die in 7 days." Sure enough, on the paper she has written: "the ring 7 bay." Because she is four. AND FOUR YEAR OLDS SHOULD NOT BE WATCHING THAT MOVIE.

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[Erebourne](#)
• 13y ago

I was standing in the kitchen doing dishes one day and my baby sister (who was around 3 at the time) just walks in, looks at our dog for a minute, and says "I know, Bob, but killing people is wrong!"

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[kmuelle6](#)
• 13y ago

I don't have a kid but This is about me. I lived in the same house for most of my life (we moved here when I was two) since I was able to talk whenever I get upset I say I want to go home... Aparently (I don't remember but they told me this) when I was little 6 or 7ish I started screaming I WANT TO GO HOME for almost no reason for an hour my parents kept telling me I was home and they didn't know what I meant. They said I described a farm house in cold place with snow out side. To this day I still say I want to go home when I am upset or scared even if I am in my own bed in my own house...

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[Legendoflinks1](#)
• 13y ago

I'm being fashionably late and telling you a story. When I was 5 my friend's brother was watching a horror movie (Friday the 13th) and I walked in when the nude scene came on. Apparently I yelled "Look at them fine breasts!" He asked where I got that from and I walked up to him and creepily said "Not everyone is as innocent as you think" Then walked away like nothing happened.

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[againstagamemnon](#)
• 13y ago

I'll have to ask my mom about some creepy stories. I'm sure there are some good ones—I was diagnosed with schizophrenia at seven (I'm the subject of a case study!) and I had night terrors until I was sixteen.

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[rabarts](#)
• 13y ago

This is such a great thread, it has inspired a whole collection of short stories. Head over to <http://dan.rabarts.com/fiction/baby-teeth/> to see more. 27 writers from New Zealand and the US have contributed stories, and the project is currently raising money for the Duffy Books in Homes charity, committed to getting kids reading books at home. And all from the creepy things kids say. Because man, kids can be creepy as hell.

 Reply 





[s/slonetsky](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I work with kids and 2 creepy moments come to mind:

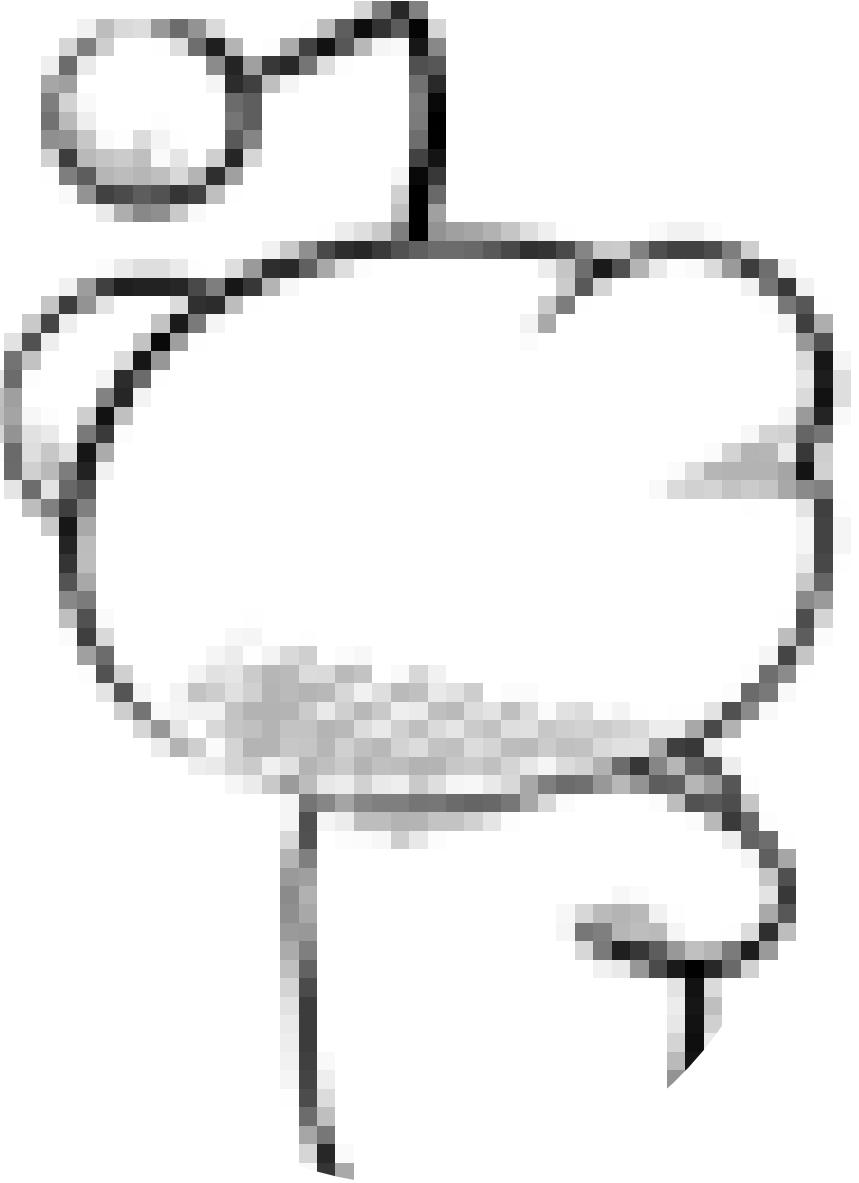
1. I ask a girl building things with snow what she is making. She replies "A snowman family" She points down the line saying "that's the baby, sister, mommy, and the daddy" Then with a chopping motion knocks off the head of the last snowman, then says with a low voice and crazed stare into my soul "No more Daddy"
2. I tell a young boy trying to climb me that i need "personal space" He says "If you need space then how do you hug your mommy and daddy?" I say to the boy " How do you know I have a mommy and daddy?" He says "Everyone does" And I said, "But what if mine have died? He narrows his eyes and whispers "Then hug their cold graves"

Surprised my class doesn't give me nightmares...often.

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• 13y ago

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[HowComeHeDontWantMe](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Could you ask her to draw Sneaker and post her drawing?

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[⊕ 1 more reply](#)





[CeruleanAugust](#)
• [13y ago](#)

About 13 years ago I was a freshman in highschool who worked at an after school care for kids in kindergarten thru eighth grade.

I remember the son of my boss was a very creepy little thing, and was about 3 at the time. I would always be in charge of him and had to keep a special eye on him (as if their weren't 100 other kids that needed to be watched).

Anyway, he asked to go to the swings and asked if I'd push him. We walked over to the swings and tells me to push him... and then says what I heard as "Push Normal".

I said "I am pushing Normal, is this too fast?"

He points to the empty swing next time and goes "Norman... push Norman".

I was not a fan of this kid so I basically said "sorry bud there is no Norman there"

He tries to convince me there is so I just decide to sit on that swing.

His face instantly turned to an expression I'd never seen before... as if I'd killed his best friend.

He looks right at me and says "I'm going to knock all of the blood out of your head".



[pinksyblackeye](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 12y ago

When I was younger I would go up to strangers at the grocery store, specifically the ones who were buying alcohol and I'd yell "You're going to die!! STOP!!"

Also...

When I was younger I really wanted light blonde hair (instead of my light brown/dark blonde) so once when my mom and I were at the bank I went up to a blonde woman and hugged her and said "You can be my mom now, my mom is dead. The lady over there isn't my real mom" after my mom grabbed my hand and apologized I said "Don't worry mom, I don't love her, I just want her hair"



[Brookekramer13](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was babysitting a little girl and we were watching Horton Hears A Who and when Horton was crossing the small bridge she got close to the TV and screamed "DIE DIE DIE DIE" and then she turned to me and smiled and sat back down. Freaked me out a little.





JessLRT
• 13y ago

When my sister was about 2 she was sitting on my aunt's bed with my aunt. My aunt was reading a horror book with a corpse coming out of the grave. My sister said "that's the man in the closet". My aunt said "Is he in there now". My sister nods head yes. They quickly left the room.



BadW01fRose
• 13y ago

My nephew around age four or five would stand at the end of the stairs. We lived in Salem in one of the old houses they would split in half (and rent out the large half, and move the 'servants quarters' down town to be houses) We, had the servant half. We used to refer to it as loitering, probably to keep it from creeping us out. I should also mention my loving nephew has a nonverbal learning disability (which he is overcoming by leaps and bounds!) and at this time did not speak.

He didn't know his grandfather, we never really SPOKE about his grandfather. His nickname was popop. One day he stood at the end of the stairs, and his mother, who is a boisterous englishwoman walked over to him and said "For the love of jimminy... Cole, what on earth is so fascinating?" He pointed, and proceeded to stare into my sister, unblinking. And then the words came. "Popop".

No one slept that night. It was like something out of the shining. He still stares up the stairs all the time.

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• [13y ago](#)

Lol when I was young, I told my mom "I feel like everyone in the world are robots and I'm the only real human."

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[Sue17](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I know that feel bro

○ Reply

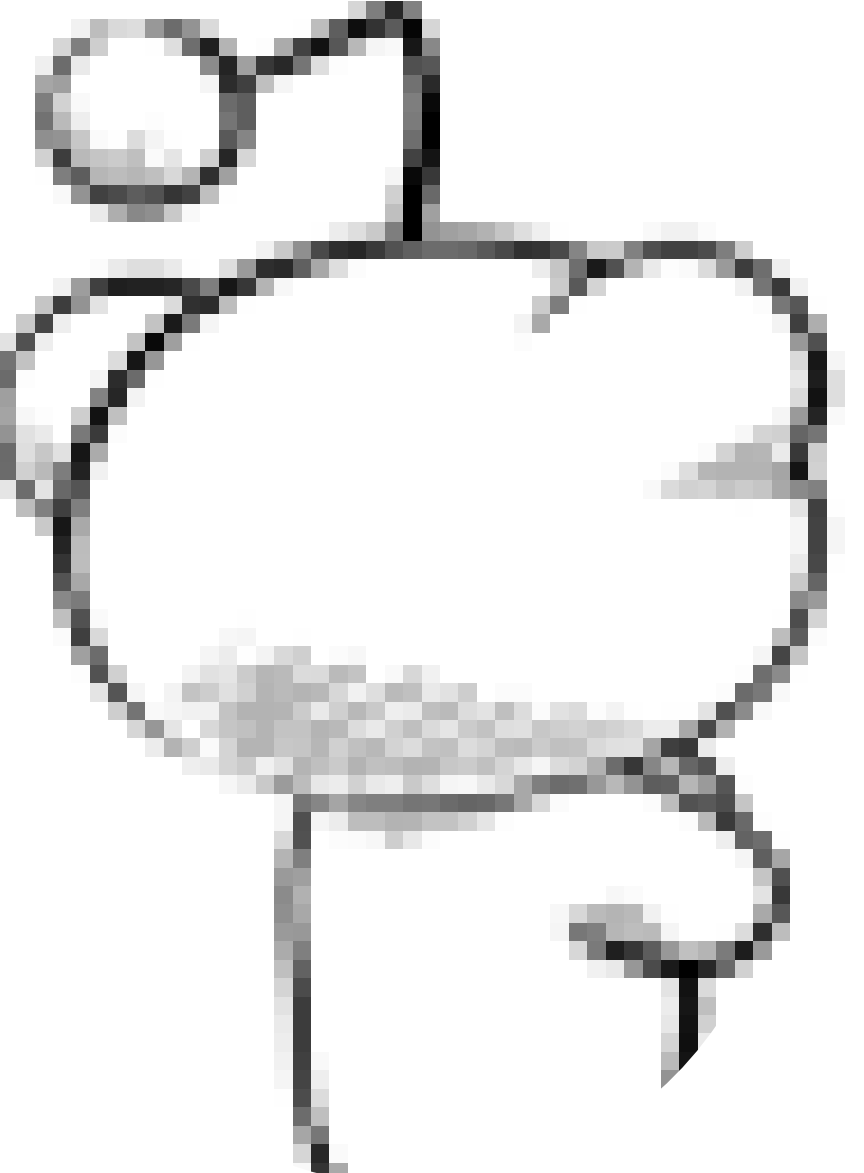
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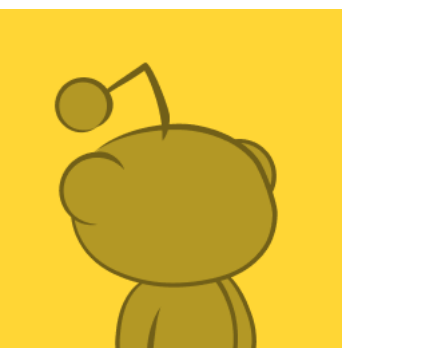


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• 13y ago

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[enkiduo](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Seen!

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[melontits](#)
• 13y ago

My grandfather died a long time ago and a few years ago when my brother was little we would ask him questions about what he wanted to be when he grew up and, never knowing our grandfather or much about him, he would describe how he would be a fire chief then describe in detail the firehouse and firetrucks my grandfather had worked with.

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[carriekeepsitreal](#)
• 13y ago

My kids were staying with my best friend when her great Aunt died. We stayed in her Aunt's house the night of the funeral. I was putting my 2 sons down for the night in the hide-a-bed in the living room. There were still quite a few people there, it's where we gathered after the funeral. My second oldest son was about 3 or 4 at the time. He said to me, "I thought Aunt Louie died" I told him she did, it was her funeral we went to. He said, "But she's standing right there" he was pointing to a dark corner of the dining room". I asked him if it scared him that she was there and he said a little. I told him to ask her leave because he was scared so he did. After a few minutes he said, "It's OK she's gone now, she said she was sorry for scaring me." He also constantly read my thoughts. One time I was in the van and a stop light and I was thinking about going back to school. He asked me, "But, what would you do with us if you went back to school?"



[fatboychi](#)
• 13y ago

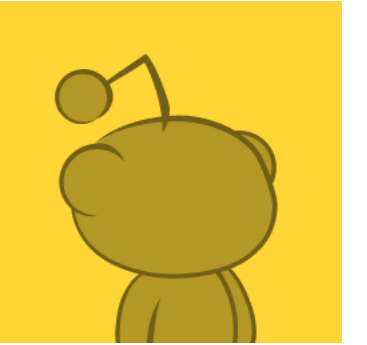
When I was pretty young I went with my dad to visit my great grandma who I had never met before. I can't remember where it was but it was a smaller town in Illinois, i'll have to ask him. Anyways while we're visiting her there is a kid playing outside who happens to belong to the people living upstairs from my great grandma. I'm bored so my Dad tells me to go hang out with the kid. He is a little bit younger than me and is already pretty creepy just after talking to him for like five minutes. So while i'm talking to this kid he keeps bringing up these "corn people". Talking like how he likes to go talk to the corn people and this and that. So finally I ask him who these corn people are and he points out to this corn field behind the house we are at. He then asks me if I wanna go meet them. This is the only reason I remember this is because instantly I got really weirded out (I was like 7 or 8). He just starts runnin towards the gate in the fence like "Come on!". I hesitate to follow him because I don't want to go run off someplace I've never been and get in trouble. As soon as I begin to follow him his mom explodes out of the house and is like "What the hell are you doin! Get over here!". He starts talking about the corn people and his mom is like "I don't want to hear it!". So his mom takes him away and I go back inside. My Aunt also happens to live in this house and when I get back in I ask her why the kid got in so much trouble. She says the kid loves to go into the corn field and has disappeared in there for hours so he is not allowed to go there. Then I hear her tell my dad that another kid disappeared/was kidnapped from around there a few years prior. I'll always remember this cause I couldn't stop thinking who the fuck are these corn people that this kid is talking to.

tl;dr: Met creepy kid who says he likes to hang out with "corn people" in same location where another kid went missing a few years prior.

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[Nova Alexander](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This is something that I did when I was 15, to my mom. I used to always listen to music before bed, and sometimes I'd fall asleep with my headphones on. One night, my mom came in, and took my headphones off. According to her, my eyes shot open as soon as she took them off, I sat straight up, and grabbed her wrist and creepily told her "No. You can't take it. They're talking to me. I can't hear them if you take it."

I then proceeded to pass the fuck out again. She threw the headphones away. Good times!

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• [13y ago](#)

I'm not sure why, but my Mom will not discuss her brother with me at all. He died of cancer when I was 8 months old.

I asked my Grandma when I was about 8 years old why I don't know much about Uncle Kevin and all she could tell me is that I had a connection with him when I was little.



after reading some of these answers, I have a feeling that maybe I creeped my Mom out by talking about my uncle before I even knew he existed.

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• [13y ago](#)

"What was that white thing floating in the hallway last night?"

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[Tistwan](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Two weeks ago my 6 yr old daughter said, "Your Mommy's standing right next to you." My mother died six years ago.

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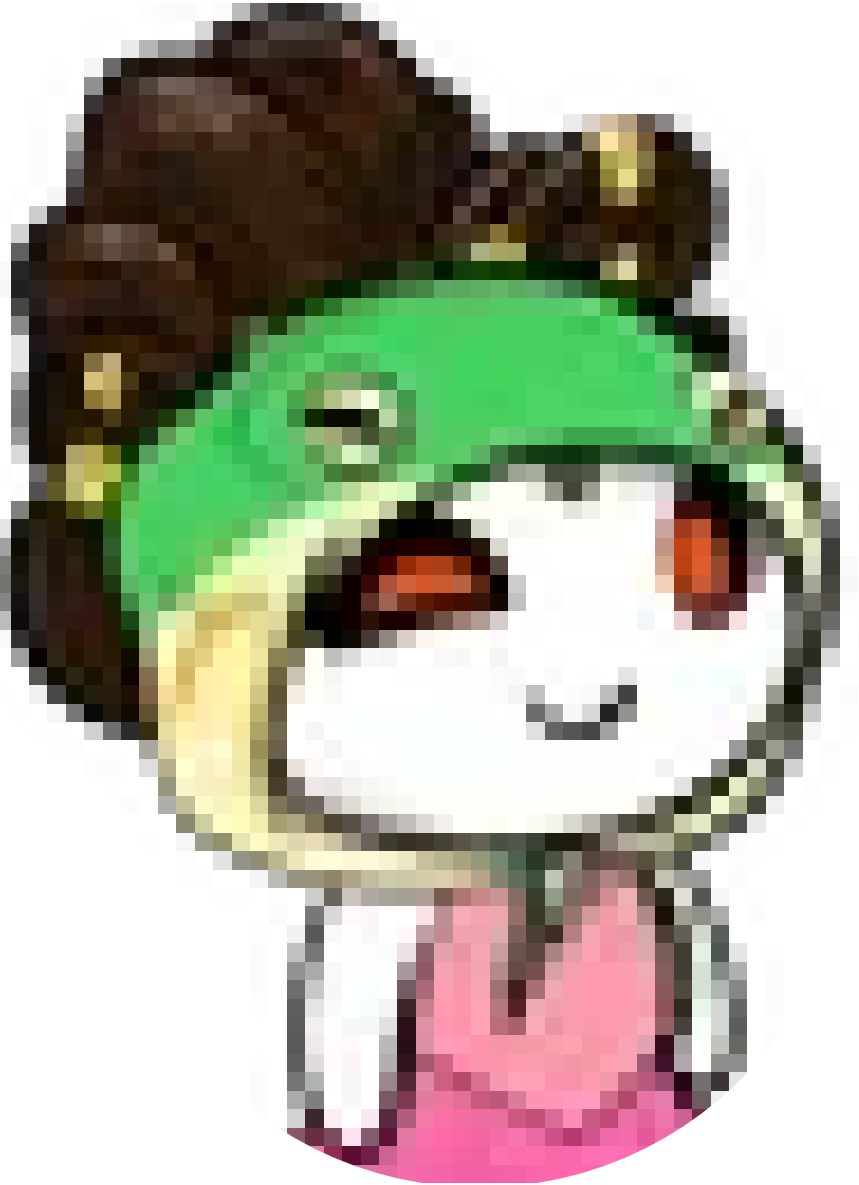
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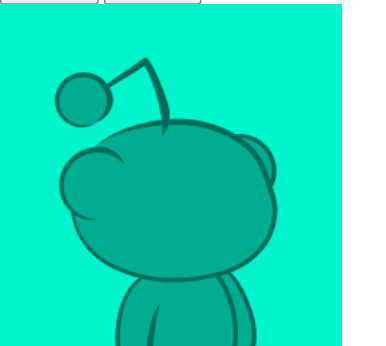




[emilyboxing](#)
• 13y ago

My then 4 year old daughter had just been in trouble. I went into the kitchen to work on dinner, and she comes in and starts stomping on these cracked floor tiles...I asked what she was doing, and she said, "I'm stepping on a crack so I can break your back." Ah, kids.

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[wildwaffle](#)
• 13y ago

am i the only one here thinking "why is a guy named Dr_Handjob asking about things young kids ask"

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gdwgdw
• 13y ago

Wasn't my kid, but me actually.

I was 3-4, sitting on my granddad's lap, and I asked him "can you make a sound like a frog?" He asked me why, and I said, "my daddy said that when you croak, we get money."

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BaconPancakesBacon
• 13y ago

Well it wasn't my kid but it was me. I was five years old. I had a bunch of barbie dolls. I lined them up and said "Any last words? No? Alright. Time for execution." I ripped the first barbie's head off. I repeated until the last one. "You are lucky. You got to see them all go. You got to say goodbye to each and every one." I then gripped her head. "Sleep Well. For tomorrow, you live again as a beast" I tore her head off and threw it in the pile. The next day my mom found the heads all around the house and the bodies hung by string under name tags with the names i gave them, and the last one under the name "HERO VERONICA" scribbled. The day after, i took all the dolls out of the trash where my mom threw them away and glued them together. I called it The Massive Beast Of Evil. I rarely ever got a barbie ever again.

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• 13y ago

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[Kaden17](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

When I was about 10 years old. The neighboring little girl would always watch and stare at us why we play. One day she finally came up to us while we were playing football in the park across from her house. We told her to go back home. She slowly lowered her head and in the creepiest fucking little girl voice she could achieve, "I sleep with Satan and he doesn't like you." She then flipped a 180 and walked home with her head down whispering.. TL;DR neighbor girl sleeps with Satan. Edit: Spelling





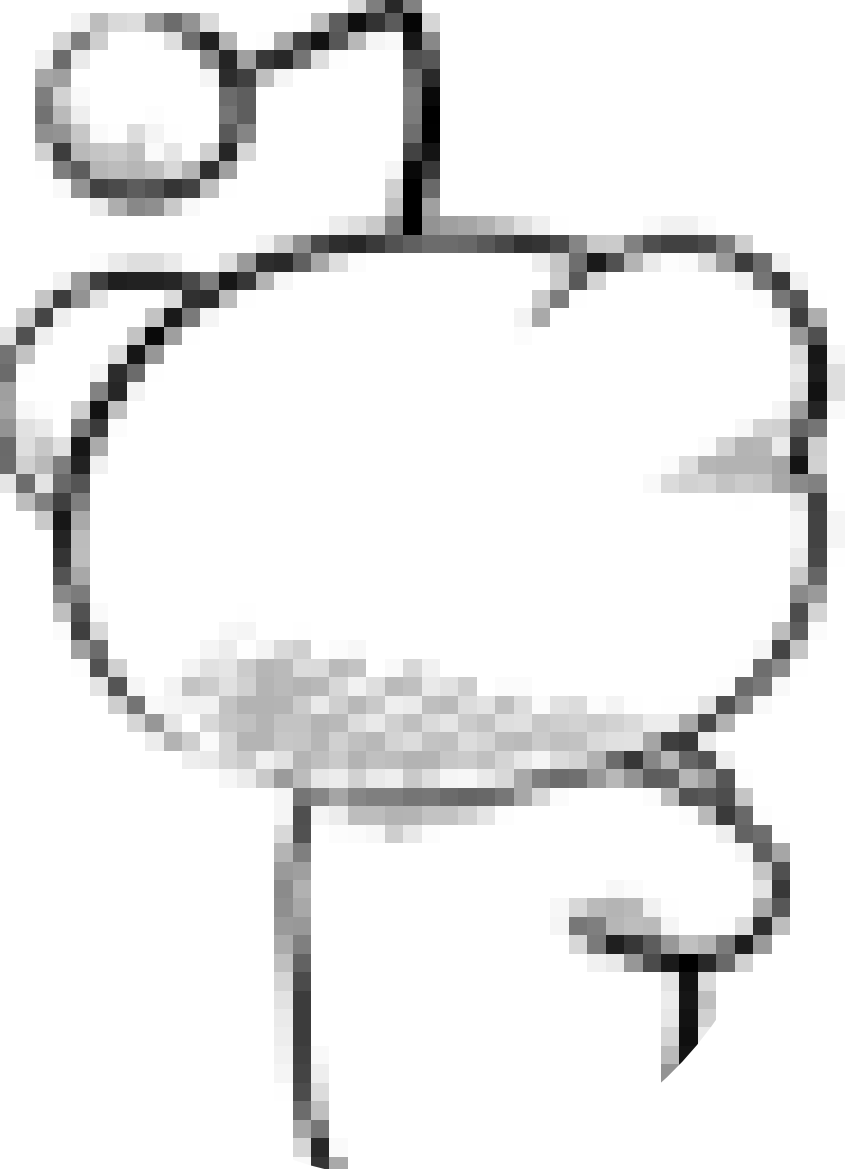
[corghi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was babysitting a three year old who kept telling me a puppy was licking his toes. They don't have a dog.

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• [13y ago](#)

i remember when i was around five i was talking to my mother. i then absolutely fell apart with tears, quite out of the blue, crying "when i die, dont eat my meat!"



[guarhots](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"But I need to see where Grandma is goin to be buried so I can dig up her bones and look at them." ~my four-year-old daughter.



[crystalunicorn](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My cousin had just learned hoe to open the passenger windows in a car (at the age of six). So when she was out with her parents for a drive, she was sitting in the back seat. She opened the window, stuck her head out of the moving car and screamed, "SAVE ME! SAVE ME! THEY'RE TAKING ME AWAY!"

Naturally, her parents freaked the fuck out.





[BigRedBloke](#)
• 13y ago

This happened to me and my sister and still freaks my parents out to this day. When my sister and I were in high school we were sitting around the living room and a few neighborhood kids were there. We were talking about things our parents did when we were younger, and my sister and I both have vague memories of my mother singing to us as we were falling asleep at night when lived at our old house, (we moved when my sister and I were around 12). My mom who was actually in the kitchen, (insert joke here), overhead this and came in to the living room and said she never did that. My sister and I both were shocked because we both remembered my mom doing that for us. That really freaked her out.

It turns out a lot of weird stuff happened at that house that I never realized. Windows would open randomly, and weird noises from upstairs.





[Jakuskrzypk](#)
• 13y ago

My younger brother was a creepy child. We were a poor family and me and my 2 brothers were sharing a room. I was talking to my older brother about something sitting on the bed where the the youngest was sleeping. He just stood up started to cry and move his hands up and down like he'd be trying to throw something off him crying GET IT OFF ME! GET IT OFF ME! while still sleeping and then just lied back down and fall asleep. the whole thing took like 30 seconds. me and my older brother just looked at each other confused and scared.

Another time i was reading in my bed it was about 2 in the morning. I heard the floor cracking and my younger brother came in with his cover sleeping, lied in my bed and fall asleep. I found it funny for some reason and just let him sleep. Things like that happened many times but those two were the most memorable times.

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[Bozy86](#)
• 13y ago

I was babysitting my little sister one night. She had been in bed for a few hours when I heard her moaning. I went back to check on her. The lights were still off and the room was pitch black.
Me: Are you ok? Sister: He's in here Me:.....who's in here? Just then my lab brushed against my leg walking out of the room.....apparently she was talking about the dog.

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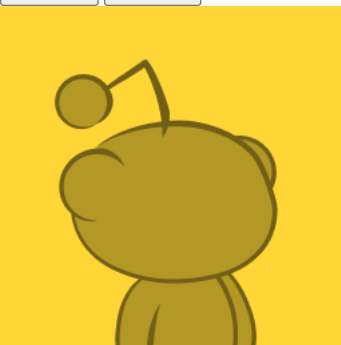


[Kakkun](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but there used to be a little girl around 4 or so that used to live across the street from me. This is what she told me one day:

"You need to be careful when you cross the street, because if you get hit by a car, blood comes out. Red blood."

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[anxiouswesties](#)
• 13y ago

Not to me but my sister - She found her 4 year old sitting alone, staring out the window silently crying. When she asked him what was wrong, he just kept staring out the window until finally saying "I dont want you to die...". Might just be me, but I think its pretty strange for a 4 yr old to sit around dwelling on the idea of his mothers death for no known reason. It freaked her out because it was as if he was looking at someone standing in the front yard. Her husband is very superstitious and was really worried her son had sensed something awful was going to happen.

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[Apopsy1223](#)

• 13y ago

A few years back I babysat for a family where the girl threatened to kill herself often. She was around 6-7 at the time and I would only 13. I didnt know how to handle it. One day I put her in time out and instead she ran upstairs to her room, and locked herself in. She said she was going to jump out of her 3 story window if I didnt let her go outside and play. Let's just say she stayed outside for the rest of the day.

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[sunshine410](#)

• 13y ago

Not me or anything but creepy paranormal one. My dad told me that once when he was a kid he woke up in the middle of the night to see this woman sitting on the end of his bed smiling at him, he said he wasn't scared or anything and just rolled over and went back to sleep but the next mornin at breakfast he told his mum and dad about it and described the woman to the button. When he finished apparently my Granda just got up and walked out of the room, when my da asked why my Granny said he had just completly described my Grandas mummy who had died looong before my dad was even born and who there was no photographs of... whether thats the truth or not is an entirely different thing but weird anywho!

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[d0ntp4n1c](#)

• 13y ago

I sleep with a fan on high so even though my daughter is 3 1/2 I still use a baby monitor so I can hear random DADDY! throughout the night. Anyhow middle of the night suddenly my daughter starts singing in a sing song voice "ring around the posy pockets.." etcNot as good as others but that gave me a fucking heart attack



[suburban_legend](#)
• 13y ago

This may not fit the criteria, and I already submitted a story, but I just thought of another one... My son was probably 2. He was in his high chair eating dinner with me. The wife was out of the house, so it was quiet. Just the 2 of us. He's singing or babbling about nothing in particular when all of a sudden he looks up and his gaze fixes on an area behind me. He says, "hi!" and smiles.

After shitting my pants, I braced for the worst and turned around, fully expecting to see an intruder. Of course, no one was there. My son was just fucking with me.





[Joeyvual](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my sister was about 3 or 4 years old she randomly turned to my mom at the dinner table and said "Why is Uncle ____ so sad?" Turns out our cousin was taken to the hospital that night because she had a high fever, and died from an allergic reaction to the drugs they gave her.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

My toddler went through a 'ghost' period. I was giving her a bath one night when she looked behind me out the bathroom door and whispered "Daddy, there's a man walking into my room". I said, "what does the man look like?" She said, "He looks sad, he's wearing a green shirt with red spots." I pictured a soldier, riddled with bullet holes. Creeped me out.

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• 13y ago

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[godfetish](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

My 2yo son, in the middle of the night, will just stand there smiling, staring at me, inches from my face. I don't know what wakes me up. I don't even know if I wake up every time...but saying nothing is much scarier than saying something...

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[Anonymous911Caller](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

My 6 year old son said this yesterday on his way to school..."Daddy, how can we make a pressure cooker bomb?". I asked him where did he hear about that, and he said that he keeps hearing it on the news.

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[Noraesong](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my child, but I the last IT company I worked for, I would go to schools during the week, and they would have a list of stuff that needed to be fixed. I was at an elementary school in the speech room updating this lady's IE (lolz) when the child she had in there said in a low voice, "I will bath in the blood of the lord of ...". I couldnt hear the last bit of what he said, but at this time I noticed the teacher had phrases of the bible written ALL over the room taped the the walls and her desk. I proceeded to hurry up and gtfo the room.

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[Evagria the Faithful](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My niece went to an Ash Wednesday service at church where they put an ash cross on your forehead, which she called a "Jesus X." She was excited about it and when asked why, she said a Jesus X would let her crawl on top of people's heads and claw their eyes out. She was three at the time.

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[Anonahmoose](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 3 (according to my parents- I don't remember this at all)- I used to sit in a rocking chair and say YARDAR over and over and over again without end. This must have freaked them out properly though they don't indicate this when asked. COMe to think of it- It's almost my middle name backwards. Fuck. Now I'M creeped out by me.

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[Rosie_G](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was 4 or 5, my mom saw me talking to myself in the ball pit at Chuck E Cheese. When she asked me about it, I told her I was talking to a man covered in blood with thorns all over his body. I was a weird kid.

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[fwambo42](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was putting my two year old to bed one night when she cocked her head to one side and said "Someone's here." It freaked me out! I didn't feel comfortable until I had searched the entire house

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[iamsimplee](#)
• 13y ago

Well this wasn't really my childhood. A little back story our grandfather died about 8 years ago from cancer in Poland. I still remember him since i was around 11 when i last saw him. He would always hum a polish folk song (forgot exactly what it was). Anyways my cousin's daughter was born a year after he died so they never met each other or anything. When my cousins and her daughter were visiting us during the summer 2 years ago. We were sitting outside in our house upstate when you see her reading a book next to a tree that our grandpa would always sit by reading his books. I told her grandpa used to sit here and read books as well. She responded with "I know, dziadek(grandfather in polish) told me" and on cue she started humming the same melody my grandpa would hum. It was creepy but nice in the same time that he may be watching over us. But yea.



[Pogrebnyak](#)
• 13y ago

My baby brother (~1 year old) just sits and stare at the same person for maybe 2 minutes, then switches to the next person around him and does the same thing. Extremely creepy as he looks with those sort of dead, empty eyes.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

[Let us in](#)



[olisajane](#)

• [13y ago](#)

when my son was about 3 we were watching tv and a waterfall was shown. He stopped what he was doing and exclaimed LIKE DAT
LIKE DAT! I said " what is like that?" he said it was just like that , the day I died. freaky.





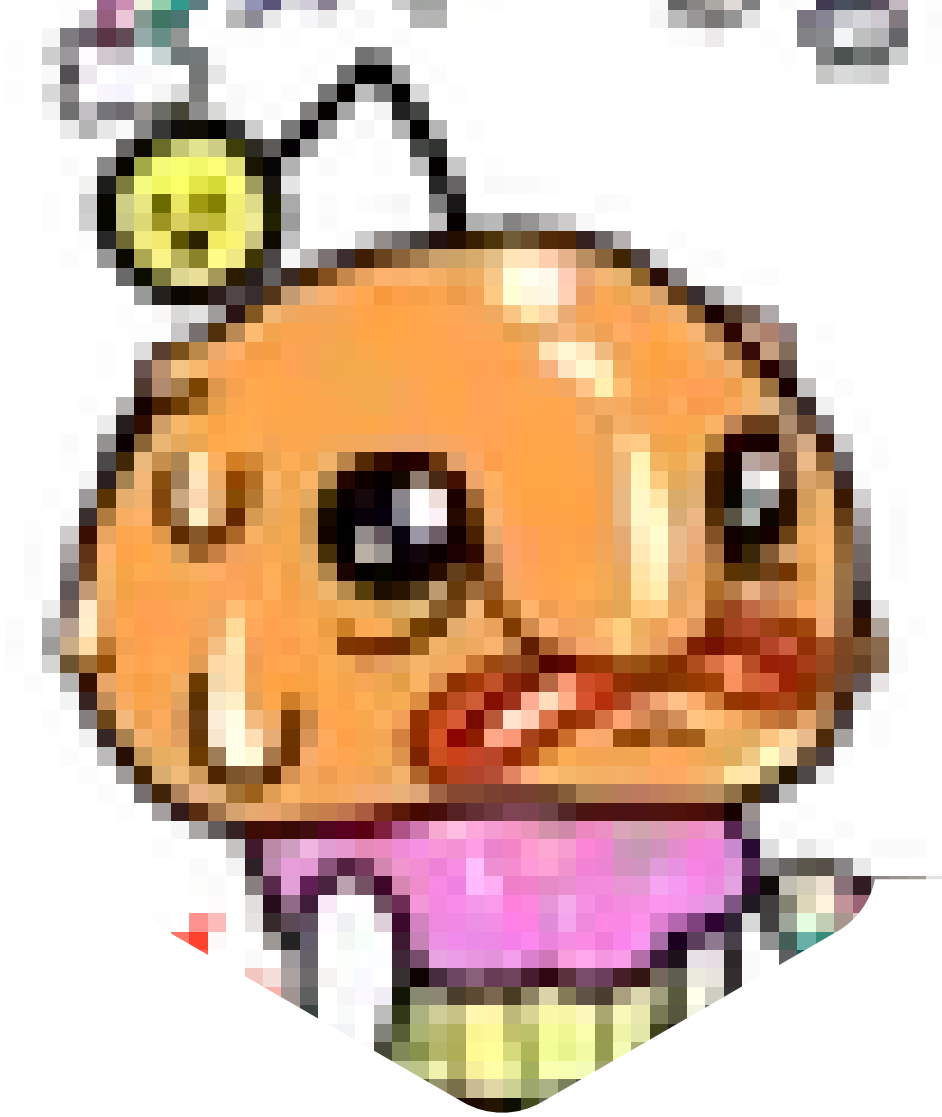
[babilary](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter went to stay with my grandparents who live in the country. She doesn't get to be outside ummonitored very often, so when we picked her up we asked what she did.

She said she found a dead bird and she went into great detail in a creepy-sweet voice and kept saying it was "soooo soft". I was scared.







[xTLWz](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent but my sister is single and has a 4 year old and sometimes i babysit for her. My nephew was being naughty and wouldn't listen to me so i asked if i needed to call his granddad (whom he is scared of) to come round. He asked 'is he gonna smack me? Can you film it?'





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• [13y ago](#)

Not my chile but my cousins two year old daughter, she says she sees people who are bloody and look cut up... she also had an imaginary friend name jimmy. One night while they were in their bed, their daughter said "Jimmy is coming"



[PotentiallyTrue](#)

• [13y ago](#)

18 month old daughter had just had her first haircut and she found a fabric steak knife from her kitchen set and decided to give her mom and I a trim. She excitedly yelled die, die, die, die, die, die as she jabbed the knife at my wife's head over and over as she had a lot of hair. She then turns her attention to me and does the same but for less repetitions as my hair started off much shorter. I know it isn't something we should encourage but we couldn't stop laughing long enough to stop her.





[kickassjosh](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"Little boy crying at bottom of garden daddy, little boy very sad." Imogen, there's nobody in the garden, are you playing a game? "No! Little boy cry, red on face, want stop hurt hurts!"

Ummmmm. Yeah. Lets go inside sweetie.

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• [13y ago](#)

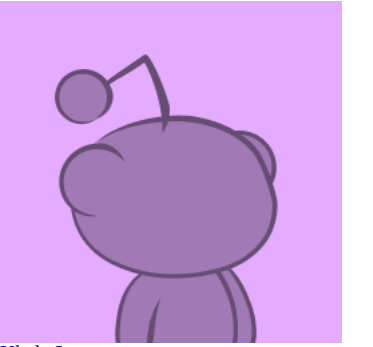
My son is extremely morbid, keep in mind he is 4, and he always talks about dead things. Freaks me out. Sometimes he will pretend to be a reporter and all his reports end with there was blood and everyone died. I have no idea where he picked this up from. Well probably the news.

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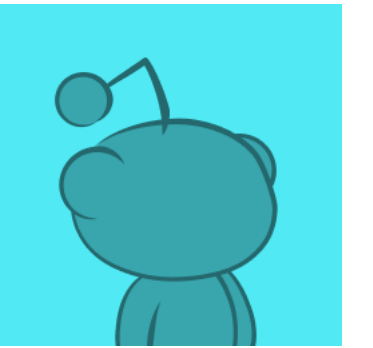


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[KhabaLox](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

"I want to kill all the other kids with real guns."



[snakejawz](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Gonna drop in here with another weird one. As a child i also had terrible night terrors, mine were of a black man-type monster that would go to a dog form also. used to scare the bejesus out of me.

when i got older i moved to another bedroom and never really equated it to the fact that my night terrors stopped.

my parents still live in the same house to this day and my son ALSO has night terrors when he sleeps in that room of the house.

we all think the room is haunted now.

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• [13y ago](#)

Daughter 2 years old wakes me up middle of the night. "Mommy get that man out of my room" "Sissy there isn't a man in here" "Mommy he's standing right beside you" My daughter, my roommate who was a Marine and I all 3 slept in the living room for the rest of the night.

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[MLGxBanana](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

So just recently, my family and I were at a sushi place for my little 6 year old sister's birthday. Our food came, and we were eating and laughing and having fun and such, but then just as I'm taking a drink of my water, I put it down and then I see this fucking **bowl of soya sauce just move on it's own** like a foot from where it first was. It gets creepier. My little 6 year old sister saw the soya sauce move and then she jerked her head toward me with a very surprised and shocked face and said, "Give her the soya sauce Leify! (my sisters call me leify)" And then she smiled in a really fucking creepy way, like it was a half smile but as she slowly started smiling she never broke eye contact with me. Weird shit.

TL;DR: Little sister saw a ghost move soya sauce and told me to give it to the ghost.



EDIT: I don't think I clarified enough that the soya sauce moved completely on it's own. No one kicked the table or anything, and it was a really heavy bowl too.

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[deLAZabeth](#)
• 13y ago

Conversation between my three year old niece and me after she punched me in the arm-- Me: Don't hit me, I love you. Niece: I'll hit you if you laugh.

[She leans forward, squints her eyes, and whispers] Niece: Laugh.



[Wtfitsaylor](#)
• 13y ago

My manager's son. He just walked up to me and called me a "hotdog hobo." I don't know why, but it hurt right in the feels.





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• [13y ago](#)

Literally a few weeks ago, my missus was preparing to leave the house with my four year old daughter. My daughter loooked up the staircase in the hall and turned to the missus and said "Oh no... mummy stand still, they may not notice us". Missus looks up the stairs - nothing. She turned to my daughter and said "who darling?" - my daughter said "the old man or woman who stands in the bathroom and watches me while I am on the toilet".

Needless to say, the house is now up for sale.

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[Rabidshroom](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Well, this was from me to mom:

When i was around 7 years old, i had a heavy fever, and my mother put the usual cold cloth to the forehead to cool me down so i could sleep. after a while, mom reacted to a strange sound coming from my room.

With me being quite the sleepwalker - she walked in and expected me to stumble around as usual, but she found me sitting on the edge of the bed and dropping the wet cloth onthe floor, only to pick it up again and drop it again. ("splat... splat... splat...")



she sat down and asked me what i was doing, and i just sat there, dropping the wet cloth on the floor. after a couple of "splats" i turned my head and stared her in the eyes, saying: "It was me who gave you your life", and turned back to dropping the wet cloth.

She was terrified and ran to get my father and told him to deal with me because she was too scared to have anything to do with me that night.

I can imagine myself being quite creepy with all the sleepwalking, but that just tops it all.

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• [13y ago](#)

When my two year old told me about "other mummy" who lives in the cracks and crevices in our apartment.

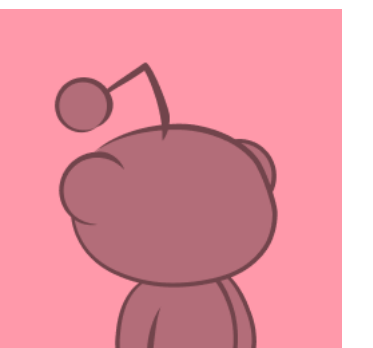
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[iowagirlbbw](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was a kid (in like 4th grade I think) I was waiting for my grandfather to get home(I was living with my grandparents) and when he finally came home I asked him "Grandpa, when are you going to die?" He replied "Not for a long time." then ruffled my hair. I remember it specifically. He had a coronary embolism the next day and died.



[crispie1975](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter stopped halfway down our stairs, put her hands over her eyes and said "mummy, I don't like the man there".she points to bottom of stairs. It was only us two in the house!

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[Spoggly](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My older brother once was asked what he was going to do when he got older, and he told my mother "I'm going to move to Pennsylvania and murder my entire family." He was 5. When he moved to Pennsylvania, she had to talk herself out of thinking that he was in any way an accurate predictor of his own future at the age of five.

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[JynxBJJ](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son, aged three: "Mommy, do you remember when we lived in the before and I was your daddy and you were my baby?"

Creeeepy

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[Hrath](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I came across my four year old crying and I asked him why and with tears in his eyes he replies, "I don't wanna die and become a giant!" I then had an awful hard time trying to explain that that's probably the least likely thing to happen. Not sure where that notion came from but it was pretty hilarious.

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[kenzielark](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not quite as eerie, but here we go! My family lives in a southern plantation home and are the first to purchase the land instead of inheriting it. Occasionally while growing up, and every night I spend there now that I'm an adult, I feel something move my bedclothes and climb into bed with me. My mother has had it happen as well, and now my 2 year old sister will sit and talk to her empty crib until we get her up and out of her room. At night she'll cry and say "Chest. Hurt" until my parents move her to their room. She also talks to "Molly" when out of bed. She has met no one named Molly as of this point in her life.

She also periodically will look up, point to the ceiling, and mutter "Sorry, sorry, so sorry" until we remove her from the room. It's quite eerie, especially since my brother did the same thing when he was 4 and we moved into the house, but he would apologize to his open closet.

Hate that house.

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• [13y ago](#)

Once my mom was napping in the afternoon. I broke into her makeup kit and proceeded to smear my face with talcum powder, and then smudge eye shadow around my eyes and lipstick around my mouth.

Then I sat next to her bed and just *stared*. My mom says it was the most terrifying thing to wake up to.

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[tamz5855](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My four year old went to a St Patty's day parade while I was at work and got one of those rubber bracelets from a merchandise tent. He came home and took it off and put it on our coffee table. He had been complaining for quite some time that he's afraid to sleep in his room because someone watches him, and when he woke up the next morning he told me he was very glad his bracelet was there and that the "ghost" didn't take it.

The weekend after my friend got married and my husband DJed her wedding. We brought in the laptop he used but left it packed in his mixer bag. A full day later at 3am the computer (closed and shut in a bag) played one single line from a Beyonce song that said, "you gotta go" over and over until I turned on a light and merely touched the bag.

I now carefully listen to everything my son mentions. We've made dream catchers for him which seems to be working, but I'm still freaked out.





[EvergreenUK](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Have many:

- My 3 yearold daughter has had an imaginary friend called Malala for a couple of years, a name we'd never heard of and presumed she'd invented until learning of Malala Youdafzai.
- Same daughter also recounts her past life experiences. Talks about her brother that died in the war and father, called Michael, who died from smoking and never washed his hair. When I asked where I was when she lived with her old Daddy, she replied "you didn't have me yet"
- At 3, my other daughter called me to her darkened room with "mummy, there's something scary happening in here". Hesitated before entering.

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[TheDarkKnight_007](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my 5 year old was about 2 1/2, we moved into a new house. She would look at the ceiling and stare until she would drift off. She also couldn't go to sleep with the closet door open. We asked her about the issue and she said "the Bleeding Man would keep her awake unless we shut him in the closet". He had a friend named Wes Carrolton who she wasn't afraid of and would tell him to keep the Bleeding Man away. They both eventually went away a year or so later, but I constantly check on her still at night.



[spice_taster](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My friend's 3-year-old daughter was screaming from her room one night. When he asked what was wrong she said, "the sleep stealer is outside my window." He was freaked the fuck out.





[Tootyfrooty_](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm going to come back and read this thread when I'm not trying to sleep.

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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

When I was a kid (about 10) I was playing GTA:San Andreas. Well remember the dildo in the police station? I found it and started killing people with it and smashing cars, etc. (I'm still not sure how I knew it was a dildo) Anyway later that evening we're sat around the table eating dinner, and all of a sudden I say "Mum, what's a dildo? I have one in a video game and I'm using it as a weapon" let's just say some food when down my parents throat the wrong way and a lot of explaining was done.





[arceemcgee](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was babysitting a 3-year-old girl a few years ago, and on this particular night we were watching tv in the dark with the Christmas tree lights on and out of nowhere she turned to me and said "there's a monster that lives in my closet that comes out at night and scratches me and he bleeds from his eyes and doesn't have eyeballs." Every hair on my body stood on end.



[gunslinger1966](#)
• [13y ago](#)

No said but done. Allof our kids (5) would wake me at night by standing there just about a foot away from my face and stare at me until it would wake me up. Then I would open my eyes, see them and proceed to scream until I would realize it was just one of the kids. then they would ask if I was awake.



[TheDudeaBides96](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I used to have another, imaginary dad called Nirny

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[Celarcade](#)
• [13y ago](#)

In a quiet voice: "Shhhhh! Bad guy..." As he's looking at me with huge eyes, and he's pointing at the closed bedroom closet. Freaks me right out.





[TrashySamurai](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I wanted kids before reading this thread. Now I feel like I don't want them because they point out things that I can't see.



[easternguy](#)
• [13y ago](#)

7 year old Daughter woke up in the middle of the night, sat up, and asked me "where is she???". I asked who. She said "the little girl" looking around the room. She then rolled over and went back to sleep.

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⊕ 3 more replies ✨



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[Extrasherman](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent but my 3 year old nephew said something hilarious to me over Christmas. He says "Uncle Nate, I want to sled ride in Hell" or at least that's how I heard it. My sister later translated for me "He says he wants to sled ride *down the hill*".





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

My whole father-side of the family and my sister and her kids and I all have this issue: We talk in our sleep. Not only just normal words and broken sentences, its a lot of growling and almost wrath of pain noises. Some of us get sleep paralysis as well.

My nephew often spends the night. When he was younger he would seem awake and just stare at my girlfriend and I. One of notice was he slept in between us and I woke up to him standing, facing both of us, growling, then he gets real silent, then a slow build up to a visceral throat growl. He clinched his fists, then just laid back down. It was fucking evil, almost like the exorcist shit. (Didn't help that I let him watch almost anything on TV and let him drink soda at night sometimes.)

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[applescst1](#)

• [13y ago](#)

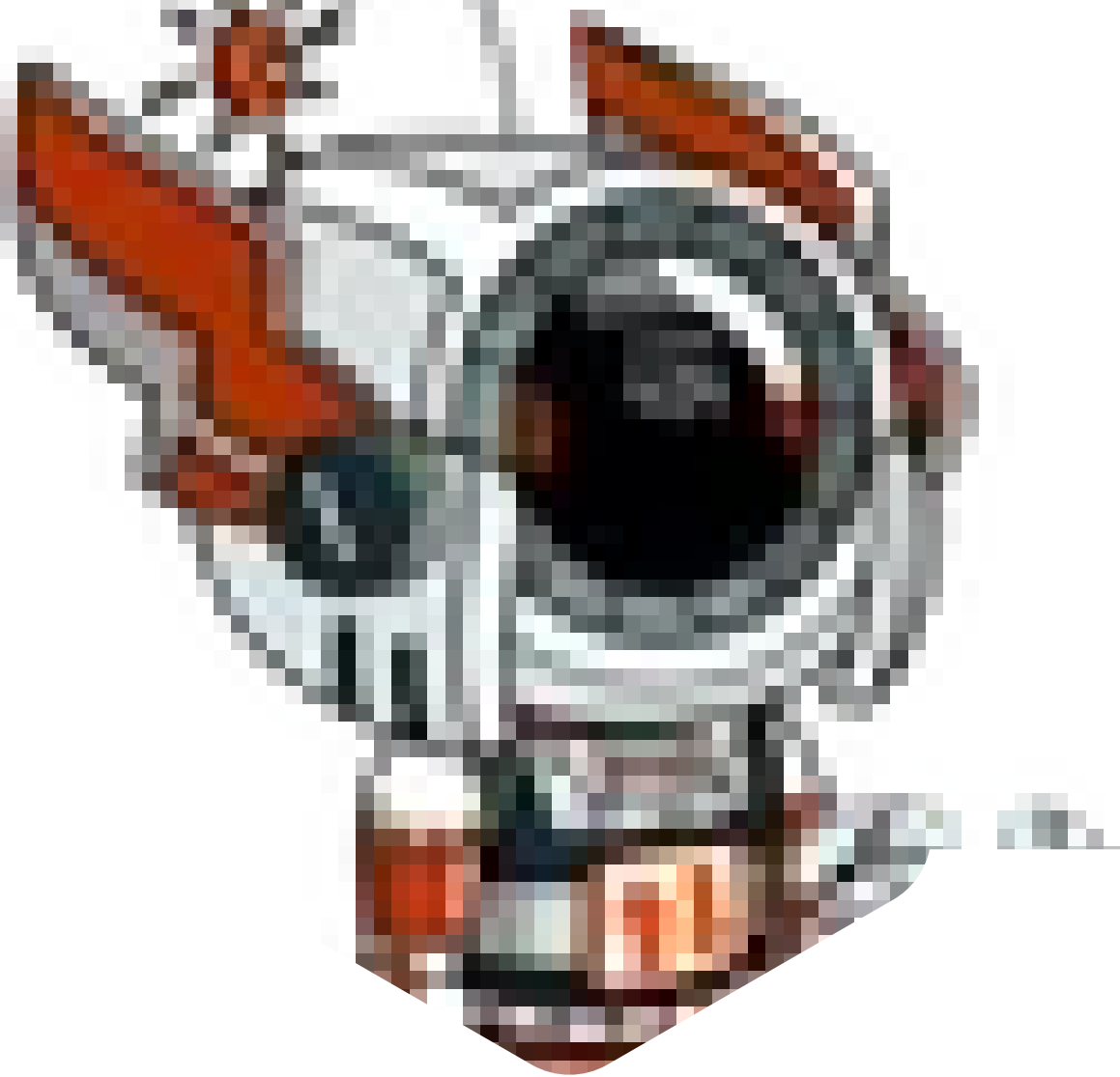
My 6 year old granddaughter and I were getting out of the car to go to the store. I told her to stand next to me so she wouldn't get hit by a car. She said: "Thats okay Grandma, if we get hit and killed. That way when we die they would put us in the same grave and we can be together forever." Okay.....

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MEGA SHARK DEATH

• 13y ago

I was playing Castle Crashers with a friend of mine and my 7-year-old brother when he turned to me and said "Hey Bren, do me a solid and take your clothes off."

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[burken8](#)

• 13y ago

Read these right before bed. Should be fun frying to fall asleep.

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[Sweatydoughnut](#)
• 13y ago

I was talking to my mom a while back and she was telling me about my little sister, at the time around 6. She said that she hated sleeping at someone else's house because the shadow people weren't there to watch her she said they just sat in her room when she went to bed.

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[buddynach0](#)
• 13y ago

I had a very good friend who shared with me recently that in a moment of frustration, he said to his 1.5-year-old son, "Mike, you're so much trouble! What are we going to do with you!" His 3-year-old daughter considered for a moment, and answered "Dad, I know what we can do with Mike. We could boil him, and then eat him for dinner."

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[LetItEnfoldYou](#)
• 13y ago

Well I didn't really say this, I wrote it, but I think it belongs here. A few months ago I was going through some homework and projects I did in elementary school. I used to have to write senteces using the weekly vocab words for homework and most of them were about people comitting suicide, murdering someone else (I thought of a crapoad of creative ways), or being killed. I'm surprised my teachers didn't hold a conference with my dad about them.



[maxosbon](#)
• 13y ago



was 3 or 4 yrs old walking in NYC with my Dad, I stopped and looked up at him and said with a dead serious expression, "Dad, I think someone is controlling us." Really freaked him out to the point that he still tells the story 20+ yrs later. I think it had to do with the serious business nature of the city and I had recently been playing with remote control cars.

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[qwerty77753](#)
• [13y ago](#)

TIL there are a lot of pre-cognizant and clairvoyant kids out there

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[PlannedDecay](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my son was about 7 months he would point and stare at a specific wall in his room. I would ask if there was someone there and he would just keep staring.

Also, around the same time, I would wake up randomly at night and walk to his room just to check on him. He would just be sitting in his crib and staring at the same wall. It would freak me out.

He doesn't do this anymore. Whew.



[ancillae_vulpes](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This one's a story about my mom when she was about 5: she was at her aunt and uncle's house. Her father and uncle went out for an early morning ski and while her aunt was making breakfast, the phone rang. Before her aunt picked it up, my mother said, "Uncle's dead". Her aunt started to tell her off (to the effect of "Don't say such horrible things!") and picked up the phone. Her husband had just died of a heart attack in the woods.







[principessa1180](#)
• 13y ago

My 3 year old said, "Suck my dick." to me while I was getting him dressed. I have no idea where he got that from.



[Kelfox](#)
• 13y ago

Happened last week. My daughter was drawing as she often does. She then turns her paper to me. At this time, I was going over some sales figures from the last period, so I wasn't paying any attention. "Daddy, this is Maxwell." (Her imaginary friend.) "That's nice honey." "He bleeds from his eyes." The picture reflected this quite clearly. A stick figure type man with big, red eyes. Since then, I've been worried.

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply ✖



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[chef_boyceardee](#)

• 13y ago

My young 2nd cousin, who is about 4 now just got a brand new baby sister. She isn't too fond of her taking all the attention and at Easter dinner this year I ask her how she likes having a sister she says, "I'm going to sell her on craigslist. Or bite her toes off like my barbies." I told my cousin to count the babies toes every night from now on.

[⊕ 4 more replies](#)

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[⊕ More replies](#)



[Hbomb1970](#)

• 13y ago

Once when my son was around four, he was missing. I looked everywhere. I called him, over and over again. I looked in my walk in closet and he was sitting down on the floor holding 4-5 big butcher knives. Freaked my shit out!

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[Dragoness42](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

"I'm going to cut you in half and make you into meat!"

He's 3 1/2. I don't think he quite comprehends the significance of what he's saying, but I never know whether to laugh or back away slowly...

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[thisismyname11](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Not my kid, but my baby cousin. He was about 3 at the time and we were sitting on my bed watching cartoons. After a couple minutes he told me to sit on his lap. I asked why and he said "I want some of this." He then proceeded to grab my ass and spank it.....

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[sotox](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I used to ask my dad if we could put my newborn brother in the trash, or at least bury him. I was 2 and apparently didn't want someone else to have my parents attention.

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[Frankenaidan](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Late to the party but had to add. According to my grandparents, when my mom was a toddler she was obsessed with an old-fashioned rocking horse in their basement and used to ride it while chanting "Snakes, snakes. Alligators. Snakes, snakes. Alligators" for hours.

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[SarahEdgy](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter also told me there was a red man on the ceiling in her room once, she seemed to like him though so I let that one pass :-s

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[CailinNoel](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 3, I was playing in the living room at my grandmother's house. My great grandmother, nana, used to live there as well but passed away 2 years before. One day both grandmother and great aunt walk into the room and I was, what looked like, talking to myself.

Grandma: hey kid, who you talkin' to?"

I turned and said, "nanny!", and pointed to a photo of her across the room. This freaked the two of them out a bit, but they continued.

Grandma: how do you know nanny? Me: She talks to me! *walks out of room*

Now, I don't remember this happening. However, I do remember the imaginary friend I had who was in a wheelchair...I used to push him around places... ^

tl;dr : my great grandmothers ghost used to talk to me.

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[Lemony-Lime](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I baby sat a 5 year old boy every week for a few months. One night as I was putting him to bed he hugged me tight and whispered in my ear "the man down stairs said he liked you." Needless to say I freaked out that night as I slept down stairs by myself in the basement.

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[atrane](#)
• [13y ago](#)

We don't ever watch news around our kids, and rarely had the TV on at all. Right after Michael Jackson died my 2 year old daughter comes downstairs and says "I can't sleep because Michael Jackson is in my room." That was creepy enough...

... then I saw that South Park episode later that year... Totally weird.





[mistergoofy101](#)

• [13y ago](#)

A few years back I took my cousin's kid to see the Bodyworlds exhibition of plastinated human bodies. One section of the display consisted of human foetuses at sequential stages of development from conception to birth. As we stood before the plastinated neonate, he turned to me and asked, "Do you think their mothers ever come to visit them?". On the way home, he asked how hospitals dispose of human remains. I explained that it would usually be taken away and incinerated at very high temperatures. After a pause, he said, "So is that what happened to Kylie's boob?".



[raveboy75](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Woke up in the middle of the night to my son crawling on the floor, then looking me in the eyes and screaming random #s...when he was done he simply looked at me and said there's only 3 left. He is an only child with me and my wife. So it's a 3 person family...I still don't understand what happened that night.

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[An-other1](#)

• [13y ago](#)

What kind of creatures are you people raising?

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[Blacknarcissa](#)

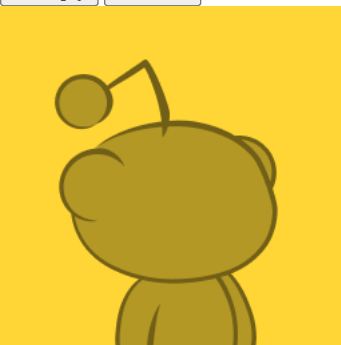
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

My 3 year old niece told me I had blood on my hands because of their pink complexion.

...She also chased me with a metal bar out of a hole puncher and told me she was going to 'slice me like bread'

and finally she told me to gouge one of her eyes out as 'it'll be okay... there's a spare one inside my brain'

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[dobsd](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was a kid, around 3/4, I had three dolls. The kind with the plastic head, arms and legs and a material body. Even at such a young age I wanted to be a surgeon, so my Mum said I would perform surgery on the dolls. One doll was called 'Brain Damage' and I would draw incision lines on its head (clearly I was not the sort of child to be trusted with a scalpel!). Another doll was called 'Gum Disease' and, as you can probably imagine, I would try to pull out its little plastic teeth and vigorously use my toothbrush to clean it.

The third.... Well, it was one of those dolls that has a small hole in the mouth for a baby bottle to fit. This poor dolly was called 'Pencil Sharpener' and I would jam pencils into its little mouth hole.

I think I was a creepy child!

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[MayOrMayNotBeBatman](#)
• 13y ago

This one's about me, not my child (I don't have one).

Growing up, my family had a toy poodle named 'Brandy.' She passed away from old age when I was about 3. I remember having a 'dream' about her when I was about 5 or 6 I'd say.

We had a storage room in our house and at this point in time it was really messy and cluttered. In my 'dream', I opened the door and Brandy ran over a pile of mess and started licking my face.

And here's why 'dream' is in quotes.

I told my mom about the dream and she said "Oh, that's sweet you still love her." Or something along those lines. Shortly after, I was playing in the hallway outside of the room. The door was closed. I started hearing scratches on the other side of the door. I opened it... and there was nothing. I told my mom and she attributed it to my dream I had about Brandy and it was just my imagination etc.

About 5 years later, I'm 10 or 11 years old, my parents have split up. My dad still lives in the house and I'm visiting him. I walked past the old storage room, which was now totally vacant, and hear barking. My dad doesn't have a dog or any pet. I ran to tell my dad and he tells me I'm hearing things. Later in the day, I hear the barking again, it's loud and piercing. I call my dad over. He's standing with me outside of the door. I say "Can't you hear that?" and he says "No, you're just imagining things" and proceeds to open the door. The only thing laying on the floor is a small squeaky dog toy. My dad slams the door, walks away, and has never said anything about it again.

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[webwawa](#)
• 13y ago

When I was little (age 0-5), my family lived in an old Victorian house outside of Chicago that was built around 1885. We would hear noises and objects would be misplaced mysteriously, then reappear where they were supposed to be all along. Usually people just heard foot steps down the main stair case, and up the porch stairs. Our dog would get upset barking at something on the stairs that wasn't there.

The most creepy thing though was that people would hear a baby crying. You would hear it coming from upstairs when you were down on the first story. When I was a toddler, one night some neighbors were over for a party. People kept hearing a baby crying upstairs, and told my parents to go up and check on me. They went upstairs looking for me, but realized I was in the kitchen on the floor the whole time all quiet and happily playing.

When I got older I was deathly afraid of any kind of doll. I had nightmares that they would come alive when no one else was around, and they were angry at me for turning them around to face the wall when I slept so their eyes wouldn't look at me, or I put them in the closet. I ended up having an imaginary friend, who of course was a baby. I had a doll-baby bed, and I'd tuck the imaginary baby into bed. I took the baby everywhere with me.

One day we were all packed up to leave the house, and I was upset crying because I had forgotten to bring the imaginary baby with me. I was all buckled up in my car seat, and my Mom had to convince me that our dog would take care of the baby while we were gone. I don't really remember much about it, or when I outgrew it. Pretty strange though that I kept talking about the imaginary baby, when people kept hearing ghost baby cries all of the time. EEEK! The new owners say that they never heard or saw anything and have lived there for 30 years now.

 1 more reply 

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[xshattered](#)
• 13y ago

According to my parents when I was about three years old they got me a pretty baby doll for Christmas. When i opened the present I let out a horrified scream and threw the doll into our fire place without hesitation. Apparently I said, "They hung my baby." And continued to repeatedly scream this until suddenly I stopped and looked up at them and said, "And they'll hang yours too." I have no memory of this.



[AiChake08](#)
• 13y ago

(Not my children, but still great.) When two of my cousins were really little, they had a stuffed rabbit they called Baby Bunny. Unlike normal kids, they started a cult to worship Baby Bunny, and would take their shirts off and chant, "Mani ani uni Baby Bunny." They continued to worship the stuffed animal until my older cousin took it into their backyard and shot it with an arrow. He said it was dead, so they just threw it away and never had a stuffed-idol again.

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[grunklefunkiss](#)



13y ago

This was something my mother told me about, from when I was younger (6/7 years) I was perpetually doped up on adderall or ritalin at the time, so I had some reality problems, but according to her I came home from school one day, and started screaming at the stairs. She asked me what I was screaming about and in her words I told her "There's heads on the stairs, they're looking at me" Most I remember about that day was going to my grandparents and playing with pop-guns.

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[Pueo711](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Several years ago, a close buddy of mine related this story, which really stuck in my head: when my friend's daughter, Megan, was about four, she suffered from night terrors. One night after she woke up screaming, my friend told his wife he'd go and check on the kid. He asked Megan if she wanted to sleep in mommy and daddy's bed, which, of course, she did. He took her by the hand and led her to their bedroom, but she came to a dead stop two feet from the bed. He looked down at her and said her eyes were as wide as saucers. He asked her what was wrong and she said in a hoarse whisper: "That's not mommy!" He told me that there was something about the way she looked and the way she said it that made the hairs stand up on the back of his neck. Of course his wife was still awake and heard what Megan had just whispered. She turned in bed saying: "Of course it's mommy, sweetheart." My friend said he almost yelled. His wife and daughter fell asleep shortly thereafter, but he said he had several restless hours that night.

-edit My friend said that he and mentioned what happened to his wife the next morning. She barely remembered it, but they both agreed that Megan must have been in a state somewhere between dreaming and lucidity. I couldn't help but poke fun at him by saying: "So rationalized the demoness." xD

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[uzkebas](#)
• 13y ago

A few months after my friends' son died unexpectedly, their neighbors gave birth to a baby girl. Now, several years later, that girl acts like a boy (refuses to wear dresses, plays with toy soldiers instead of dolls, etc) and always wants to visit her neighbors, calling them her "real" mommy and daddy.

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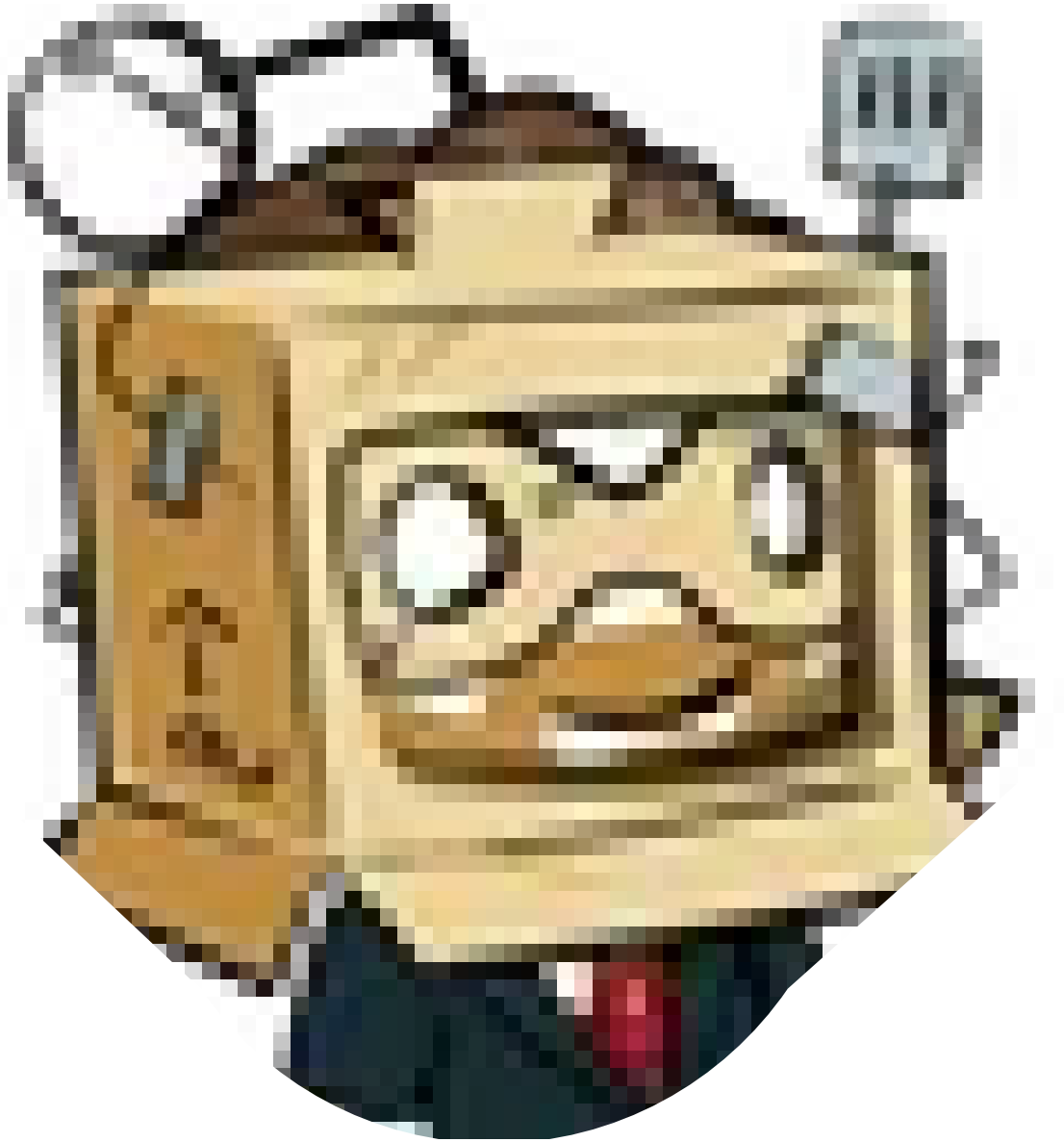


[jamesthird](#)
• 13y ago

I am a Kindergarden Teacher and one of my students approached me and asked "Do you have grandparents?" I replied, "No, they passed away." He looks at me in the eyes and asked "Do you miss them?" "yes of course!" I replied. He then with a perfectly straight face said "Maybe I can make you die so you can be with them."

Uh, no

 Reply 



[SpoonyForkman](#)
• 13y ago

I was off work one morning, and a friend of mine was bringing her laptop over for me to work on. My daughter was 2-3 at the time and had never met my friend. My friend was very pregnant, about 7-8 months along.

My daughter and I were sitting in the living room watching cartoons. Please keep in mind that all the curtains were closed, the only light was what little sun was coming in from around them and, of course, the television. Out of nowhere, my daughter asks "Who's here?" I pull back the curtain and saw that no one was there. Just as I started to tell her this, my friend came driving around the corner. Weird coincidence, I thought. But before she stepped out of her car, without looking out the window, my daughter asked me if she (my friend) had swallowed a baby.

It's weird, not scary, but creeped me the hell out.



[ENRrMommy](#)
• 13y ago

When my son was 2, we ran into my husband's boss and his wife in a parking lot of a store. We stopped to chat, and out of the blue, my 2 year old says to the boss's wife, "I have a sister." She smiled, thinking he was confused, and pointed to my 8 month old baby boy I was holding and said, "No, you have a *brother*." He didn't blink but said very seriously, "No, I have a big sister." He had no way of knowing that I miscarried a baby girl 7 months before I got pregnant with him.



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• [13y ago](#)

My son, at 2, became suddenly angry with his little Snoopy doll and yelled "THROW SNOOPY IN THE FIRE."





[fifteentango88](#)
• 13y ago

My younger brother would have the craziest hallucinations when he got fevers as a kid between the ages of about 4 to 9. I remember one night he was sick with the flu and my mom was tucking him in to bed. I walked into the bedroom to see how he was doing. He was completely pale and shaking, eyes completely wide, describing the 4 people he saw hanging from nooses on the cieling fan.



[StrawberrieDream](#)
• 13y ago

When I was little, I told my grandmother that when she died, I was going to bury her right under my window so she couldn't be far away from me. She always told me if I did, she'd haunt me forever.





[papajohnny13](#)
• 13y ago

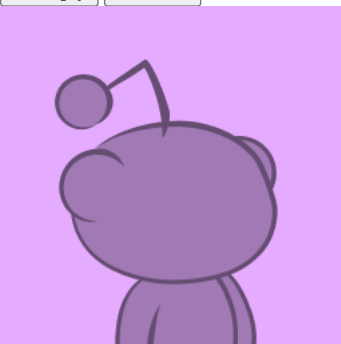
Not really creepy, but I imagine my family members felt a bit weird when they heard it.

When I was 4 years old my little sister was born. On the way back from hospital, when my grandparents and I had picked up my mother and the newborn (my father wasn't in the town at the time), the baby was placed in my grandmother's arms and I was sitting next to her in the car. My sister was tucked in several blankets and I could only see her head. However, she was awake and there was some movement beneath all those wrappings she was in. I asked what that was and my grandmother slowly and carefully unwrapped her and showed me a little baby's hand, to which I exclaimed in great disappointment: "She has arms and legs?!"

I remember the stare everyone gave me at that moment.

Thing is, at the time, I believed that babies were born only with a torso and a head, and that extremities 'grow out' later. Imagine my surprise...

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[Milly867](#)
• 13y ago

Once, when I was maybe 4 or 5, my dad found me sat on the floor, staring at the interception (that grey fuzzy stuff) on the tv. He asked what I was doing and in a completely monotone voice and without looking away from the screen, I said: "It looks like thousands of tiny maggots, sucking on the blood of a dead little girl." Obviously, he was quite freaked out and he goes "That's not very nice!!", so I turned



und, looked him right in the eyes and said with a completely straight face: "Don't worry. She's dead." I have no recollection of the event, but I'm a little concerned.

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[novah87](#)
• 13y ago

My granny died when I was about 3. Around 6 months after her death I told my great aunt, her sister, that my gran was standing behind her and wanted to talk. She told me she wasn't ready to talk to my gran yet. Apparently, I relayed this information to my gran and had a conversation with her. I turned to my aunt and told her that my granny was gone now. She just wanted to let her know that she wasn't in the blue chapel any more - he had moved to the white chapel - and her legs weren't sore any more. This freaked my aunt out, especially as I hadn't known my gran had sores on her legs as she took great care to cover them when I visited her in the hospital.

Although, the creepiest story I've ever heard was from one of my aunt's about a boy she used to babysit. She had an old fashioned diving suit ornament and this 3 year old boy said "I wore one of those when I was here before. I died of the bends though and that's why I'm here now". He turned back to playing with his toys without saying anything more about it - creepy stuff!

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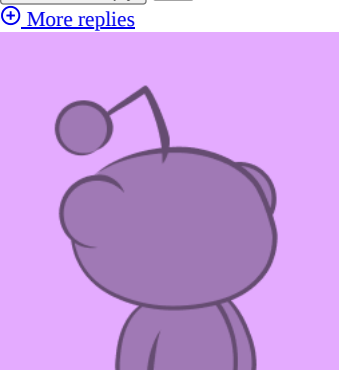
[shorerick](#)
• 13y ago

When my sister was 3 years old she asked why my mother why her stomach was so big. She answered there is a baby in my belly. Oh! The next time the two were in line at a grocery store there was a large woman in line in front of my mother my sister said very loudly, pointing and tugging on her moms skirt. Look mommy that lady has baby's in her arms and in her legs and babies all over. i am pretty sure my mother left the cart.

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[dude_mom](#)
• 13y ago

When one of my boys was about 3, he told me that he wanted 500 corpses, so he could poke out their eyes with a fork.

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[cbaccus](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Apparently the Italian side of my family came through my 4 year old one day when he informed us that "When you die you get thrown in the garbage."

Guess I'm not getting an ornate coffin in the future.

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[\[deleted\]](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mom has told me of a few times that I have freaked her out.

The first time, I guess I sleepwalked to her and my dad's bedroom door, softly knocked and stood there. My mom said she thought it was the dog so she didn't get up. About 30 minutes later, she described it as if I was sliding my hand along the wood of the door, and in complete silence, she almost peed herself. She finally opened the door, I was standing there, and she told me to go to bed. I turned around and left.

Another incident took place that following winter. I sleepwalked^{spelling?} again, but this time, I left the house. We used to live out a bit ways into the country, and we had a pretty big pond towards the very back of your yard. My mom recalls feeling a draft pretty badly at around 4 am, went to go see what was causing it, came into the dining room with the backdoor wide open, letting in snow and cold air. She ran to my room, I wasn't there. She said she freaked out and awoke my dad so they could go look for me, and found footsteps, so they followed. According to both of them, I was standing, slouched by the edge of the pond, in pair of pajama shorts and a thin tanktop,



arefoot, in the snow. Apparently my eyes were open as well. My dad picked me up, carried me back into the house, and they wrapped me up in about 4 blankets to warm e back up. They had no idea how long I was outside for but apparently I was bluish-purple all over.

TL;DR- wandered around and was being a creep in my sleep, almost gave my mom a heart attack twice

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[Eyes4music](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my daughter was 2 years old my grandfather (her great grandfather) died. She had never met or even seen pictures of him before. He lived very far away and we rarely spoke.

However, soon after she started having problems sleeping and constantly coming into our bedroom in the middle of the night. One night i was talking to her and asking her why she kept coming to sleep with mommy and daddy and she started telling me that a scary man with white hair was scaring her and she was afraid to be in her bed. I thought she must be having dreams or something.

A few days later i was cleaning out my purse and pulled out the obituary and stuff from his funeral and it had a picture of him on the paper. She looked at it and then looked at me and said that was the man that was scaring her in her room at night. It was really disturbing and upsetting.

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[Trevorocalypse17](#)
• [13y ago](#)

According to my parents, when I was in kindergarten I was buidling an upside down cross with the tinker toys. I believe that I was making a sword, because I watched a show about knights. The teacher told me to stop and I told her to watch what she said or else the master would drag her down to meet him. I don't remember saying that, and I have a really great memory. Ten years later I had a catechism teacher tell me she believed I was the anti-christ. Weird.

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[Indylicious](#)
• [13y ago](#)

We had bought a new-to-us house that was 80 or so years old. Had not moved in yet, so it was still empty, but I had to be there so the Sears guys could deliver our new fridge. So I took my 2 sons with me, one just a baby and the almost 3. The 3 year old was exploring the new place, it was the first time he'd been there. He comes back to me in the kitchen as says "Who are those boys?" I say "what boys?" thinking he sees neighbors or something. He says "Those 2 little boys sleeping in the closet" We go look in the coat closet, nothing there. He just goes "Oh they're gone now" like it was nothing. We waited outside for the Sears guys..

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

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[stanleythemanley44](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Just posted this on another thread about supernatural events, was told it should be here too, so here it is: My mom told me this story the other day and it freaked me the fuck out. When my oldest sister was little, like 3, she asked my then pregnant aunt to pick her up to hold her. My mom said she was like "she can't pick you up, honey, she has a baby in her tummy." And then my little sister was like "that baby is dead!" My mom freaked out, but my aunt and grandma were fine and were telling my mom it was all good, she was just a toddler and didn't know what she was saying. Well lo and behold my aunt goes to the doctor the next day for a routine pregnancy checkup and the baby was dead. Gives me the willies just thinking about it.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I recently took my 14-month old daughter to a local playgroup. While I was playing with her on the slide, a sweet little 5-year old girl came over to chat.

"Some babies do die you know", she said. I smiled and said "I know", and kept playing, but she wouldn't let it go. "They do you know - they die and you have to take them to hospital." I smiled again and took my daughter off to play in the ball pool.

Two minutes later there's a voice in my ear:

"Do you remember what I told you? Sometimes babies DO die."

Gaaaaaah.



[ianski37](#)

• [13y ago](#)

The stories on this site remind me of a story I was told about myself as a child.

At one point in my early twenties, I went back to my hometown, and had dinner with my former kindergarten teacher and her husband. Over dinner, she told me this story about when I was her student:

Apparently the class had been looking at a display of a honeycomb and learning about how bees live. Later that afternoon, we had our snack - tapioca pudding - and it was after we'd eaten it all that she noticed that the bee larvae from the honeycomb display were missing.



Apparently I'd been quite fascinated with the display earlier, and though I wouldn't admit to it, she believes that I added the larvae to our afternoon snack... she said nothing at the time and just hoped none of the kids got sick. (none of them did.) I have no recollection of this, myself, but I'm sure that's probably what happened!

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[annietee123](#)
• 13y ago

Not my kid, i don't have kids cause I'm only 19. But my boyfriends younger brother says some weird shit sometimes. Once, we brought him to my house with us and he wanted to show me his smelly eraser. You know, the ones that smell like fruits and stuff? I smelled it and told him it did in fact smell good, and continued smelling it to humor him. At first he say, "yeah, you like that?" then continued, as I was smelling it, to lower the tone of his voice and slowly say "yeah, you like that? yeah, I know you like that, you crazy girl..."

My boyfriend and I bust out laughing. I don't think he's ever been exposed to phone sex but he seems to have some of the basics down.

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[tjmoon13](#)
• 13y ago

When my youngest was 4-5 we lived in an old house. Her bedroom was at the back of a very long hallway. I would hear her playing with her toys but one day I noticed there were 2 distinct voices and not one. Her brother and sister were both at school. I checked on her but she was alone. I asked who she was talking to and she said her friend, which she only identified as a girl. This went on all the time but every time I went back I couldn't hear the second voice any more and she would be playing alone. I thought I was just hearing things until she began kindergarten....



that week I remember I was cleaning the house while the kids were gone. I went into her room and picked up her toys and put them away. Then I heard the dryer in the basement so went to get the clothes. I sorted and folded them in the living room. Problem is.....when I went back into her room to put her clothes away her toys were all back out on the floor.....and I mean ALL of them INCLUDING the ones I had picked up earlier that day.....I was home alone at the time. Freaked me right the ruck out.....nor was this the only time it happened.....

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[Pachipie](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I know this is 6 days late but I thought I might share. My 4 year old cousin has a very religious family and she'll talk to herself sometimes and claims she's talking to God or Satan. Well one day I was drawing with her in the kitchen (I was looking after her while her mom ran out to the store) So as we're drawing she starts giggling, then she says "No, you can't." I asked her who she was talking to and she just giggled some more then said, "You know how you always visit me?" "Yeah." "Well God said he wants you to visit him up in heaven." Gave me chills.

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[wlane272](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not my kids, but me: there is a video of me from when I was 2, with a pair of underwear on my head and I'm holding a rake. I'm trying to make a raking motion but it just looks like me attacking the camera with a rake. And I'm saying over and over, "Rape, rape!"

My parents are cracking up.

Weirded me out when I went back and watched and saw it for the first time.



[juniperstree](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Once my then 6year old son and I were in the baby section of the nearby cemetary. My son, very seriously says," I laugh when babies die."





[Crumpet01](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I used to babysit my godmum's little girl a lot when she was much younger (from ages of 1-9 or so).

One night, not long after they had moved to a new house (she would have been about 4), I was tucking her in to bed. She sat up in bed, looked out of her window and sighed. I asked her what was wrong. She said "the boy that used to visit me can't come in anymore. He stays outside on the street now. He looks so sad" and pointed outside. Of course, there was no boy outside.

Rewind 3 years and my Godmum tells us that after tucking the little girl into bed and going back into her bedroom she hears "Help me Mummy" in a loud, clear child's voice. Her other kids were with their Dad and the little girl, her youngest, could barely say "hello".

Around the same time, my Godmum had been out for the day with her new partner, and the kids were all miles away with their Dad. Godmum and partner arrive back at the house, all still locked up, no sign of entry etc. When they go upstairs, they find partner's jacket totally shredded to pieces. They had no pets and no windows were open so no animals could have got in. This is the same partner that a few days earlier, upon visiting the house for the first time, asked my Godmum who the little boy was that was sitting in her chair upstairs in her room. I'm sure you can guess...there was no little boy.

Rewind a few years further back to when the middle child was a baby. Godmum and partner are downstairs watching TV. They hear footsteps run across the hallway (from the room of the then youngest child), bathroom tap turned on and a giggle. Godmum runs upstairs to tell child off, both children are fast asleep in bed, youngest still in her cot, no way of getting out.

EDIT: The family did some research and discovered that the house was built where an old Victorian workhouse for children had been.

Creepy shit.

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[scrambledmegs](#)
• [13y ago](#)



o, this happened when I was just old enough to speak but not quite stringing sentences together. My mother was putting me to bed and I apparently sat up, looked at her calmly and said "I used to be your grandmother."

Her grandmother died a month before I was born. But she said the creepiest part was the way I said it. I'm pretty sure she just backed out of the room and shut the door.

Side note: I couldn't help but send her this a couple of years ago <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YfY1lfFu8j8>

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[nicolemayhem](#)
• 13y ago

my mother recently told me this story: when i was 3 my grandmother died and my parents explained it to me the best they could. standard "grandma died. shes no longer in pain, we'll all pray over her body and then her soul will go to heaven" stuff. then 3 or 4 months later we were visiting family and at the end of the weekend, pulling out of the driveway, i yell "WAIT! i have to ask auntie barbara something!" my aunt comes to the car and i go over the list of things i know "i know grandma was sick and that she died and shes no longer in pain and her body was put in the ground, and we prayed and her soul went to heaven...but, what did you do with her head?"

my family was horrified that i had been wondering about where her head was for months.



[⊕ More replies](#)



[amber666](#)

• 13y ago

Our youngest boy was about a month old, we always sleep with the child monitor on so we can hear him during his sleeping. One night as we slept we were awakened by an erie sound coming from his room. It was the same sound the dead kids made in the movie the grudge. Needless to say we were quite freaked out. Till we found out it was just our little guys way of waking up. He did that after every nap for the next few months. Creepy, then hilarious.

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[zoezoexoe](#)

• 13y ago

My parents always tell this story from when my brother was around four and my family lived in a small town in New Mexico called Alamogordo. Apparently there were several mornings where she would come to get my brother, and he would tell her about owls with big eyes staring at him through his window at night. He didn't say it as if he was afraid. My mom's explanation is that he saw something else, but his mind not wanting to process it, saw it as an owl.

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[g33kn1k](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My parents' house was built in 1890 and is an old farm house. We moved there when I was 12 and I'm convinced it's haunted by a family with 2 kids and have felt that way before anyone else ever experienced anything.

When my niece was little, maybe 3 years old, she used to talk about the little boy on the stairs. She saw him often and would ask who he was. My brother (her dad) and my parents would try to tell her she was imagining it as they didn't want to scare her.

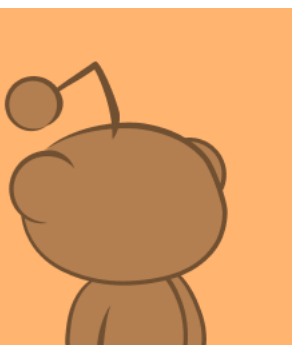
Fast forward a few years, she's forgotten about the little boy, and no one ever mentions him, as we've all forgotten too. Then, my nephew is born. Once he could talk, he started asking who the little boy on the stairs was. We (parents/brother) NEVER mentioned it to him.

Niece didn't mention it to him as she lived with her mother 2 hours away and didn't visit often. He was as insistent as my niece was that there was a little boy on the stairs.

To get to the kitchen from the garage entrance, you have to go through the laundry room. When nephew was a bit older, he came in once, mum was in the kitchen, and nephew non-chalantly asked why the ghosts were arguing in the laundry room. Not sure what mum told him, but she just about peed herself.

Lots of weird stuff happened in that house, and still does. Sadly, the town it's in is a small, rural town and their records aren't online so I can't do research without going and looking through old newspapers or whatever, which I never had the time for.

EDIT: tl;dr - my niece and nephew see dead people.



[lynne](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but something I remember from when I was a kid and my mom still brings up from time to time... When I was around 8, we lived in this duplex. All the bedrooms were on the second floor, and the living room, kitchen, etc were on the first. My mom would almost always end up falling asleep in the rocking chair downstairs while waiting for my dad to get off work. So, whenever I couldn't sleep I would go down there and sleep with her in the rocking chair. One night, I went downstairs and saw what I thought was my mom sitting in the rocking chair (it was dark), but when I got closer to my "mom" "her" eyes starting glowing bright ass red. I ran back upstairs to my mom's room, crept over to her bed really slow (to make sure it was really her this time... ha.), and woke her up and told her that there was a shadow person sitting in the rocking chair pretending to be her.

...Still creeps me out thinking about it today, ha.



[eldrvarya18](#)
• 13y ago

I have always been told that when I was younger, maybe 1 or 2, a close family friend came to stay with us for a few days. When she woke up, I was standing over her holding a knife, and I merely said, "Bye bye."

The knife was taken from me. No one is quite sure how I got it. And, clearly, I have no memory of this.



[ClakeBent](#)
• 13y ago

When I was around 9, we moved house. We found a box of audio tapes that were recordings of children's stories. I was excited for surprise gifts from the previous owners, but when we tried to play one, it was all backwards. I put another one in, same story (ha.) We found that all of them did this, even after we took the tape out, turned it around and put it back in the tape. That wasn't all, I would often look down the passage and see the back of someone going into one of the rooms, but there was never anyone there. I would also sometimes wake up from my antique cabinet door swinging open, with accompanying creaking noise, to see a figure with red eyes standing inside, never moving, just watching me. Sometimes I would see a persons shadow walk casually past the french doors leading outside, when I could clearly see there was no-one there. I never told anyone about those things, assuming everyone would just think I was being a wimp.

When we were moving out a few years later, we moved a safe that was in the master bedroom and found some weird shrine behind it.

That was creepy and all, but when I finally talked to my mother about it many years later, she said we moved because she thought she was losing her mind in that house, things would always move around, cupboards would change their contents, she would often feel terrorized.

TTL/DR Something unhappy lived in our house and fucked with everyone in the family for years.

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[renmiller](#)

[13y ago](#)

We had just moved into a large, 100-year old Edwardian house in San Francisco. At 3 in the morning our four-year-old son climbed into bed with us, waking us up. When we started asking him what was up, he very quietly -- and eerily -- whispered, "Sssssshhhhhhh. Don't say anything." When we asked why, he fixed us with a really creepy stare and intoned, "They'll. Hear. Us." Uncharacteristically, my husband and I obeyed him and we did remain silent -- and are still slightly traumatized at the memory 15 years later. (We have since moved.)

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[auster26](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I don't have any kids, but I have 2 little sisters. When one of my little sisters was about three and I was six, my dad and I would always take us down to this one coffee shop that was in this really old building. One day, my sister, June, and I were playing in this big open area that was in the same building right outside the shop, and she started talking about a little boy. She said he was four and he could see us. He was lonely and wanted to play with us. I went inside the shop to get our dad because it freaked me out, and June told him about the boy. Suddenly, this twenty-something hipster girl looked up from her laptop and says, "Oh yeah, they saw the ghost boy. Kids see him all the time." My dad laughed, thinking she was being funny. Fast-forward to 2013; my sister is 9 now, and my other sister is 5. The coffee shop is now a chocolate shop, and the open area where the boy lived has been turned into extra seating with tables and stuff. Last time we went in, my youngest sister, Violet, pointed to the door. She glanced at me and said, "Phoebe, can you open the door and let that boy in? He wants to see June." June looked over and said, "Violet, there's no one there." Violet was determined. "What do you mean? He sees us and I can see him." Neither me nor June had ever told her about the ghost boy. Yeah, freaked me out a bit.

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[riannon](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I don't have any children of my own but when me and my brother were younger we both used to see things. My brother was a twin, unfortunately his twin sister died when they were both about 8 to 12 weeks into the pregnancy. My brother as a child, from infancy to about 8 or 9, used to change his voice to a young girls voice and talk to himself for hours. He would ask questions and respond to questions, all in this creepy little girls voice. When we would ask him what he was doing he would say "I'm talking to Christina (his twin)." He would also insist that him and mom would celebrate her "birth" day.

My creepy story is almost all here-say from my parents. My mom and dad claim that when I was two or three I would crawl into bed with them and would sleep next to dad. Several times in the middle of the night I would peer over his shoulders and whisper to my mom "Don't go to sleep mommy, I will kill you." That combined with all my "friends" and the conversations I would have with dead family members equated to my mom being creeped out by me.



[jensblond](#)

• [13y ago](#)

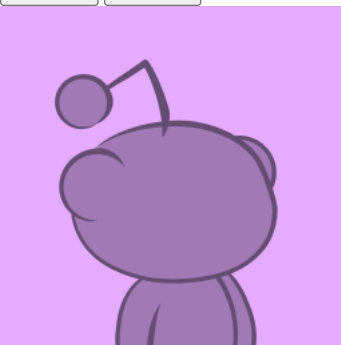
Well, I think it is not as creepy, as any of these stories, but when we moved in our new house, my 4 year old son replied to the question, if he likes our new home: "Yes, and when you're dead, I can finally enjoy our apartment"...



[Abrivado](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 6 year old daughter just said she was scared her parents weren't really her parents but some doppelgangers pretending to be her parents trying to poison her.

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[fmouse](#)
• [13y ago](#)

She's been watching too much Dr. Who.

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[Miss-bossy](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter was about four years old, i had already said Good Night, sang the Good Night Song, crawled her back... Everything was good. Ten minutes later, she cried for me, I instantly heard the fear in her voice, got to her bed, she was clinging to me, hiding her Head in my arms, shaking, whispering "Mummy, there are Black Skeletons walking through my room..." That got me quite a chill. There was bright light in in the corridor, her door had a Glass window, the night light was on, it wasn't even dark Outside....before this, there was no spooky athosphere and it came out of nothing but the hair of my neck stood instantly and i was really shocked by the Imagination of Black Skeletons, walking through her room.

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[iridescent illusions](#)
• [13y ago](#)

sigh

I guess I won't be sleeping tonight... lD

But anyway...I don't have a child and I'm not sure this fits under the questions too well, but I remember being able to 'fly' as a child... o.O
We'd immigrated here (Canada) from China when I was only 2 years old, so our living conditions weren't great - we stayed in the basement of a tiny house - and I don't remember any bad memories...it was all fun for me as a kid...but there was a really weird thing that happened a few times...I remember being able to float in the air near the ceiling and move around in the air...but I was only able to do that when no one was around....it was the most amazing sensation, and I can never figure out how I did it, and how I can do it again :o

Any explanations?

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[Kropotkin87](#)
• [13y ago](#)



My friend's adorable, 'butter wouldn't melt', 7 year old baby sister whispers "Can I tell a secret?", "go on then" I say. With pure innocent tone she whispers "I've always wanted to KILL a baby".

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[PoisonElderberry](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Well I'm not a parent but this is a story my aunt told me

When I was 3, I was with my aunt in church for some reason, cleaning I think. I was using the trampoline and I said to her "Vicky the little boy keeps trying to use the trampoline." There wasn't anyone else in the church so she got pretty freaked and told me to tell him to wait his turn so I did and carried on bouncing.

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[endingday](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my little sister was born, I apparently asked my Mom, "Is she hurting you Mommy? I'll get rid of her for you if she is."



[ckenyon1964](#)
• [13y ago](#)

About two months after my mother-in-law passed away, my (then) 3 year old daughter woke up one morning and said "Grandma visited me last night."

I responded "Really? Where?"

She said, "There on the end of my bed. She said 'There now, darling, stay warm'."

I was amused for a moment until I saw that there was a blanket on the bed that hadn't been there when we tucked her in the night before.

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[Synthesizer1984](#)
• 13y ago

I asked my 3 year old daughter if she wanted babies when she grew up. Her response "Yes, so I can chop off their heads and watch them die".

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[67winchester](#)
• 13y ago

So, I had the urge to create an account to share some of my own experiences, as well as that of my family. Not truly "creepy things being said by my kids" so much as "creepy things happening to me and my cousins"

When I was younger, around 3-5, I had recurring night terrors where I woke up screaming at the top of my lungs. Sometimes it was mindless babble. Usually in English, though on the rare occasion French (I was raised bilingual.) However, a few even rarer times I woke up screaming in what my mother could not for the life of her put a finger on. It was simple, but I know it creeped my mom out enough to ask me if I remembered anything about it.

Around the night terror times, I would also occasionally wake up my parents when I sleep walked. Dad would get up and put me back to bed and apparently I would babble on and have no recollection of either things in the morning. Sometimes my Mom would wake up to this singing, which also turned out to be me. I sleep sang, according to them.

The summer after Grade 5 I went to a Catholic Summer Camp in my area. According to one of my cabin counselors she woke up and saw me sitting bolt upright in the bed with my eyes wide open and staring off into the middle distance. She whispered my name in horror and



turned around sharply and hissed at her like a friggin snake. Once more, no recollection of this incident.

The last one with me is that when I was sick, sometimes I would wake up crying and when my mom asked me why I was bawling, according to her I replied "The big bad men! They are gonna find me if I don't go!" Similar to some of the other posts, I have hazy recollections of what I could only chalk up to as being past lives. My mom told me that sometimes when she put me to bed when I was found sleep walking, I would say things like "I need to find it!" or "They want to hurt me but I didn't take it!"

I do have vague memories of dreams, and can just barely remember a "weird sounding voice" that I've figured out was a male voice with an Irish sounding accent to it.

And my Aunt told my Mom tales of my older cousins and their "ghostly experiences." When my cousin who we'll call C was younger, he would tell my Aunt about the nice old lady who read him stories when he couldn't sleep. When asked if he could describe the nice old lady, C gave her a description that matched my Aunt's grandmother, who died before C was born. My other cousin J had similar things happen to her.

Finally, we get to my younger sister. When she was about 5 and I was about 9, we were being babysat by my cousin J. And my little sister suddenly puts down the pet dog she was playing with and turns to me and says "They didn't kill you. She did." in a completely flat voice. A few seconds later she was back to playing with her dog. Creeped me and J the hell out.

TLDR; I may or may not have stolen from the Irish Mob in a past life, my sister somehow knows how I died in what i'm going to assume in another past life and my cousins were read bedtime stories by their great-grandmother's ghost.

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[minga272](#)
• 13y ago

My niece, 'Jane', was 3. My sister would hear her talking at bedtime in her room. Finally overcome with curiosity my sister asked her who she was talking to - expecting it was one of her many dolls. Jane replied, "Michael. He's a little boy. But he can't hurt you. He's dead." Many days later a light fixture globe fell in a closet and hit my sister in the head. My niece ran in to the room to inform her that it wasn't Michael but one of the 'others' that had done that.



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[GoGoBunnyTrain](#)

• 13y ago

Our daughter kept telling us she wanted to live in a different house. We finally asked her why. Her response: "I don't like the people."

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[Stephaniejane07](#)

• 13y ago

Happily playing on the couch with my 3.5 year old son; he sticks his foot near my face and says "smell my foot mama!" To which I reply by giggling and saying "no...take your stinky foot away" hahaha... Then a blank look on his face followed by a few seconds of silence until he replies "I want to stick my toes in your eyeball"....I



[frites](#)

• 13y ago

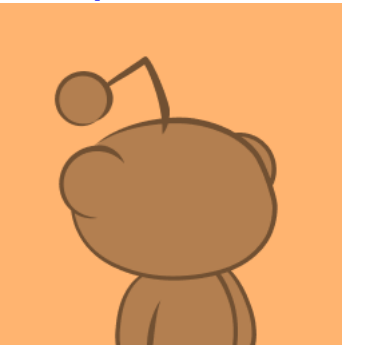
When I was four we moved to a new house. It was a fixer-upper and was basically a complete gut job. My parents did most of the work themselves, tearing down walls, etc. We lived on the floor that wasn't being worked on at the time. Out of all the creepy things in this nearly 100 year old house, I was not scared of any of them... but I scared the crap out of my parents in the following way: I came downstairs crying and said "Daddy I am scared." "What's wrong?" "There's a man." "What? Where?" "The man looking at us through the hole." I took them to a screw-sized hole in the staircase wall and was adamant there was a man looking at us. I was so insistent for a few days in a row that finally my dad put tape over it and then I forgot about it. Years later, though, I sometimes got the feeling that there was someone outside the house looking in. I used to be terrified to go downstairs to lock the front door at night because I felt like there was someone there waiting. And now I just totally creeped myself out by reliving those memories. heh.

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[wearenothingbutpawns](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was younger, I was talking to my mom as we were driving, and I pointed at a sign and said "Bad!" (remember, i was only like 3 or 4). When she asked me why the sign was bad, i looked her straight in the eyes and said "I was driving, and it was snowing. The roads were really slippery and my car crashed into a sign." i paused for a second before adding "I think my head got cut off." now keep in mind that i was little, and b/c we live in Tucson, i hadn't been exposed to snow, nor would i know that it made the road slippery.so that freaked my mom the fuck out.

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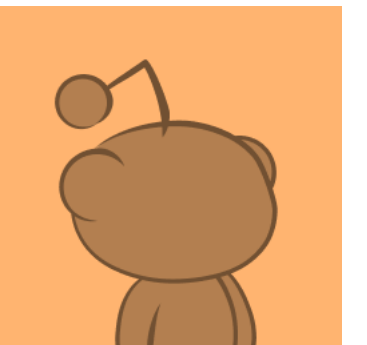
[CapnMorgan823](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Created an account for this, and dunno if I'm too late.

When I was little (around 3-ish) my mom says I used to tell her and my dad that I picked them to be my parents.

And when my oldest brother was little he used to tell my parents about how he used to be a Crocodile Wrestler and he had these big gloves that he would wear.



[Lord_nautica](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 5, and me and my family were camping, and apparently I just stood, staring at the fire for 45 minutes, and I was just very quietly whispering "spirits of Hell, come to me" over and over... I was a strange child.





[allenseizmik](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but last year, when my grandpa passed away, my mother was absolutely devastated. We came back from the funeral close to midnight and my then 7yo sister was asleep and so my dad carried her to her bed and tucked her in, closed the door, etc.

My mom stayed up a few more hours to put up pictures of her dad in her bedroom and lit a candle for him and such.

The next morning, I stayed home from school to help out around the house because my mom was in such bad shape. I was doing my sister's hair in the living room, my mom was looking for her keys.

Sister: Mom...

Mom: Yeah?

Sister: Grampa says...grampa says to take all that stuff down. He says, 'Stop looking at my pictures' and he says to stop crying and he loves you.

Needless to say my mom was really freaked out. This happened on THREE DIFFERENT OCCASIONS with my sister letting my mom know all the things that my grandpa was apparently unhappy about, which included the fact that my mom wasn't eating, that my mom hadn't called my grandmother to check on her, and that he was cold (this one got my mom the hardest).

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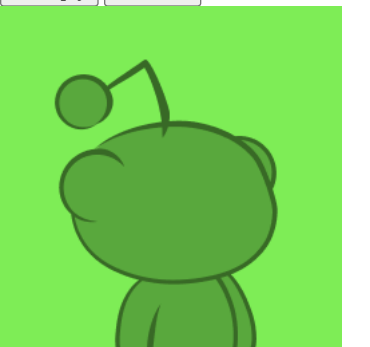
[iospace](#)

• [13y ago](#)

We were having a family dinner at some restaurant. She notices a bottle of sauce or something that says, "No time for conversation" she asks me about it and I tell her what it says. Her: "No it doesn't" Me: "Then what DOES it say?" Her: "It says people shouldn't ask questions. People who ask questions go away for a long time" She calmly went back to eating.

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[MicroCosmicMorganism](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Sitting relaxing with my 7 yo daughter one evening. She turned to me and said "Mum, when you die I'm going to scrape off all your flesh, paint your bones with glow-in-the-dark paint and stand you in the corner of my bedroom, so I can see you at night.

She is now 17 and I'm still in my skin, so far...

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[jimmyhalps](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but a couple of stories of things I've done/said when I was little. These are my mom's go-to stories when it comes to kids and the paranormal. When I was a year and a half/two years old and just learning how to talk, my mom used to bring me downstairs with her when she would do laundry. Apparently I would crawl to one corner of the basement where the canning room was and "talk" (baby nonsense) to the wall. Then, when my mom would carry me upstairs, I'd look behind her and say 'Bye baby!' Later, when my mom asked what baby, I said his name was Zazu. (I attribute this name to really loving The Lion King, but according to my mom I rarely watched that movie.) My grandma's second husband (so technically my step-grandpa), Bob, died 2 weeks before I was born. So, of course, I had never met Bob. My mom swears that they never talked about Bob around me or anything of the sort. Once, when I was around 2, my mom and I were in a hardware store called Knox, Bob's favorite store. When we were in the clearance section, apparently Bob's favorite section, I go, "Mom, where's Grandpa Bob?" She says it was the creepiest thing I've ever said.

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[LightsRose](#)
• 13y ago

We were in the middle of decorating christmas cookies when my older son- he was 3 at the time- suddenly looked out the window and exclaimed "Grandpa's here!" he proceeded to run to the door fling it open and say "we're making cookies!" as he rushes back towards his chair to point to the cookies he was making and goes about jabbering on about the cookies and how we played outside and Santa was going to come...while my husband and I stood there bewildered. My dad was not there...his dad died a month before our older son was born. My husband asked him about grandpa while I closed the door and we were informed grandpa was big-kinda like daddy- with a big hat- and he'd go visit grandma and aunties later but he wanted to see us first.



[Mrmtdew](#)
• 13y ago

"Mommy I don't like the man in the corner, he says you are mean, he doesn't like you" . In the end my family ditched that house.





[milkbee](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I have a few things to share: first: Last summer, my two cousins and i shared a room in my grandparent's lake house. it was about midnight, and my older cousin and i were the only ones awake. Suddenly, my younger cousin, who was eight at the time got out of bed, walked over to the closet, looked straight at it, and said "go away".

second: When i was very, very young, i recall seeing two odd things in the house we used to live in in Virginia. I had a large computer desk in my room, (without a computer, of course), which stood high, but left a few feet of clearance before the ceiling. i remember vividly seeing the outlines of two children, no features, just shadows, every night, sitting on top of the desk, crouched, so their heads almost touched the ceiling. The second thing, however, was even worse. One night, i was lying awake in bed, staring at the lit hallway through my open door. Then i saw a tall, bald man walk past my door. he was wearing jeans and a t-shirt, and i remember his profile in great detail. i was so scared, i couldn't move or speak, i just stared. We moved out of the house, (unrelated), and curiously, nobody has bought it 6 or so years later.

Third, my aunt is a librarian, and she was having her elementary school students write letters to elderly people in the local nursing home for Christmas. two stood out. one of them was just plain hilarious, and it said in all caps: "MACARONI CHEESE MACARONI CHEESE FRIES ON THE SIDE" The other, however, was incredibly strange and morbid. it said "The old man is sad. The old man is sad and sick. The old man is sad and sick and lonely. The old man is sad and sick and lonely and dying."

Forth: One night, a dark figure appeared outside of my cousin's, (who was 12 at the time,) bedroom. It looked exactly like her dad. When she first saw it outside her door, she said "Daddy?" and it got to the point that she was yelling and screaming, and the figure wouldn't move. after a couple seconds, it disappeared, just like that. She even asked her dad (a well known prankster) the next day about it, and he said that it wasn't him. It's still unexplained.

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• [13y ago](#)

Well.. I'm not a parent, but now that it is light out, I feel safer to share my sisters imaginary friend.. No Face. She loved No Face, but she told me that he hated me and my brother.. So we resolved to "kill" No Face. We must of failed.. She told me, "No Face will Take my heart away when you're older." I'm 18 now and I was 8 at the time.. Oddly enough, I now have heart problems and blackouts.. She drew several pictures of No Face, and that's what scares me.. It was a white faced creature with no features, tall and had eight arms.. She's 12 now but she sometimes tells me that she's sorry for what No Face did.. I don't believe in monsters nor do I believe in ghosts.. But somehow, my heart (I found out it was Marfans Syndrome, a genetic disorder that affects connective tissue) is not functioning properly.

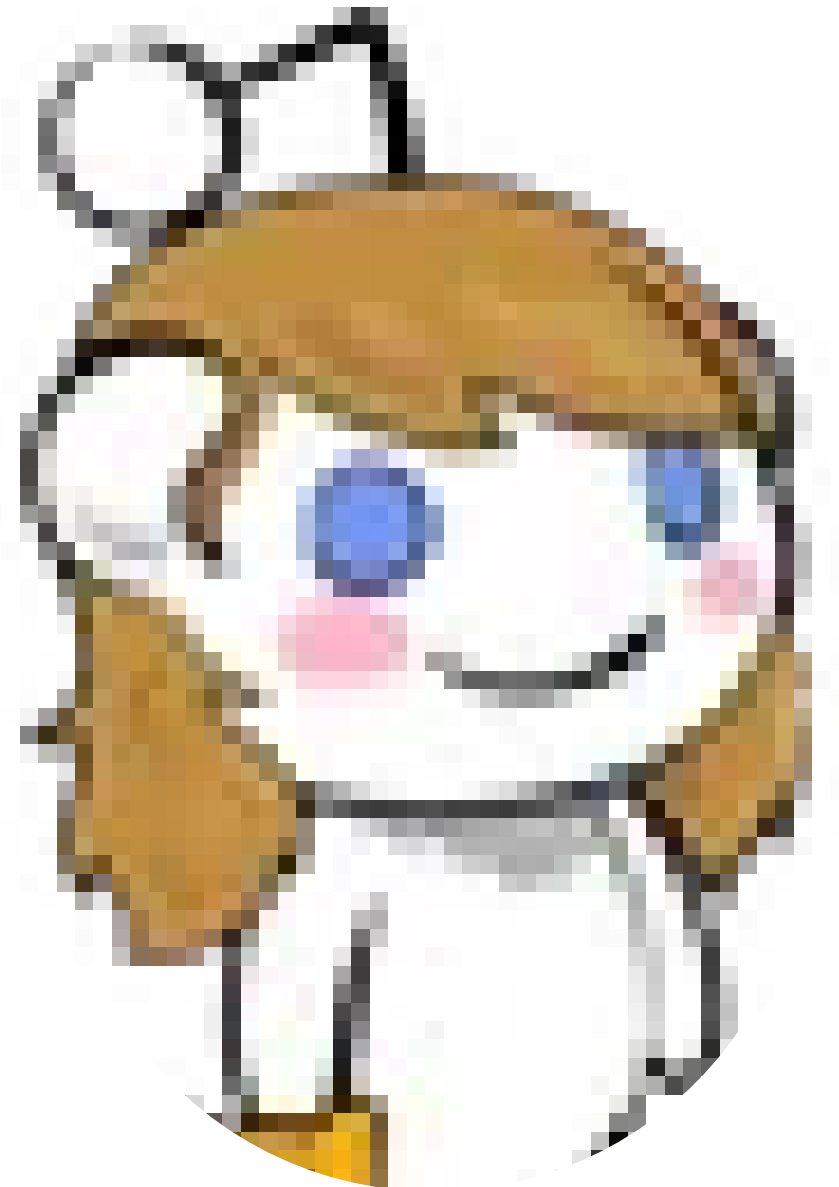
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[Laurajs](#)

• 13y ago

One time I was teaching a group of brownies health and safety and we asked what should they do if there is a person lying on the floor.

Brownie 1: We stay away from it Me: No you check the area to see if its safe and check on the person Brownie 1: But what if its a

pedophile Me: It wont be a pedophile will it Brownie 1: It can be, just pretending to be dead so it can jump at us Brownie 2: What's a pedophile? -_-

Not really creepy but still not a topic you want a 7 year old to talk about

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[Tiffardo](#)

• 13y ago

When my little sister was 2 or 3 she had an imaginary friend that she just called "Ghost". (I was 7 or 8 at the time) One day while we were up at the beach house me and my mom walk in on my sister in fetal position weeping in a corner of the house. I immediately get chills from the way she's just silently sobbing and ask what's wrong. She just looks up at me and say "Please make ghost go away. I don't want to play his games anymore but he won't leave me alone" We picked her up and brought her to the couch and got her to calm down. After that night she never talked about him again.





[QueenofCakes](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was tucking in my 6 year old son he told me, 'mom, I'm afraid of our basement' I asked him why and he replied, 'because there are lots of clown heads floating around in our basement'

I no longer go into the basement at night.



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

Don't have kids, but have two stories from teaching Photoshop and 3D classes to kids in school holidays.

One young boy - I'd guess 7 or so - sat at the back of the Photoshop class and wouldn't do anything but sit in MS Paint. He painted the screen black, and then wrote in red (made to look like it was dripping): I KILL YOU MUTT.

When I asked him what he was doing, he'd just do this weird chortling giggling thing, saying "I'm going to kill you mutt".

The next one is not so creepy as just sad. I was teaching kids some basic 3D animation in Blender, and we were using a pre-built character rig to play around with. This one kid, about 9 I guess, said to his friend, "We should do an animation where it's a city and there's a girl getting raped. That would be so funny."

I'm guessing he had too much CSI or GTA, but I had to tell his folks about that one. They were pretty embarrassed.

(Disclaimer: I realise that kids implying familiarity with violence, sexual or otherwise, isn't funny and has to be handled sensitively).





[itrikster](#)
• 13y ago

I went to my little cousins house once during nighttime, and somehow a conversation of things he does to get ready for bed started. It went something like this...BRANDON: "I like to brush my teeth, but i can't do it when the lady with no legs is crawling around in the hallway at night." I didn't go to the bathroom at night for weeks.



[halucynation](#)
• 13y ago

I was assisting the Pre-school teacher with the kids. It was halloween, so we thought we'd make cute halloween cards together. There was this korean boy who asked for more card than the others, around 10 pages worth. I was going around the tables, asking if any of the kids needed help with anything. I came full-circle and passed by the same boy again, asking him what he was making, since I wasn't sure. He then without looking at me said "The Book of the Dead." and then began to flip the pages, pointing onto different areas of the page and explaining different creatures and things to me. The pages were blank.

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[ejdbroker](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

"Im gonna take your head off." Luckily it is usually followed by "Now I will put it back on."

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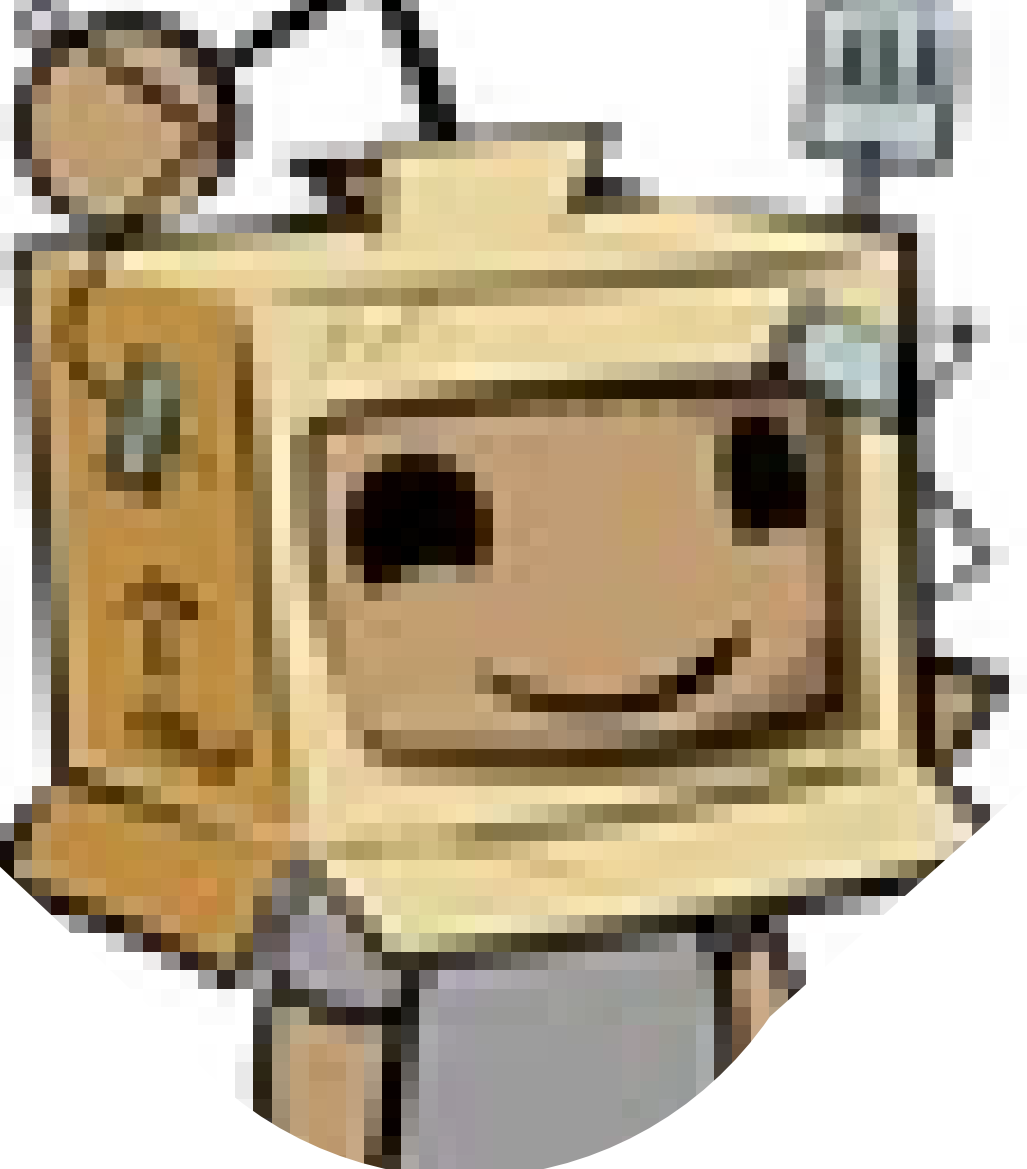
[QueenofCakes](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Phew! Dodged a bullet there!

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[heron27](#)
• [13y ago](#)

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[MrMentallo](#)
• [13y ago](#)

At the time 4 year old told me "When mommy doesn't listen to you, you should choke her." Me- "Honey, people shouldn't choke each other." Her - "But mommy doesn't listen sometimes and needs a good choke."

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[Cyndaquil](#)
• 13y ago

When I was around 4 maybe, I thought people had hearts in their wrists and that's why you can feel your pulse there. I also knew that you would die if you got stabbed in the heart. I decided that I wanted to test this theory, initially on myself, but then I realized that if it worked, I'd be dead, so I should probably test it on someone else. I then attempted to push a thumbtack into my little brother's wrist. I remember my train of thought very clearly.

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[jungleavenue](#)
• 13y ago

I lived with my friend for three months, and she had two younger siblings who slept in the room next to us. Every once in a while we would hear a fit of coughing coming from that room, but deep and hoarse, like an adult man. I went in to check on the kids a few times and usually found the room empty. Sometimes though (and occasionally this would happen when I just got up to go to the bathroom) I would find the girl (about six years old) sitting bolt upright in bed, staring at the wall in front of her. When I said her name she would turn and stare at me in such a way that shivers would run down my spine. The first few times, I tried to get her to talk. I learned quickly to just walk away. One night I did the latter and went into the kitchen to get food. When you opened the fridge door, it blocked your view of the hallway leading to the bedrooms. When I closed the fridge door, my friend's sister was standing a few feet behind it, staring at me with that hollow gaze. I was truly terrified. I tried to get her to talk, but she wouldn't. I asked her if she wanted food and she shook her head. I waited for her to go to bed so I wouldn't have to pass her. According to my friend, the previous owner of the house was a middle-aged man who died in that room. The younger kids don't know this.



[mmmusicbox](#)
• 13y ago

My mom told me a story once about how she was out of town for work, so I was staying the night at my dad's apartment (they were divorced). It was the first time I had been away from her for a long period of time, I was about 3 or 4 at the time. That night she said she swore she heard me singing "mommy mommy mommy." She called in the morning and asked my dad how everything was going, to which he said "Fine, but last night she was singing in her sleep "mommy mommy mommy."



[misswritersblock12](#)

• 13y ago

When I was 6 I use to stare out the window in the car and talk to the sky. My mom use to ask me what I was doing and I would always reply, "talking to him." I went to Catholic school so my mom assumed it was to God. Until I told him that I missed him and still loved him, that I wished i could have spent more time with him and loved him. My mom was so confused and asked who I was talking to. I replied "Granddad Rogers." Creepy because granddad never even knew my mom got married or was pregnant. He died when i was two. Nobody ever really talked about him so I made up a caring and sweet granddad. He was abusive crazy rasist and an alcoholic. I use to see him in the sky and the cormorant of my room and just stare at him for hours and talk about random creppy or childlike things. It freaked my mom out but made her happy that I thought my granddad loved me.

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[pigondove](#)

• 13y ago

I was about 4 or 5, and every Friday me and my mom would drop my brother off at school. On the way back we passed a cemetery, and I always asked if we could go visit "The Deads". My mom showed me around, where my family was buried, all that fun stuff. It was a windy day, and all the flowers were blown every where. I picked them all up and gave each tombstone a flower. We had to get going. Mom: "Come on honey, we have to go home to do some errands!" Me: "But mummy, they're all smiling at me, see how happy they are?"

My mom tells this story all the time, I have no recognition. We probably never went to the cemetery again, lol.

 Reply 



[KarlGerm](#)

• 13y ago

As a kid I used to suffer from pretty regular "night terrors" (Sleep Paralysis.) They still occur now and again but much less frequently. As a child, the only rational explanation of the sensation I could come up with was "I am being abducted by aliens."

Two years ago I went on a family vacation to the Outer Banks. It had been awhile since I had an episode. The first night there, I had one of the worst ones I have ever experienced. Typically, when paralyzed, all it takes is a slight movement for me to snap out of it and fully wake up. That night I opened my eyes and watched myself moving my right arm. Still stuck in the state though. Finally I snapped out and was able to fall asleep without issue.

The next day, I overheard my Sister ask my mother a strange question about my nephew. He was two at this point. "Did you ever show Dominic anything with aliens in it?" "No, I wouldn't do something like that. Why do you ask?" "Today he was talking about how 'the aliens' were here last night and said they dropped something and need to come back tonight to get it."

I hadn't mentioned having a "night terror" to anyone. No one in our family knows where he got the concept of what an alien is. Needless to say, I did not sleep at all that night.

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 1 more reply

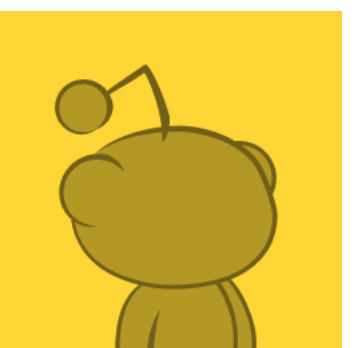
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[wolkai](#)
• [13y ago](#)

We were driving home from a trip, my son was sitting in front with his dad and I. He looks at me and says "Something in my head keeps telling me I'm not going to live to be 18 years old." It startled me because he was only 3 or 4 then. He brought this up again about a yr. later. Said the same thing. So I really had to have a serious talk with him about not believing what this thing was telling him. He's 14 now.



[Nilbog96](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but this is too weird to go without posting. There is a family (dad, mom, daughter, and son) that lives in a trailer near my grandparents house. The son (4 or 5) and daughter (7 to 9) were playing in one room of the trailer and the mom was on the couch in a different room. The son, in the belief that he is Superman, jumped out the window of the trailer (through the glass) and hit his head on the trailer hitch of a truck parked near the window. He knocked himself out. Then his sister went into the room where the mom was and said, "Well, ___ is dead." in the most monotone and emotionless voice. I don't know what is scarier, the fact that he dove through the window or that his sister was so calm about his apparent death. (He's fine, if you could say that a boy who dove through a window is fine)

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[fleelp](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 3-4 years old, my mother was going through some health issues. One autumn afternoon, she was resting in bed while my father was watching me. She said she felt a strange presence wake her up, and so she went downstairs and opened the front door. Apparently, I was standing there, soaking wet, and I said,

"Don't worry mom, I didn't die. It saved me."

Apparently, a neighbor and I had decided to walk across the pool cover of their pool.

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[twoweektwomove](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was 11 years old. My mom had just gotten divorced and she brought me and my little brother (3 years old) to live with our grandmother so she could get back on her feet. One day my grandmother was babysitting us. I was with her in the kitchen (she was letting me help her cook dinner) and my little brother was watching cartoons in the living room... or so we thought. Well, my grandmother noticed he was being really quiet so she poked her head in the living room and immediately started calling his name. Of course, I went to help her look for him. We checked all the rooms and then she started freaking out thinking he had somehow gone outside. I remember both of us out on the porch (big wrap-around, old plantation style) and then we heard giggling from one of the open windows. So she and I scrambled back inside to find my little brother sitting in front of the television again.

She asked something along the lines of "Where were you, Cody?" I don't think she was really expecting an answer (I mean, he was 3 years old and she was just relieved he hadn't run off and gotten lost in the woods or something so it was probably a rhetorical question)

But he answered.

"I was playing with the wolf-man."

I was completely intrigued by this and she looked put-off so we both kneeled beside him and started asking him what the "wolf-man" looked like, thinking he was just some sort of imaginary friend or something he got off television. But I will never forget my little brother's response.

"A big hairy wolf man. He wears pants like Paw Paw Pete in the yard."

My grandfather wears overalls when he mows the lawn. And he is still alive. At the time, this house was in the middle of nowhere... it used to be an old hunting camp so there were no neighbors. We still have no idea what or who my little brother was "playing" with when he disappeared. He is 17 now and doesn't remember any of this.





[owlichu](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was visiting my brother, his wife, and my niece when my niece walks up to me and mind you, she's 5, and tells me, "why aren't you having my sister? You're trapping her in there!" I'm a type one diabetic and don't want to pass down the genes, so I plan on adopting, which is a little weird because I haven't told anyone about my plans.





[avengersgirl](#)
• 13y ago

My little brother is three years younger than me so you can imagine that the couple of nights we had to share a room at my mom's friend's place were fairly uncomfortable (he was 12 at the time I, 15). It was right around Christmas so it was snowy and I was up late on facebook watching the snow. The TV was on (he can't sleep without it) and he's dead asleep. It's like 4 in the morning, mind you. Out of nowhere he sits up, looks at me and just stares. So I said "Tiger, go to bed" (tiger is a nickname). He shook his head and just stared. So I repeated it. Again he shook his head and kept staring with that half-opened-eye thing that sleeping kids do. I repeated it a third time and this time he says "i can't." I ask him why and he says "because of the girl in the other room." and then proceeds to flop down and sleep. i lolnoped right out of my dreams of sleeping that night. As if that weren't creepy enough, the next morning my mother was sitting on my bed trying to get me out of bed and my brother was downstairs brushing his teeth. He comes booking it up to the bedroom and is confused when he finds both me and my mother sitting on the bed.

Him: were either of you downstairs? me: no? him: are you sure? me: yes.. i just woke up. why?

he then proceeded to tell me that he saw a girl in the reflection of the tap and thought it was me, which is why he wasn't scared. after that weird things happened like the radio volume going up and down on command. We haven't been back to that house since.

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[dref22](#)
• 13y ago

This is actually my brother's story and mom and bro talk about it from time to time. When he was a kid, he apparently kept asking: "Mom, when are we going to go to our house?" Of course, there was no other house and when mom tried to tell him that, he described the house in full detail. He still remembers how he felt about it, he said he thought the house they were living in wasn't their 'real' house and he couldn't understand why they couldn't go to their own house.

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[Biant04](#)
• 13y ago

This year our grandpa died (God bless him) in a car accident. At the time my cousin was 4 and half. In his 40th day anniversary my cousin said he had a dream where the grandpa was in a ugly house wearing a black suit. He was going somewhere. He said he was eating bad stinking food and asked the boy to leave. My cousin didnt know he died because we told him that grandpa went to another town for some work to do. This sounded so weird at me...

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[ShavedNipple](#)
• [13y ago](#)

when i was like 8 i would wake up at night rubbing the wall saying "im looking for a job"

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[theotherghostgirl](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This isn't "quite" a creepy thing I said as a kid, but when I was little (kindergarten I think) I got frustrated with the math problems I was doing and started scribbling pictures of cannibal rabbits covered in blood on the back of it.....

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[theotherghostgirl](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Also, My dad had a friend who'd complain about a native american dude looking in his window at night while he was a kid. Years later, when the house had been sold to company so that they could build a natural gas pipeline, they discovered that there were a ton of native american artifacts buried in the area (possibly even a graveyard)





[deleted]
• 13y ago

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[chandlerj333](#)
• [12y ago](#)

"Found out grandma was dad" WHATATWIST

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⊕ 1 more reply





[laurenkkay](#)
• 13y ago

This will get buried, but after reading about 5,000 of these, I had to post.

Not my kid, but me when I was little.

My dad was late getting home from work, and my mom said he was working late. I remember this very clearly. We were standing in our garage, and it was a really rainy night. I said to her, "I hope Daddy gets in a car accident." Of course she said the normal thing, like, "Why would you want something horrible like that to happen?"

Guess what? My dad was late because he was in a car accident.

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[maggifred](#)
• 13y ago

So I made an account just for this: So over the summer I worked at a day-camp for extremely low income kids. They ranged anywhere from 4 to 15 years old - but the weirdest stuff ever said was by the littlest ones. This one just creeped me the heck out though - and it didn't even happen to me, but to a fellow counselor!



So, a counselor who we will call Ian, is playing the nursery of the church with these two little kids, August and Manny. August is 4 and Manny is 6, and they are brothers. They're both pretty crazy, but August, the youngest of all the kids at camp is downright psychotic. No one can ever get him to do anything he doesn't want to do and half the time he just babbles nonsense. Neither child was raised with English as their first language, but Manny's is pretty good. August... barely anyone can ever understand him. But he's adorable (and fast) so he ends up getting away with a lot of stuff (sometimes literally).

So, Ian, August, and Manny are playing in the nursery. The nursery has no windows, because it's in the middle of the church. We would occasionally keep the doors shut to keep the kids from running all over the place, and that's how it was this time. So, one counselor (the other one was out of the room for some reason) and two little guys just drawing away.

So, Ian looks at August's drawing and it's got these weird black squiggles on it. "What's that?" He asks. "The tornadoes." Says August in an understandable voice. That itself was troubling as August didn't use whole sentences or real words. "What tornadoes?" Ian asked. "The tornadoes that are gonna come and kill us all." August said nonchalantly and coherently. Ian started to feel very uncomfortable at August's sudden shift. "Kill who?" He asks. "Oh, you, me, everybody around here. They'll come in 16 days."

So, by now, Ian is feeling thoroughly disturbed when all of a sudden, August just flat out starts screaming. Not entirely unusual, he's four and doesn't use words, but then he gets up on the little table and keeps screaming. Manny, by now is also horrified and starts to cry, and he and Ian slowly moving to the back wall away from August.

Suddenly, August jumps off the table and Ian watches in horror as a chair hits him in the chest. August is unfazed, and still screaming, and Ian is convinced the chair is going to go through August's chest. Then, August starts banging his head against the door, still screaming.

By this point, Ian is thoroughly convinced this child is possessed and Manny is crying because he's afraid too. Then, August opens the door and runs out.

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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

I am not a parent, but these are some of the creepy things that happened in my childhood.

1. I must have been around four at the time as I was sleeping in my new "big kid's bed". I always laid my stuffed animals along my wall on my bed and one night I put my arm around them to cuddle into. Only this time they didn't feel soft or toy shaped, it felt like a breathing body and I screamed and ran to my parents' room saying that "the devil was in my bed!" when they went in there they showed me that nothing was there, but from then on I never had my stuffed animals lined up beside me. (I know the explanations for this could just be due to my imagination/ dream-like state or just paranoia sleeping alone)

2. Around the age of 10, I was sitting on the edge of my bed with my dog laying on the ground near me. I had two stuffed monkeys that I hung around a telephone cord (not the coiled one, but the one with the jack. I couldn't find any string, and I used this even though it was stiffer) Now, all of the sudden the monkeys started moving up and down.. not simultaneously, but like a see saw/ trampoline, one jumped up and went down while the other jumped up.. my poor dog got so scared she jumped on my bed and hid behind me and I just stared paralyzed until all I could muster to do/say was "Go away!" and the monkeys immediately stopped. At that moment I tore them down and threw them in my closet.. months later I ended up throwing them out since I was still terrified of them. (I would love to hear anyone's explanation for this.. really)

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[Alikinope](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My niece and I experienced the same thing a few weeks apart. I was sleeping over my sisters house in her spare bedroom. It was summer all the windows were open, it was about 1 am when I went to lay down. I shut all the lights off and get comfortable. About 5 minutes later a woman INSIDE the bedroom laughs at me. Now it wasn't one of those I dreamed it laughs. I was awake. She was IN the corner of the room. I got the hell out of that room as fast as possible and ended up sleeping in the living room with a the lights on. I told the story to my sister and her husband in the morning but she denied it. The husband laughed and thought it was cool. A few weeks later, my sister called to tell me that her daughter woke up crying in the middle of the night. When she asked her what was wrong, my niece said "Auntie is laughing at me." Poor girl. My sister tries not to think about it. She moved a few years later but that was the only incident in the house.

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[AAMMC](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I was babysitting for my neighbor's little girls (probably 5 and 7 at the time), and we were in their upstairs walk in closet, building a fort. We stood up a mattress and they were standing on chairs on the other side, looking over at me. The older suddenly whispered "this is our SECRET fort" in an eerie tone. I just nodded. "If anyone tries to come in, we'll kill them and eat their innards." She said nonchalantly, then giggled. Her little sister gave me the creepiest little wide eyed smile and DIDN'T SAY A WORD. I may have had a minor panic attack...

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[johnny_jumper](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was about 12 and my mom told me the night before I had sleep walked into her room where she was sitting and reading a book. I pushed the book away and stared right at her and said "where are you going...." in a pissed off voice. It freaked her out pretty bad. I don't remember a thing o.o

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[DoneHam56](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my child, but my niece.

So we were all at my parents house for dinner and every one is just sitting around talking. My niece (about 3 or 4 at the time) is the only child there, so I decide to play with her since the adult conversation wasn't really stimulating.

So I ask her what she wants to do and she says she wants to go down to the basement. Now, my parents basement is completely unfinished and, I say this as a grown-ass man, pretty creepy. My parents only use it for storage and hardly go down there, on top of that its pretty poorly lit. I oblige her, but as soon as I got down there I turned on every. single. light.

In spite of all the lights being on, there was still one corner that was still disturbingly dark, like too dark. So me and my niece are running around playing, but I keep looking and thinking about at the corner, and freaking myself out.

My niece must have caught onto this because she says "I have a secret to tell you." "Okay." I lean down. She points at the corner and says "The man in the corner wants something from us."

I'm freaking out, but I'm trying to stay calm because shes a kid and probably joking. I ask, "What does he want?" And, I shit you not, from the dark, scary corner I hear, "About three fiddy."

So I go the corner and sure enough, it was that damn lochness monster again! "Dammit, monster, you quit bugging my niece, now. We work for our money in this house - we don't just give money away!"



[kieganrockstar](#)

[13y ago](#)

This is definitely the best.

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[xbiosynthesisx](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"I'm going to steal a sausage from the school cafeteria and name it Sammy. I'm going to keep it for 18 years then post it on reddit for karma."

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[maruuuuuu](#)

• [13y ago](#)

i was around 4 or 5, i have a vivid memory back to when i was probably 2 (unless i've just made up memories from old photos i saw at that age) anyway, just making known how clearly i remember this.



i lived in an apartment complex with a playground and tennis court close to our apartment. one day while playing i met a girl around my age names alexis, at the time i was obsessed with pokemon and that was pretty much all i talked about. when i brought it up to her, she said she never heard of it. i remember being in such shock, even kids who didn't like pokemon knew what it was.

a while passed and i asked her to come over to my house. i brought her in and i went to tell my mom, who was sitting on the couch. i walked in front of my mom and alexis walked kinda behind the couch, since the back was facing the front door we came in to. i said "this is my new friend alexis!" and pointed at her. my mom turned and then sort of jumped off the couch. i asked why she was scared, my mom replied "i cant see her"



[HRapunzelM](#)
• [13y ago](#)

so what happened to alexis?



[freakystuffhappens](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but my four year old cousin and I were just hanging out on the couch and she had this play purse thing and she started digging around in it and saying "here, lemme see if i have anything for you darling" and i'm like "what...?" because that's what my aunt Lila would always say to me, but she died a couple years ago, and my cousin has never met her, nor do we talk about her. Then my cousin says something like "I'll give ya something next time sweetie". and I'm kinda freaked out at this point and i ask her where she heard that from but she totally ignores my question and says "Tell Iris I'll see her soon okay?" and she just walks out of the room downstairs. Iris is my grandma, and aunt Lilas sister.

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[vampfredthefrog](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

After explaining to my 3 year old son about death, all throughout the next couple weeks he would say "don't die today!" before I went to work or left the house without him.



[Giraffanator](#)

• [13y ago](#)

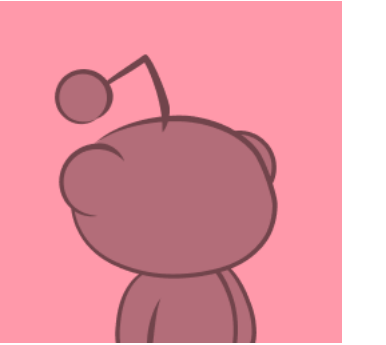
That's adorable.

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[iSocks](#)

• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Background: I heard this story from my girlfriends stepmom in regards to my girlfriends half brother. Who has had a tendency of sleep walking and saying weird things recently.

Supposedly the night after the newtown event. Her half brother was walking around and when confronted by his mom asking if he was ok. He started throwing his hands up in the air repeating " we have to help the children"

What's weirder is that the stepmom assures me that there is no way they heard anything about it. She didn't let them near the TV and they didn't leave the house that day.

edit: my english is bad, and I feel bad.

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• [13y_ago](#)

This thread just reinforced my decision of not having children. Ever.





[edmandarnditt](#)

• [13y ago](#)

A friend of my mother's had a four-year-old daughter, and one day she said, 'my brother is coming in twenty-six minutes.' The parents thought it was kind of strange, but didn't think much of it.

Shortly thereafter, the mother found out she was pregnant. And throughout the entire pregnancy, their daughter would occasionally say, 'my brother is coming in twenty-six minutes.'

Fast-forward to the day of the birth, the mom has to have a C-section. The procedure takes twenty-six minutes, and the baby is a boy.



[Grady123](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was two, my family moved into our current house. I came out of my room one day and told my mom I had been talking to the "man in the green suit". She freaked out of course and came go check it out and nobody was there. Weird things happened in the house over the years (eg the fridge would be a few feet away from the wall in the morning, footsteps upstairs when nobody was there, a general "not alone" feeling in certain places, etc). Years later my mom met a lady who lived in my house as a child and she became interested in the strange goings-on. One day she told my mom that her sister had reminded her that her dad used to wear a green suit.





[Eat Toys](#)
• [13y ago](#)

The woman I was dating about a year ago had a 4 year old daughter that said a number of deeply disturbing things.

The one that really got to me was when I was reading to the little girl and out of the blue she interrupted me to tell me a secret that "Mommy must never-ever know". She then whispered in my ear in the most solemn voice I ever heard her use in year I spent almost every day with her, "There is something inside mommy, something alive. She doesn't know it yet, but it is growing there and it will get big. Don't tell her, let it be a surprise." Then she went back to her normal voice and asked if I would continue the story as if nothing had happened.

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[Kaneharo](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was around 12-13, I was watching TV while my younger brother played with a toy. Specifically, this one:
http://2.bp.blogspot.com/_JfBjeDVE6KQ/TQgTgit589I/AAAAAAAAACfQ/hwYiBWHKv_E/s1600/P1020851.JPG The little robot would turn its head and say things, while the larger one spoke things in relation to the game being played. I happened to look down, and the little robot's head turned to me, and said "I'll kill you (insert my full name here)!" Needless to say, I screamed, snatched the toy from my brother, dumped the batteries out, and handed it to my mother, who promptly decided to attempt giving it away instead of outright throwing it out.

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[orkenbjorken](#)
• 13y ago

i babysit my friends 4 year old and she decided to let me know that "its really good you are fat because when you die im going to eat you for a long time" i patted her head and said uh thats nice.. got up walked into the kitchen to get a drink i came back and she had a fork and she winked at me..

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[MissDaria](#)
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Not a parent, but this happened to me: I'll start with saying I'd never had any imaginary friends.

When I was about 12 years old, I had a ghost-like child follow me around. I didn't talk with her. I very clearly remember the pretty faced mute little girl (about my age & size) she had beautiful black hip length hair that was shiny & brushed.

She never seemed malicious rather sad & I didn't know why.

I'd see her in my peripheral vision regularly (several times a week). I'd always see her during the daytime and felt like she was scared of the dark herself. I kept trying to tell mum she was getting closer but mum would calm me down & tell me I was obviously imaging it.

After a couple years of this, she got to being about a metre away from me. One day I felt her sweep my hair away from my shoulder & for the first time I saw her directly (not just in my peripherals) I saw her sad brown eyes. I remember stating "I'm sorry but mama says

no".
She stopped following me like that, but every now & again I feel like she's hiding somewhere nearby & still watching over me.

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[Rezza21](#)
• [13y ago](#)

A few months ago my 2.5 year old woke up in the night screaming. She went on to describe a horrific ordeal where she and her cousin died in the water in New Orleans on their way to the Super Dome (in real life she doesn't have any cousins). She was very articulate with the names too, even using a southern type accent to pronounce them. Yet, she's never even been to New Orleans or would know what the Super Dome was. Needless to say we didn't know what to say. We've asked her since but she doesn't remember talking about it.

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[fmouse](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I had a terrifying experience as a small child, perhaps 6 or 7, that troubled me for most of my life. A number of times I woke up in the dead of the night in my room and heard a strange, repetitive groaning coming from the walls. It seemed to be coming from all around me. I was terrified into total inaction, and when I mentioned it to my parents they dismissed it, saying that possibly it was our dog on the porch next to my room having a nightmare. I was sure this wasn't the case, and my life went on, but I never figured out what this strange sound was all about.

63 years later my mom, who was then 98, was on her death bed in the health center at the retirement center where she and my dad had lived for many years. My ex-wife, a very compassionate and wise professional nurse, was there as well, since she had been very close to my mom and had come down on short notice to be with my mom and say goodbye to her. Shortly before my mom passed, I heard the same sound again, and it woke vivid memories of when I was 6 and so terrified by it, but this time I knew immediately what it was. I went into the next room and told my ex the story of how I'd been so terrified by the sound when I was little, but that now I knew what it was. My ex, who heard it too, also knew right away, and said "yes, it was the sound of your parents making love". My mom passed away within the hour with the two of us holding her hands.

This is a little OT for this thread, but it's such a powerful story for me that I wanted to share it here.

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[ElTomEl](#)
• [13y ago](#)



am a parent but I was somehow elected to babysit my best bud's 6 year old daughter due to last minute changes. I kind of hate kids and am a 100% screw up but we spend the evening watching Disney movies and it's actually pretty cool. I make her a bedtime snack and we talk about kindergarten and ponies and her mom and dad... The kid is great fun and I got to admit I'm warming up to the idea of having one of my own. Maybe cut down on the weed, sober up a little, stop hanging at bars, etc.

Bedtime comes and at this point I'm getting the full on dad vibe and am brimming with a overwhelming sense of responsibility and maturity; for the first time in my life I'm feeling like an actual grown up and I'm loving it. I read her a bedtime story, tuck her in and go "Ok, goodnight sweetie" and give her a little paternal peck on her forehead/hairline at which point she looks me dead in the eye and says:

"If you don't stop raping me I will tell my mom..."

(Her mom is a hardcore feminist)



[leafyx](#)
• [13y ago](#)

You should ask her what she believes that word means.

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[Caffeinatedkitty22](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I'm not a parent, so I don't know if this counts. One day me and my family were driving to the movie theatre when my little brother started laughing uncontrollably. When he could speak again, he said "I shoved the dirty baby in the oven." When we asked him why, he said "I was trying to make it warm, but it turned all black so I threw it away." Creepy. 0.o

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[ohkrapolla](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mom told me that when i was around 2ish i had told her that once i was a cat, then i was a bird flying, and then i was me!... i do NOT remember telling her this, but in the far back of my mind i vaguely remember actually BEING that cat and flying during my bird life. I dont remember the deaths between the 2 tho. Just seemed like one minute im in one life, and then suddenly POOF im in another life. Until i came into this one that is- ive been here for 30 years.



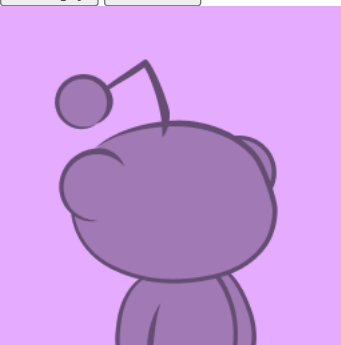


[CalvinWZ](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mom and dad said I scarred their life and were very afraid of me for about 6 years. They say they bought me a chick to play with when I was about 3 years old. They said I played with it for about two hours and then came into their room with the chick on my hands and I just grabbed the chick's body with one hand and its head with the other hand. They say I proceeded to snap the chick's neck and smile at them while throwing the now dead chick at them. They say I just turned around and went to take a nap in my bed.

TL;DR: I was a baby psychopath

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[micebrainsareyummy](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Your parents are idiots. Leaving a kid that small alone with a small animal is more than likely going to end up with the animal dead. Kids don't quite get the concept of delicate living things.

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[CooterTang](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Yea giving a child that young an animal that fragile... not much of a surprise it was going to end up dead. still def psycho thing to do tho.

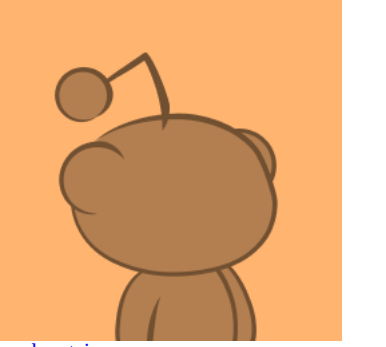
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[vonbrostein](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mom told me that I was sitting in her lap in a recliner while we were watching tv and my head suddenly snapped over to look down the hallway. She said I asked her who the man in the hall was, and she told me to describe him. I gave her a near perfect description of my great grandfather who died years before I was born. Still creeps me out today, I hate going down that hallway.

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• [13y ago](#)

We had just moved into a new (to us) house. My husband was at work, and my daughter, who was 2.5 at the time, came into the living room and told me that the lady on her bed was crying. It was an unusually clear sentence for her to have spoken. There were one or two other mentions of the lady after that, and then she stopped bringing it up.

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• [13y ago](#)

my six year old son: "Mommy, I put Gambit (our cat) in the freezer and he freezed to death. Commence me freaking out, going to the freezer ripping it open and.... there's no cat in there

He proceeded to tell me after that it was just a dream he had. Still deciding whether or not counseling is needed lol



[sleepwalking](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I have been browsing Reddit for at least 3 years now on a daily basis and never posted until this day and this thread.

This has nothing to do with my child, but more with what I said as a child to my parents. I had a habit of a young kid to sleep walk in the house. I'd fall out of my bed and I would still be asleep. For some reason, I'd remember being on the floor but never remembering how I got back up. Odd stuff.

Anyways. In the middle of the night, I ventured downstairs into my parents room (the master bedroom was on the first floor) and stood in their doorway. The conversation that transpired within that minute might be the oddest thing anyone could ever say.

Me:"Dad, do you have any rope?" Dad:"I'll get you some in the morning, go to sleep."

My parents asked me the next morning if I remembered coming down and asking for rope...to which I didn't remember ANYTHING. I was the creepy young child. It was me.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

this will probably never be seen, but... I went into my two year old son's room one morning to wake him up. he had been having nose bleeds, and was laying there with one on this morning again. so I walk in, his eyes are wide open. I say his name but he doesn't budge. I wave my hands over his face and he doesn't make a move. finally I nudge him and he springs up. I clean up his nose and start to change him when he points to the corner of the room and says, "what's that?" only to be pointing at nothing. I shake it off as just being weird. I'm finishing up getting him changed and ready for the morning when he looks at me real serious and says, "daddy... please don't shut the door..." needless to say I grabbed him and ran downstairs.

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[anyorkable](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Oh another one that was weird, was when I was around 2-4 I would tell my mom I flew up on the wall..it became routine afterwhile but I would tell her that I was just about to fall asleep and my body flew up on the wall and then slammed back down into the bed. And I'd jolt awake!

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[allidrummer](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my child, but me as a child. Apparently when I was younger (around 3 or 4) I would sit in a corner of our old house and talk to myself. I was a generally social kid, so my parents didn't think I needed help or anything, and put it to an imaginary friend. That is until I started telling people (family, friends, people at church, etc) that I had a younger sister as well as my older one, but my parents kept her hidden and wouldn't let her leave the house.

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[geekchicgrl](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mother is a funeral director, and one day she came over after work. My 4 year old looked at me and said in a chilling Wednesday Addams voice: "Mother, the stench of death is upon her."

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[logical-llama](#)
• [13y ago](#)

The night my mom and dad first watched The Ring, I was 8 or 9 years old. They went to sleep, and apparently that night I came and stood in their doorway. The nightlight that was on in the hall cast my little-girl-in-night-gown shadow across the floor, and my long hair was in a mess around my face. Needless to say, when my mum woke up and glanced towards the door, she thought she was fucked. And I just kept standing there. Not saying anything.

(When I had nightmares I usually stood around the doorway to my parents room because I couldn't decide whether to wake them up or not...I'm indecisive.)

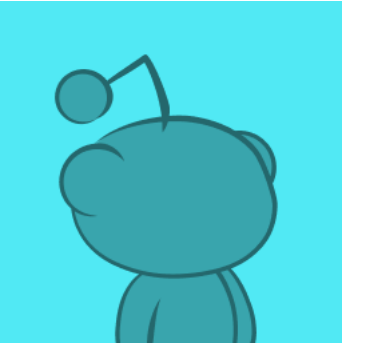
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[corachaos](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son was three years old and riding in the back of the car (like they do) and we asked him: "Jack, what would you like for lunch?" In a resounding voice he demanded: "REVENGE!!!"

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[fledermausman](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mates mum told me this.

When they were young, my best mates little brother used to have an imaginary friend that he would talk to. They all taught it was harmless and it was just something normal that toddlers do. Every now and again the little brother would explain more about the imaginary friend, his name was Simon and he described his hair eye colour and stuff like that. Then the mum got talking to a neighbour who was living on the street a long time and she explained that the previous owners of the house had a little kid. A little kid that matched the description of the imaginary friend and was called Simon.

Its one of those coincidences that happen no doubt but the mother wasn't buying it. Everything strange that happened in the house, a door banging or unidentified sounds freaked her out no end.They moved house. Also, she never told the little brother.

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[DeDodgingEse](#)
• 13y ago

I've read alot ITT. I think everyone has some sort of something creepy happen when they were young. For instance I asked my mom sometime last month if I did anything creepy on the offchance. Apparently when I was younger I would frequently lay up in bed and talk in a weird language. I would do it often too like every two other days. She said the language was consistent too so it didn't sound like gibberish. Of course she thinks I was talking to God or something like that idk..



[i_eat_guitars](#)
• 13y ago

My friend passed away a few months back, leaving behind his wife and his four year old son. Apparently this young man told his mom that he needed the shovel because he wants to bury daddy in the back yard. As the father of a similarly aged child myself, this one wakes me up at night sometimes.





[xubax](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My four year old about an older relative who had passed away:

"Mommy, when will Cathy be undead?"





[Poppa_Mo](#)
• 13y ago

Daughter was crying one night. She's about 2. I follow my wife into her room. She stops crying immediately, turns her head slowly towards us, then says "Its coming Mommy... Its almost here..." then lays down and goes back to sleep.

ø_ø

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[xBalthier](#)
• 13y ago

My mom had the freakiest occasion with me when I was a child. I woke up screaming from a bad dream and described to my mom that I dreamt about a swimming pool in the middle of the forest with a weird little square building on top of a hill that looked like a bathroom. This was when I was 4. After a messy divorce, my mom and I moved to a new neighborhood when I was 6 and the community pool was the exact vision I described to my mom. Her and I were a bit freaked out especially when I pointed it out.

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[Alymae](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When me and my (identical) twin sister were about 4 or 5, my dad and grampa was going to take us out camping (about a 2 hour drive away) but she came down with the chicken pox and couldn't go and stayed with my mom at home.

Now, we were really weird kids, and liked to catch frogs around the pond all day, so that's what I did without her when I was there. But back at home, my sister ran up to my mom saying "Mommy mommy! Alymae just caught a frog! She called me!"

Being like 4 or 5, there was no way I would know how to use a phone, let alone have ACCESS to one in the middle of buttfuck nowhere.

When we came home from camping, my mom asked about it to my dad. Apparently my sister did that at the same time I was actually catching frogs.

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• [13y ago](#)

Not my kid, but a friend's three and a half year old came over to play with our daughter. She'd recently been on a camping trip and had seen a dead kangaroo, which for some reason she was really excited about. She recounted the following:

"I was at camp and we saw a kangaroo, but it was a skeleton, and there were ants, and the ants were eating the skeleton."



ants are going to eat our skeletons, too."

Thanks, kid.



[MissBadgerEnt](#)

• 13y ago

Not my kid, but my friend's little brother. We were babysitting him at the time, us 18, he was 4. It was like 11 o'clock at night, he'd been asleep for hours and all of a sudden we heard him crying (his door was open so we could hear if he needed anything). He comes into the hallway, bawling, we ask what's wrong. "They won't stop watching me. I'm so tired, I just want to sleep." We told him he was just dreaming and that we would sit with him til he fell asleep. He told us he refused to go back in his room because "they" always watched his room from the doorway. Her parents' house is huge so we immediately broke out and locked the three of us in her parents' giant room and he slept between us that night. When we asked him about it the next day he giggled and said, "No, those were my friends!" and was completely confused about being in his parents' room. Weirdest child **ever**.

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[ryanvnguyen61](#)

• 13y ago

A friend of mine had a kid that asked me if I was his father . Most awkward car ride ever

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[NSD2327](#)

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

relayed from a friend of mine who doesnt have a reddit account -

"oh this is an easy one... just this morning I was telling the wife and the kids about a weird dream I had in which I was in a cage with a big snake that had whiskers... in the most casual tone possible, sweet little (youngest son - 4 y.o.) looks up and says, 'I had a dream where I cut your ear off.' wtf"

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[davisimo0](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was a baby on 3 seperate occasions, at differant locations tottal strangers came up to my parents and told them I was going to be special or that there are big plans in store for me. Still freaks my mom out to talk about it.

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[EngineeringNeverEnds](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I woke up to my 2 year old niece saying (to her father, my brother-in-law):

"...I wanna make my kitty DEAD!"

"I wanna take all his skin off... ..and put it on YOU daddy!"

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[Sammie71121](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When i first split up with my daughters father she was barely one year old, and things were very very bitter and nasty between her dad and i. after spending a few days with him i went to go pick her up from his house and everything was fine, got home, picked her up out of her car seat and she looked me straight in the eyes and said 'die momma'. I was in complete shock. Obviously, her dad had worked on teaching her to say this while she was with him. But it was still totally surreal to see my innocent little baby say something like that to me. To top it off I had to listen to her say this to me for the next two weeks until she finally moved on to a new word.

TL;DR My 1 year old looked me straight in the eyes and told me to die.



[micebrainsareyummy.](#)

• [13y ago](#)

You should have recorded it and used it at the next custody hearing. I'm not sure a man who would teach a child to say things like that to spite the mother should be having unsupervised time with a child.

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[IDontreadwell](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Three-year-old daughter at the restaurant after the waiter left: "His name is Paul and he doesn't have a Mommy anymore." And then she just continued to eat.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Yesterday my GF's 4 year old son was sitting on the sidewalk outside of my house, just kinda staring at the ground. I asked him what he was doing, and he replied "Trying to kill the rest of my dreams." I tried to get him to elaborate, but he was deep in concentration and didn't seem willing to talk about it.

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[latinforbad](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My niece at 4 years old whispered out of no where "This will end...."

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[bahookie](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"There's a wee man that came out of the wallpaper and burnt me on the bum with a stick" She had a bad fever, freaked us all out

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[thepaligator](#)
• [13y ago](#)

The title of this tread should be "here are reasons to never have kids"

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[wife-shaped-husband](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My niece has, on several occasions, been caught talking to someone in the spare bedroom of my family's house (Mom, Dad, Bro, Sis-In-Law, Niece and Nephew all live in one house). When asked who she was talking to, she replies "Grandma". When asked which grandma she says "Daddy's Grandma. She has white hair." We figure she's talking about my Dad's mother, who would be her great grandmother, who has been dead for 8 years.

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• 13y ago

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[Nowun](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son is 4 turning 5. When he was learning to talk(around2) he used to refer to what I could only assume was "the bogeyman" as "cano" (pronounced "kah-no".)

About a year later my mother overheard him say it when they were at my house. She asked where he heard it. I told her I had no idea. She said my grandmother (who died when I was very young) used to refer to the bogeyman as "cano."

It seemed creepy because cano apparently used to haunt his dreams and watched us sleep.

Why do I feel like I'm in [/nosleep](#)?

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[mumbledogstudio](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I had a couple night terrors when I was a kid. My first one was in 3rd grade. I was at a funeral and this freaky old man was shaking me screaming "You're going to die! You're going to die!" I woke up with my brother shaking me awake and me screaming. Second one was when I was in 10th grade and I was in a haunted house with my twin. He died in it came back as a 3 yr old ghost in Victorian clothing. Oh and everything was coloured black and red. I screamed myself awake. I believed that he had actually died. It took my parents 15 minutes and waking up my twin to prove he wasn't dead for me to calm down.



I have a couple more, but those two were the worst. Oh, and did I mention the one I had as a small child has given me extreme anxiety about dying to this day.



[Well lets say](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Our oldest daughter used to lay her Tele-Tubbies out in a line on her bed. Like a massacre. We'd re-arrange them into a joyful tumble and return to find them laid back out. We'd laugh, but nervously.

Our next oldest didn't sleep more than an hour or two for nearly a year. It got so that we would totally child-proof her room and just leave her up to play all night.



[carrollssaur](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not my child, but my sister who was 3 at the time. I was 17 and sitting in the car with her. We were driving through a relatively remote area, with corn fields on all side. She looks out the window at the corn fields and then back at me and, without prompting, deadpans

"This is where the children hide."

Then resumes looking out the window. I almost pissed myself.



[sugarcrumbs](#)

• [13y ago](#)

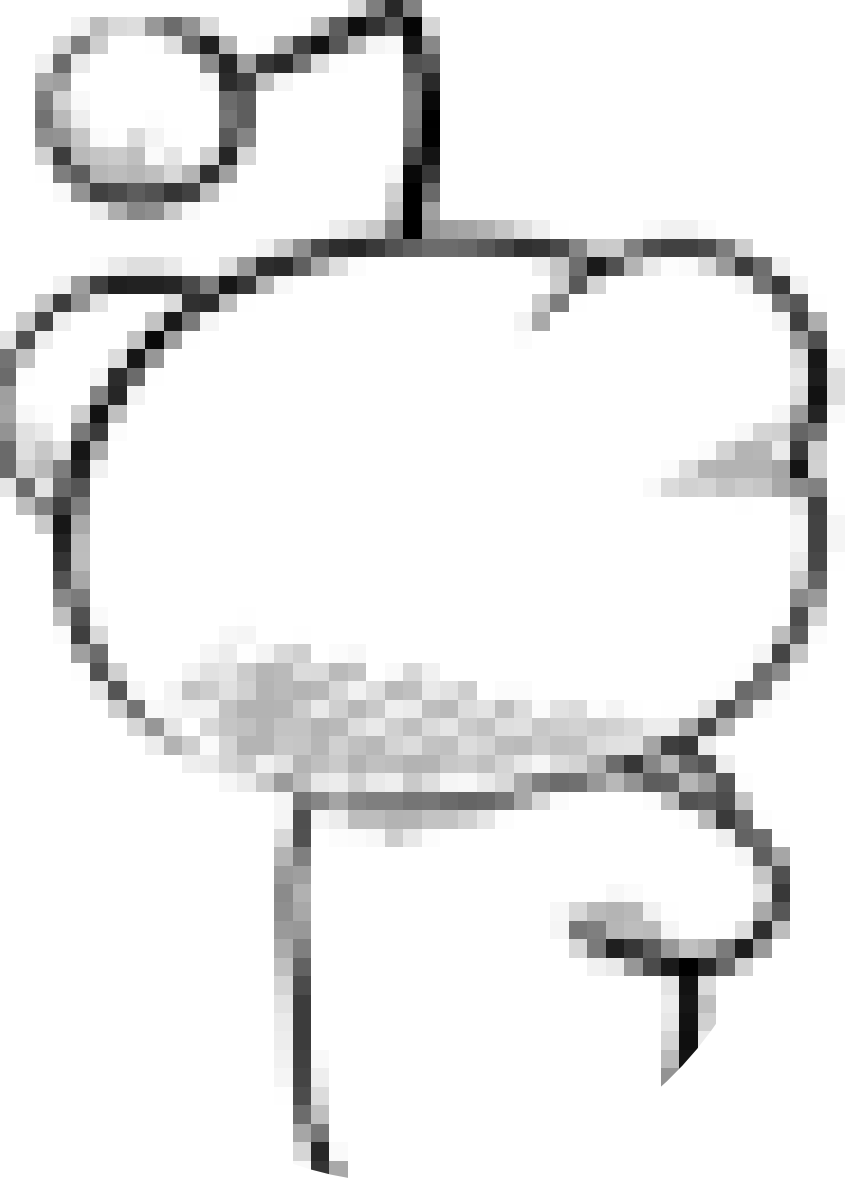
My tiny little four year old came up to me and said "First you get a knife, then you stick it in the belly, then you slice it open. That's how you gut like a fish."

Then he just walked away like it was no big deal.

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• [13y ago](#)

I recently asked my kid what she knows about where milk comes from, just curious if she knew about udders because I noticed on the show we were watching that the cartoon milk cows were all female cows. She replied "It comes from cows, it comes out their 'gina.'" It was hilarious until I realized my daughter had gleefully been drinking what she thought was cow piss.





[branpar87](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

When my cousin was 5 he would tell my brother and I that his brother John would come visit him in the middle of the night.

So, for starters he's an only child. My brother and I asked how old he was, he answered 5 too. We asked where he lived, and of course the little bastard said the graveyard.

I asked my aunt what that was all about and apparently for a few months he had been getting up in the middle of the night to ask if he could play with his brother John in his room. Like, asking if it was ok to play with him!

This ended after a few more months, and he has no memory of it now, but he was SURE he was hanging out with his "brother John" whom lives at the cemetery and comes to visit at night.



[kate_in_mak](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 5-year-old talking about her 1-year-old brother: "I'm going to hammer Ben until he is dead."

It took me a long time to trust her around her brother again. And, now my mom is convinced that my daughter is a psychopath.



[mikokitsune](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but I work at a daycare.

One of my coworkers had a child tell her he's going to take her on vacation with him. Then told her not to forget underwear or a swimsuit. Then he said his dog sometimes will pull swimsuits off people. He was about 5 years old.

This was super creepy for her.

I once had a 2 year old ask if I had big boobies. It was a little girl...she also kept saying who had boobies. "I have boobies, and mommy has boobies, and baby brother has baby boobies!"

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• [13y ago](#)

Apparently, I used to talk about dead relatives quite a lot when I was a kid. I think I used to say that my Grandmother had helped me to do stuff, even though she had died a while before.

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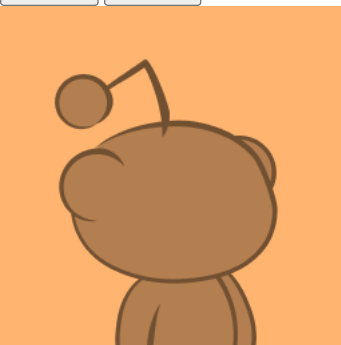
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• [13y ago](#)

I don't know if this counts, but my parents said I used to wake up at midnight, walk to their room and tell them I was going to kill myself.

I don't remember any of it.

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[MiuMiuNya](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not sure if this belong here but my mom told me that when I was around 10 years old I was just staring at the full length mirror on the bathroom door. Apparently I told her that there is a little girl trapped in there wearing a Victorian dress. I can't say I recall any of this...

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[Wilhelm Amenbreak](#)
• 13y ago

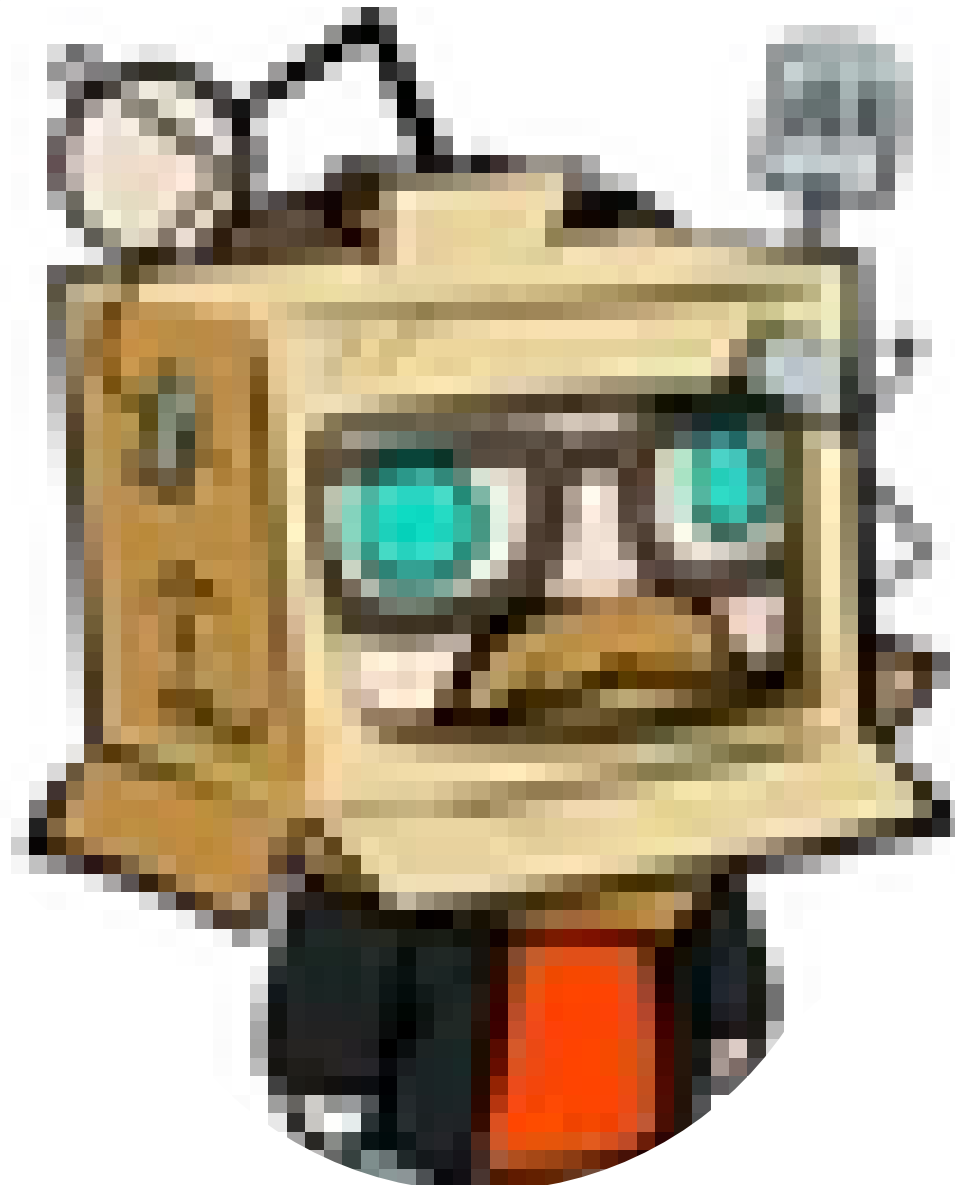
My son has night terrors, not nightmares, night terrors. Basically he will get up in the middle of the night and start running around and screaming. Sometimes it is just screaming at the top of his lungs, other times he is screaming specific phrases like "Why aren't you helping me?" or "They're coming". He looks so scared but he normally does this for about 10 minutes and then just instantly falls back to sleep and is fine for the rest of the night. It only happens once a night at most. He remembers nothing in the morning.

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply



[⊕ More replies](#)



[Thelonepantalones](#)

• 13y ago

When my son was 3 he used to talk about the angry man with no nose who lives in his closet. He brought it up several times and eventually he quit talking about it. We didn't make a big deal and he quit talking about it after a week. Freaked us out.

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)



[⊕ More replies](#)



[LOVERBUNS](#)

• 13y ago

My 4yr old son and I went into my shop one morning and I noticed he kept stopping what he was doing and trying to listen to something closer....then he turned to me and said, "can you hear those kids dad? They're asking us to come play". I still get chills just writing it....we live in the country, so there was no one else around....pretty messed up.

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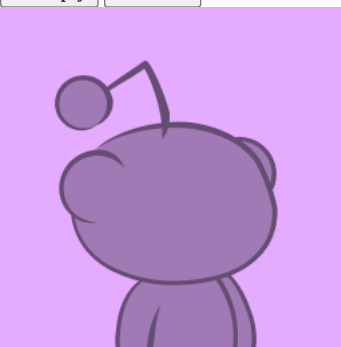




[rslashdp](#)
• 13y ago

My maternal grandmother passed away before I was born. My mom has a picture of her in a frame on a book shelf. My daughter at age three picked up the picture and asked "who is this?" I explained it was her great grandma and that she isn't around to see any more. She said "oh I know her!" then put the picture down and said "see you soon." She didn't say it in the way that kids just say hi and goodbye as a response. She said it as though she was actually talking to the woman in the picture, making eye contact and all. It was super creepy!

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[NotNotNotAMethAddict](#)
• 13y ago

After reading this thread, I am not having children

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• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

⊕ 3 more replies

⊕ 3 more replies





[Toribor](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

When I was very little (6ish) my younger brother (4ish) got a very high fever. His condition was worsening and my mom had already scheduled an appointment at the clinic that afternoon.

I was of course worried, but tried to stay by his side to comfort him while he slept. He suddenly woke up, grabbed me, looked straight into my eyes and started screaming "GET THE SNAKES OFF ME! GET THE SNAKES OFF ME! GET THE SNAKES OFF OF ME! SAVE ME! THEY ARE KILLING ME!!!"

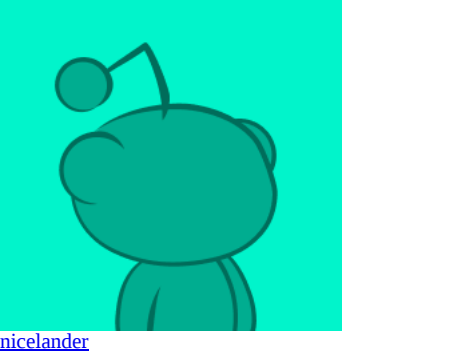
I was terrified and just starting crying while he pleaded for help.

My mom ran over,calmed him down and we took him straight to the ER. The high fever had caused him to hallucinate. Luckily they got his temperature down and gave him something to help him out. He had no memory of the incident.



[lauralou102](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son was three years old, and asleep for the night, he woke up crying because an owl woke him at the window. I comforted him and he went back to sleep. Next morning- dead owl on the ground near his bedroom window... Creepy... I never saw an owl near our house before or since...



[nicelander](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This one is not from my kid, since I don't have any, but my sister's little 6 year old girl.

My mom (her grandmother) was putting her to sleep, and shortly after the kid was sleeping and my mom was getting ready to go back to chill in the living room the little girl suddenly sits up, opens her eyes and says "the wolf can talk", then instantly lies down again and continues sleeping. Mom said it sent the shivers down her spine.







[AlmightyMegatron](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

As I was putting my niece to bed she says very creepily "Don't go in the water....." and then went to sleep.....i was home alone too.
horrrifying



[xavier7740](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I apparently once walked out of a room, said "Goddamn your souls" in a creepy voice, and walked back into the room. I was younger than 5.









[neonpinata](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

We dove to the airport, and my 2 year old had been sleeping most of the way. As we park the car at the airport, he opens his eyes and says, "I don't want to die."

He had never said anything like that before or since. I was really scared to get on that airplane!





[BW900](#)
• [13y ago](#)

FUCK.THAT.SHIT. We're driving to Disney World.

[⊕ More replies](#)



[tacoman3725](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"im going to stab your eyes out with scissors while you sleep."





[EnglishProfsGoWilde](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my youngest was five he was lying on the couch and asked me to put quarters over his eyes. I did. Then he asked me to take a picture. So I did. He said, "Thanks! Now I know what I will look like when I die."



[4740](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"My butt [pointing]. Open it, mommy! I need key!"





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but I would stare at my mother and father sleeping, waiting for them to get up, everyday for about a week or two.





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• [13y ago](#)

while eating breakfast, my not-yet-three-year old said, very quietly while eating breakfast: "then, you take the bad guy, and you put him in the wood chipper". i was/am floored. i haven't even shown him Fargo yet



[paula36](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I've said this before, but when I was a little kid, my dad heard a noise in the middle of the night and walked out to see me sitting on the door step with the door wide open. He asked me what I was doing, and I said, " Im waiting for someone." I had no recollection of it in the morning.





[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

My old roommate's daughter once turned to us and said "God is a vampire. We know this."



[PHLAK](#)
• [13y ago](#)

One day the wife and I were watching Dexter on my computer while my 3 year old daughter was watching kid shows on our main TV. Without our knowledge she came over and watched some of the episode of Dexter we were watching. I found her in the kitchen later holding a knife we left out saying something along the lines of "Gotta cut/stab the bad guys".

Needless to say I promptly removed the knife and attempted to explain to her that she's not allowed to play with knives or cut/stab anyone.



[freder85ico](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This just confirmed my suspicion that kids are a gateway to the nether world!



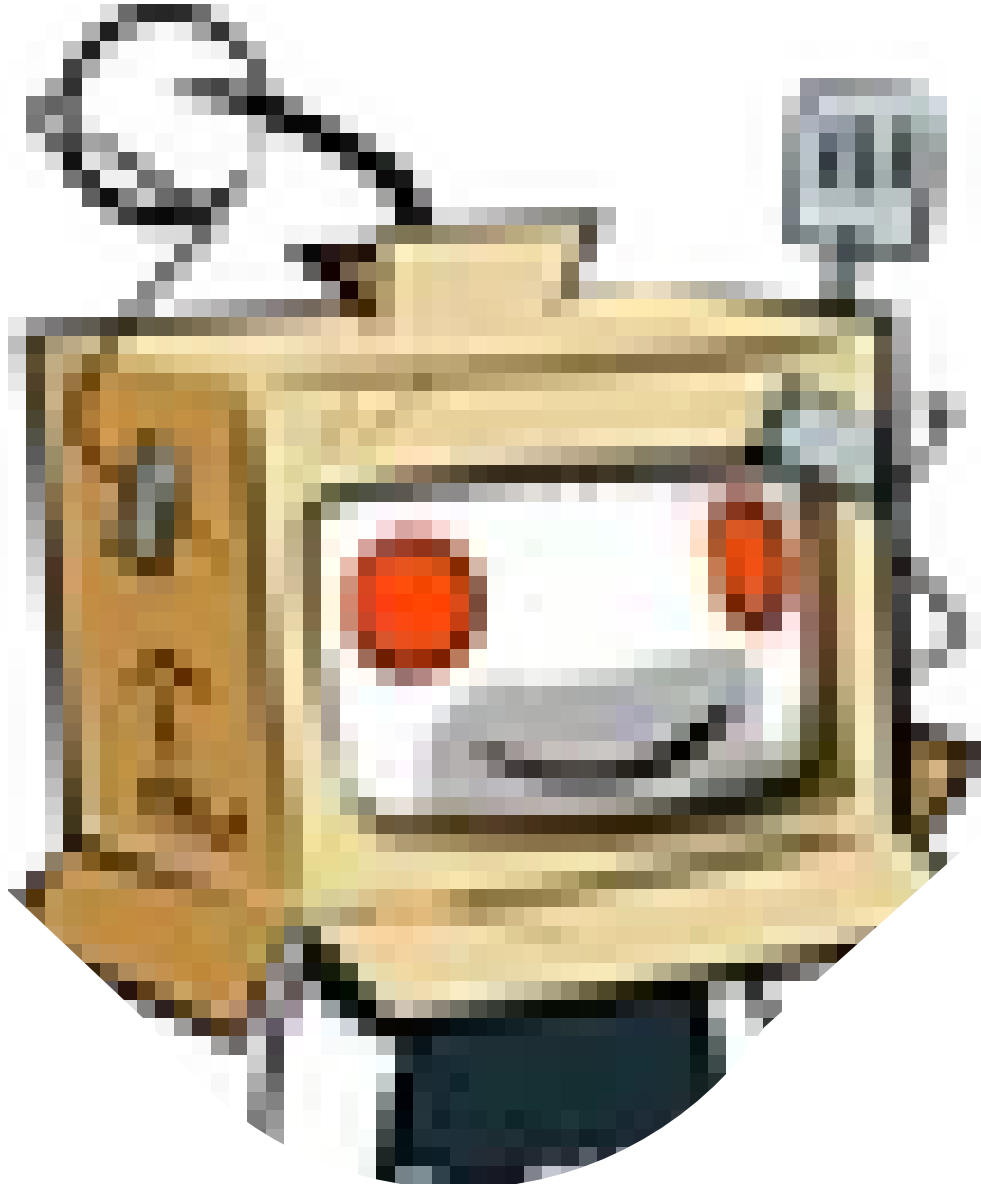


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• [13y ago](#)

I had a friend who's 3 year old daughter one day runs into the living room crying about how her barbie was dead. My friend asked what happened and she stopped crying, looked at her and said, "Ken's hit her with an axe, and she fell over dead", then calmly walked back to her room petting Barbie's hair. We were speechless.





[UltimateLemon](#)

• 13y ago

This is a story my dad brings up occasionally, but I don't remember it at all.

Apparently when I was about 3 or 4, I walked into my parents bedroom at around 2 in the morning and shook my dad's arm to wake him up. He asked me what the matter was. I said the neighbour's baby woke me up and I couldn't get back to sleep. He said the neighbours didn't have a baby.

I told him I'd heard a baby screaming and crying, coming right through my bedroom wall from the neighbour's house (we lived in a semi-detached house). He told me it was probably just the TV or something, but he let me sleep in with them anyway because I was upset.

I forgot all about it. But then years later, he told me he remembered that night very clearly because a few weeks beforehand, the neighbours had asked my folks to keep an eye on their house while they were out of town for a few months visiting family. And they had - in fact - had a baby several years before I was born, but it had died of meningitis at only a few months old. Its bedroom had been on the other side of my bedroom wall.



[HerrDresserVonFyre](#)

• 13y ago

When I was two or so I slapped my newborn sister for no apparent reason. When my mom asked me why I had done it I pointed at my stomach and responded "the thing living here told me to do it". Mom wasn't too excited about that one.





[haute-enchiladas](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my little boy was about three or four, he had just finished getting in trouble for something - upset he told me he was going to stab me with a knife. Creep city. Luckily for me he got over his anger. Little weirdo, ya just gotta love those little critters!



[Crossbowshootr](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but my 6-year-old cousin once said to me "I can smell you in my sleep." What in the actual fuck?!





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I was driving round an industrial estate with my 2 year old son in the back. Wind up in some shitty one way system, can't find the exit. Turn to son and say "Looks like there's no way out."

Cue a full 10 minutes of him chanting "No way out! No way out!" Sounded like something from the Evil Dead, and very off-putting when you're lost.



[fishofsteel](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I babysat a creepy 10 year old boy and his sister when I was in high school. We were all playing outside on a sunny afternoon and he asked to go inside to use the bathroom. He came back outside with those huge old stereo headphones on and a kitchen knife in his hand. I asked him what he was doing. This is what he said: I'm wearing these (points to headphones) so I don't hear you scream when I kill you.

Coaxed the knife out of his hands, told his parents when they got home...never went back.





[Zogeta](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I have the opposite story. The first house my parents had was given to them for free. I forget the details, but the homeowner was a patient of my grandfathers and she needed someone to look after it for awhile while she went somewhere.

My parents (especially my mom, who spent a lot of time alone in the house) have told me stories about how they felt they were being watched in the house. My mom avoided going into the basement, and she got terrified while she was going through the homeowner's personal stuff (they shoved all her furniture and belongings into a spare room they didn't need). Well, turns out her husband had died in the house shortly before my parents moved in...

Now a couple years ago I was driving with my Uncle and asking him about funny stories from growing up with my dad. After some funny prank stories about my dad, he tells me about the time he house sat for my parents at that house and he described the exact same rooms having the exact same feelings. He had never heard about those stories from my parents yet. That made for an interesting Thanksgiving conversation later.





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• [13y ago](#)

When my girlfriend was about 4, she stabbed her older sister quite hard with a pencil. Her mom said, "Now, honey, you really hurt your sister badly. Look, she's crying. How does that make you feel?" She sat for a second, thought about it, slowly grinned real wide and said, "i liked it." Her mom just walked away. Didn't even punish her.

I still think our relationship is going to end up like Paranormal Activity.





[Bartlebydascriv](#)
• 13y ago

I'm not a parent, but right out of college I tutored English as a second language students in the county where I lived. This kindergarten student I was tutoring kept looking behind me and giggling. I asked her what she was looking at, and she told me there was a man reaching his hand out behind me. The only thing behind me was a brick wall. She would tell me that he was always behind me and would even tell her teacher about him.



[nikkomorocco](#)
• 13y ago

I visited a coworker for Thanksgiving last year. First time I had ever been over at his house. His daughter is 7. Her first words to me were "Do you want to know what it was like when I was born? I remember it."

She then told me the story of how she was cut out of her mother because she couldn't fit out mommy's butt.

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[-StockholmSyndrome-](#)
• 13y ago

When my daughter was a baby we co-slept. Occasionally I would wake up with the most intense feeling of being watched. I'd turn over, and she would be just sitting there staring at me. That doesn't sound creepy, but she had huge eyes, and in the dark all you would see is these big eyes staring at you. She wouldn't do anything else, just stare then go back to sleep.

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[JDriver77](#)
• 13y ago

My friend was cooking tacos and they came out to a pinkish color. Her son told her he will never eat pink tacos. Needless to say, perv thoughts ensued.

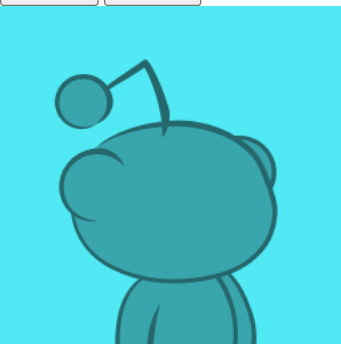
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[wasdtomove](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but when I was taking care of my sister when she was around 2 years old, she had a imaginary friend she called Mimi. Whenever it was dark or something she would say mimi's watching us. When i took care of her alone I asked the stupid question of wheres mimi and she pointed at my closet.

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[ThePeoplesWill](#)
• 13y ago

When I was about 4 years old, I was in the car with my mum and we were driving down the highway. I guess I was just staring out the window because my mum asked me what I was looking at, and I said "the people are falling from the sky." My mum didn't really think much of it until she and my dad were watching the news that night and there was a story about two skydivers who died that day, about 50km outside of our city.





[bananasplits124](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my brother was little he was in the car and told my mom, "oh, i died here." My mom asked him what he was talking about, and he said, "me and daddy were in a green truck and we died here."



[alloftheworld](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This happened about 4 hours ago: was playing "dinosaur" with my boyfriend's 3 year old niece, a game in which she chomps down on the heads of her stuffed animals and shakes them until they're 'dead'. In the middle of the game she stopped in her tracks and got a terrified look on her face. She then gasped and, clamping her hands to her mouth, said "Oh, God!" and ran out of the room. We followed her, only to find her in the hallway staring back into the room. We asked her what was wrong, and after about 30 seconds of that long stare she whispered "the old woman" and quietly walked away.





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• [13y ago](#)

my youngest used to say 'before when i was little' before telling a story that had never happened. i would ask him what he meant and he would say 'before i was born' he was 3 at the time.



[Jezebel_no](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was around 6 yrs old. My Mother asked me if I took the house keys. I responded with this " Yes. I put them in my cauldron along with the spiders and corpses. I keep my potions in the play house at grandpas.. you will never find them."





[TheChadmania](#)
• 13y ago

I had a substitute teacher in high school. She was telling a story about her friend who was Indian, went to India with his wife and daughter to visit his parents. While there, one night, he died in a car accident and, of course, the wife was devastated. She went into the daughters room who was (I think) 3.

The wife picked up the daughter and was comforting the daughter and herself when the daughter woke up and whispered, "Daddy has angels."

To this day my friends and I say "Daddy has angels" if we see anything that's paranormal.



[endersshadow11](#)
• 13y ago

When I was about 4 or 5 I was on a road trip with my grandparents in their R.V. I was sleeping through the trip and was dreaming that my grandfather had told me to watch the car in front of us the tire was going to blow out. When I woke up I told them my dream it turned out it actually happened. A car in front of us blew a tire and flipped flinging two of its passengers over 20 ft out of the car. They said I slept through the whole thing and my grandfather never said anything like that.





[sitiron](#)
• 13y ago

I babysit the three year old next door, and she always gets really creepy at night. She'll freeze in the middle of playing and all of a sudden say stuff like "they're coming. they can see us. hide!!" in a hoarse little whisper. Then sometimes she turns off all the lights and continues in her little whisper, "don't be scared."



[NikonNevzorov](#)
• 13y ago

So, my parents just told me this story about when I was little: I was with my grandparents, and my parents were on their anniversary trip. At one point they got lost in the backroads of some state. (can't remember which.) Before long though, they began to hear my voice saying my mother's name from the back of the car, even though I was hundreds of miles away. They both agree that they heard the same thing at the same time.



[guru_22](#)
• 13y ago

While I was working in a school in Mexico this creepy little kid in year 1 said cheerily to the class, "Put your hands up if you're going to marry a corpse." Needless to say, all the other children went a bit quiet and he was left grinning with his hand straight up in the air.

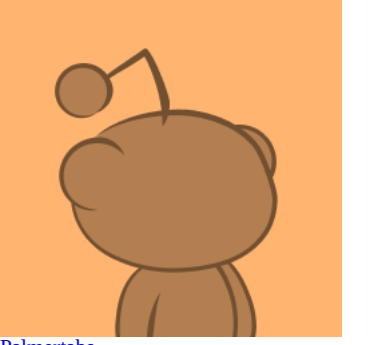


[Chrismcmfoo](#)
• 13y ago

My god brother was sleeping over many years ago in my brothers room when he started having a nightmare. My mum could hear him so she made her way to the room opened the door and started talking to him. The conversation went something like this. Mum- "ben are you okay, you're just having a nightmare" to which the little 8 or 9 year old said "fuck you birch" at which point my mum said "fuck you back" and left the little terror alone.



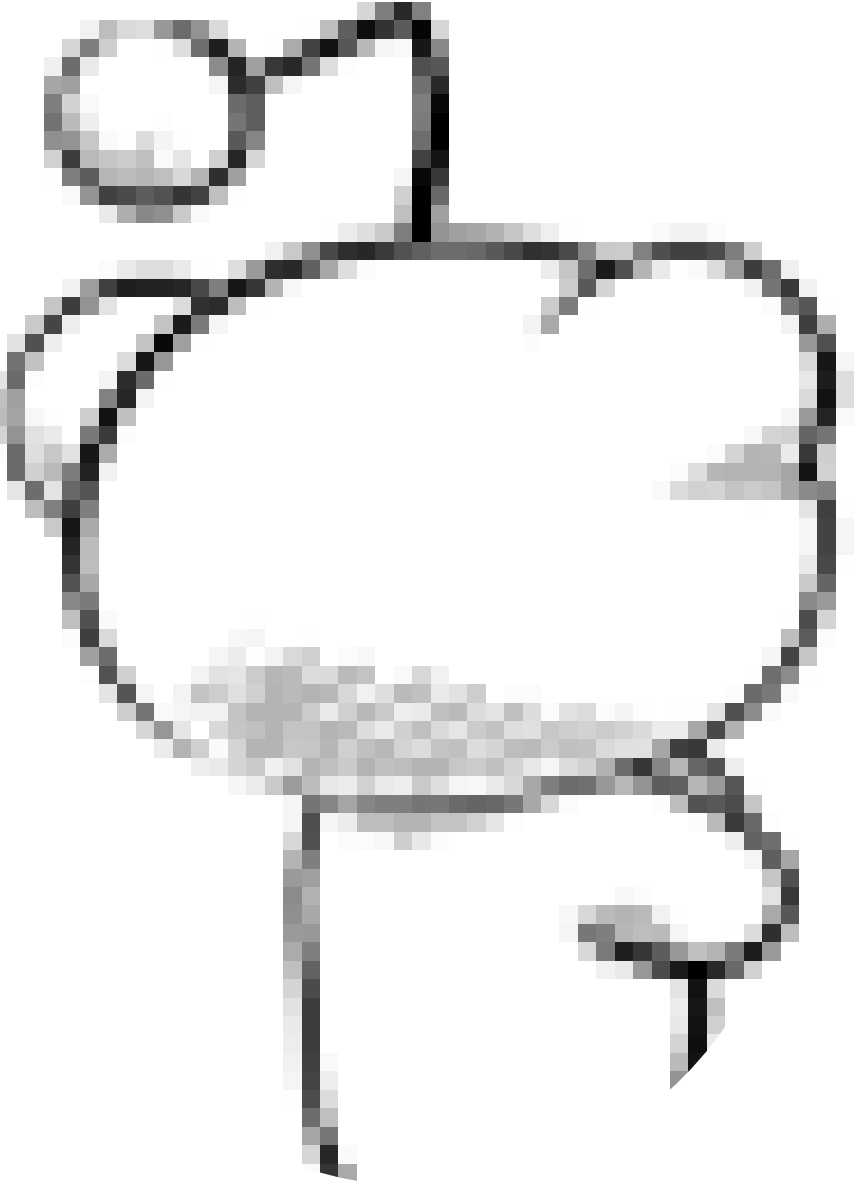
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[Palmertabs](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my brother was 4, our grandmother took him to the mall to get new shoes or something and they passed two Chinese men in the food court speaking in Chinese (Mandarin idk) and my brother turns to our grandma and says "I spoke Chinese in my last life." She was taken aback, not really creep-ed out, but it was weird.



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• [13y ago](#)

Weird random kid in the dairy department at Meijer. As I walked past him, he turned to stare at me and asked, "Are you prepared for the future?" in this completely monotone voice.
It still gives me the creeps thinking about it.





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• [13y ago](#)

Not my kid but an interesting story my dad has always told was about his younger cousin that was 8 or so... The cousins family (my grandpa's sister) had come to visit from Louisville and the kid hadn't been around that area often... But he said two weird things for a kid his age... While driving by the church that my grandparents attend he said... That's where papa (his grandpa) is buried... His mom asked how he knew and he said papa told me. She told him that was no way for a child to talk. Her father had died 2-3 years prior. My dad was mid teens and went to the feed mill with my grandpa. The kid tagged along, as they passed the cemetery again he said, when I die I want to be buried there... My dad recalled telling him that that was a long ways off and that he'd probably outlast the church building.

Later that afternoon they were all out in the yard and the kid chased a ball into the street and was killed by a car. They had his funeral that weekend and buried him in that cemetery. My grandfather has shown me the marker a few times about 2 rows over from his dad.

To this day my dads entire family swears that kid knew he was going to die.



[pabs123](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I may be a bit late but here goes anyway.

When I was around 2 or 3 I apparently went into one of the spare rooms in my house to play, all by myself. A few minutes later I ran out screaming and crying, looking for my parents. When they found me and asked me what was wrong I refused to tell them. I didn't go back into that room ever again. When we eventually moved away, my parents were packing up all the stuff in that room, and I pointed at a



figure of mother mary that had been hanging on the wall and said "She talked to me". needless to say my parents were terrified, and that little figure's been wrapped up in the basement for the past 18 years.

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ [More replies](#)



[fatesway](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was younger, around 3 to 4 years old, my parents were told that I was 80% deaf in my left ear, and 70 deaf in my right ear. It was easily correctable via surgery and special tube implants. After the surgery, I kept getting really bad ear infections. They found out I was stuffing things in my ears, crayons, pencils, cotton balls, and asked me why I was doing it. I told them "I just want the man talking to stop. He keeps saying things to me when im trying to sleep..."

To this day, I still hear that man talking to me when I am trying to sleep, but it turns out it was just Homer...

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[InfamousBatyote](#)
• [13y ago](#)

ITT: Kids are terrifying.

⌚ Reply

↗ Share





[comando123](#)
• 13y ago

not a parent, but when i was around three, with my parents heading back home one day(they later got a divorce) they got into an argument of some sort where my dad was being a jerk(i don't remember what it was about just loud noises lol)

i calmly interrupted them and said "Daddy, God has got a special place in hell for you"

when i was told about this years later, my mom said that there wasn't anyone talking about him like that and has no idea where that would have come from.

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[inmynightmind](#)
• 13y ago

My 5-year-old son told me he had an invisible friend. I asked him what his name was and he said, "Skeleton. He's inside me." So I said, "What do you do with Skeleton?" And he said, "Talk to him. I talk to him all the time." Edit: Added a sentence.





[pandamow](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I heard sounds of little feet in the kitchen and thought my daughter was out of bed playing and she wasn't when I checked. I looked in on her in her room and saw she was looking in the corner if the room. She was eyeing something and says "look at the pretty colored lights, mommy!" And points to the corner but nothing was there.



[joetheschmoe4000](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My little brother sleepwalks. When he was younger, he was sleeping in my room while I was doing homework. It was the middle of the night. Suddenly, he starts clicking his teeth together, slowly but rhythmically. I've never been more freaked out.





[Disco99](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Putting my daughters to bed, the oldest one, 4 years old, said "if you don't read me a story, dad, I will blood you." Time to stop watching Gangland with my kids.



[goldfish in quebec](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son is into 'Skylanders'. One of their catchphrases is 'I've got my eye on you'.

Hearing him say this in his sleep at around 3 am as I was getting a drink of water was definitely creepy.





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• [13y ago](#)

My 2 yo niece once looked at the ceiling behind me and started waving and smiling. I turn back confused and she calls hello up to the ceiling, pauses for a second then goes back at her toy. My amygdala kicked in, and I had the shakes for a few minutes. When that happens, you always think you see something moving from your peripheral vision.



[RattsWoman](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but my mom has always been disturbed by the first time she took me to her home country, Trinidad. I was 2, and every single night at exactly 10pm, I would inexplicably start crying like... a really distressed baby.

Some of my mom's aunts said that it was my dead grandpa playing with me, and I was crying because I didn't recognize him.

They bring in some Muslim relative of ours (my mom's family is Hindu, and Muslim the generation before, and my mom is Christian) and he prays over me and gives me some necklace thingy to wear at night, and that was the end of my crying.





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• [13y ago](#)

One time I was with my cousin and just as it hit midnight a train whistle went off in the distance my cousin sat up(still asleep he was 5ish I was 7) and said "he's here" I then looked at the edge of the bed and saw a dark figure standing there (couldn't really see because it was pitch black). I was already afraid of the dark and so I was scared shitless staring at this figure when I just fell asleep and I don't even remember trying to sleep.

Small backstory: before we went to sleep my cousin told me that something comes into his room when the train goes off. This has never happened again after that or even before that and he doesn't remember any of it.



[Teddy West-Side](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I worked at an elementary school doing an after school program. One day after all the kids had washed hands to get ready for snack one of the kinders came up to me and said. "I don't like that bathroom. There is a ghost with seaweed hair that laughs at me." She washed her hands in the kitchen after that.

[+ 1 more reply](#) [+ 1 more reply](#)



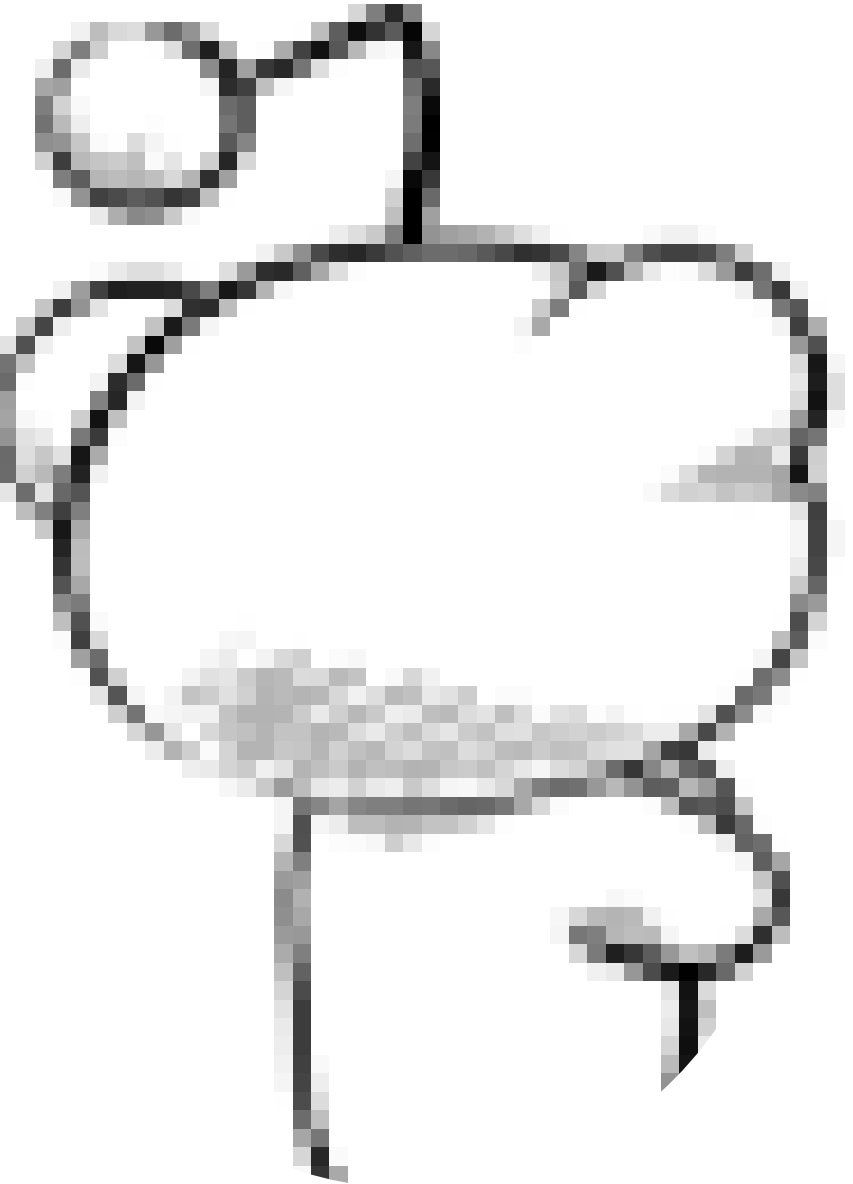
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[rtsy5](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my brother was about 5 or 6, we were watching my other brothers little league game- he turns, and says matter o' factly "you know you could kill a man with a fork"



[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

This thread is thrice as frightening as [r/nosleep](#).



[zetobyx](#)
• [13y ago](#)

after reading this thread, i never want to have children.



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

I apparently have the single most boring childhood ever.





[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

Not my kid, but a kid at the school I work at - day one, exchange one.

"Can I have your watch?" he asked.

"No." I replied.

He follow up with, "... can I wear your skin?"

I was later informed that he is mentally retarded. Good times.

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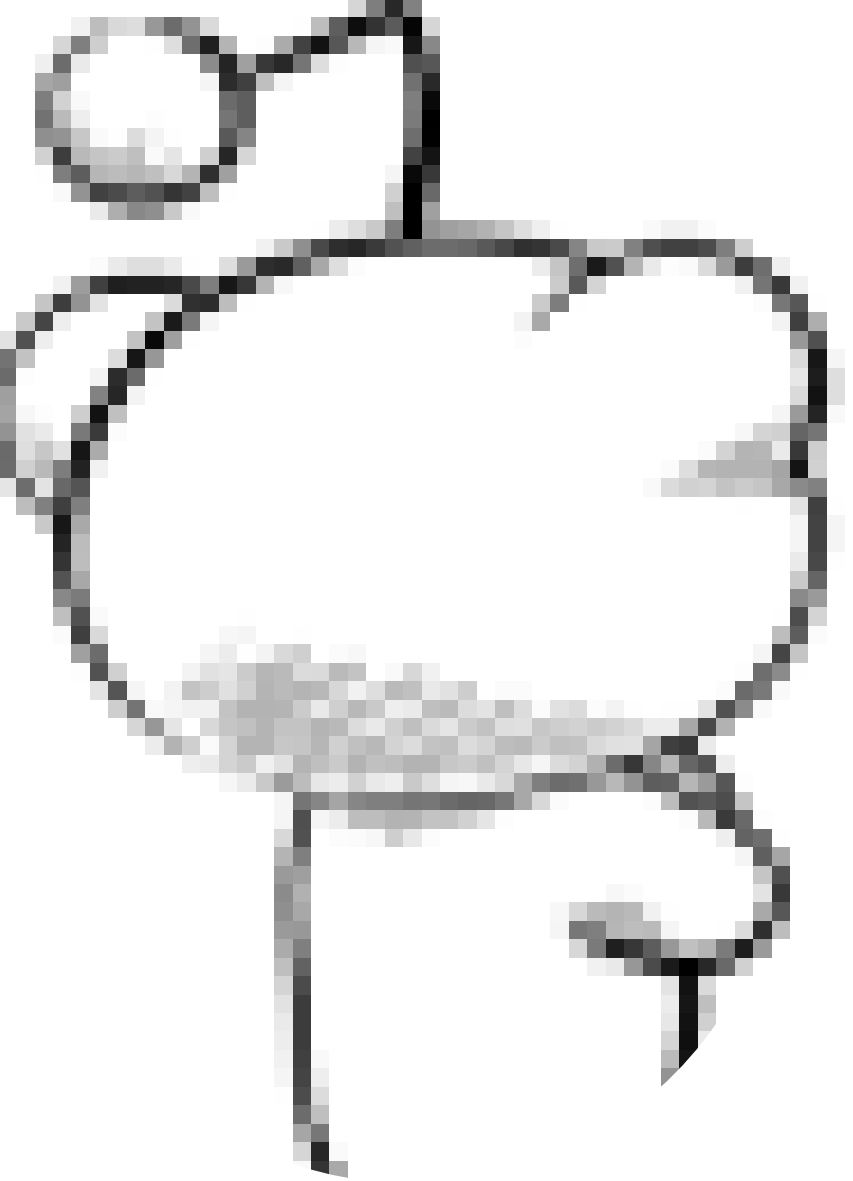
[olivella](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my mother told her disobedient 4 year old nephew to behave, he told her "I want to cut you. In the neck. With a knife." He then proceeded to call her a douchebag and run away. She wasn't fazed, but I was already planning a fucking exorcism on that demon kid.

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[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent but one time my little brother had a friend that was really creepy. Since him and I share a room, I got to sleep in the same room as the little creep. Well, one night when he was over I heard him get up, walk over to my brother who was asleep, and say "I posses you!" After that, he just went to bed like it was nothing. Freaked me the fuck out.

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• [13y ago](#)

"Rad boy doesnt like going to the library daddy, can we go to the park instead?" thought nothing of it, went to the library to read, left an hour later get a call from my wife (works across from the library) that its on fire. wtf

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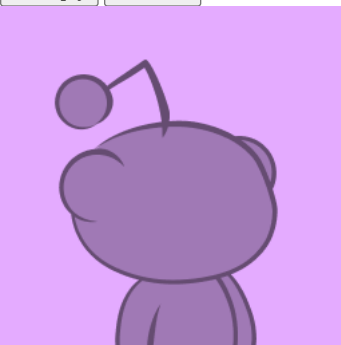


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• [13y ago](#)

Not my child but a little while ago i had to let my 4 year old sister sleep in my room. We both fall asleep everything is normal then she wakes me up crying and pointing at the corner of my room, already freaked out i quietly ask her what is wrong and she screams "Hes still there!" I picked her up and ran to my parents room, but after that i never felt comfortable sleeping in my bedroom

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[imtryinmybest](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My 2 year old son asked me who was that little black man that is always with us. 4 years later his little brother started asking the same thing. ? Also my best friends @ 2 year old daughter started mentioning her 'mommy' before her

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[iloveradiantskin](#)

• [13y ago](#)

So this is me being a creepy little girl- with a superstitious mother.

I was 7 or 8 years old, and I was sleeping on the couch while my mom worked on her computer pretty late at night. I woke up, looked at my mom and asked "mommy, what are shards?"

"little pieces of glass" she says.

I say "yeah, that's what the girl next to you said" and laid back down to go to sleep.

She freaked the fuck out, obviously, ran to the couch and said "WHAT GIRL? WHO?!"

I remember this happening but not seeing a girl or being scared. I think this was the result of my parents/sitters letting me watch tons of scary movies. But if I were my mom I'd be piiiiiiiiissed haha



[ucanify](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Why did I read all these before going to sleep???





[petergiovanni](#)
• 13y ago

Not sure if this is creepy but its about my 2 year old neighbour (apartment) who moved in when she was just born, I was 12 and she was very close to me as she grew up with me. 1 day I was alone watching TV and I hear this hardly audible knock on my door, I opened the door and this little girl crawled all the way from her bed to my door and is pulling her arms up, trying to say my name clearly and utter words like "we play"..I still dont know how she managed to crawl all her way but the best part was those were her first words..it was like having a conversation. .when I told my folks no one believed me and she never spoke for another year..till date no one believes me. She is a beautiful young woman, married and we keep in touch on FB and when I talk about this incident..she has no clue..I am the only witness to that episode



[irkinism](#)
• 13y ago

Not my kid, but once I was talking to my mom and my niece suddenly points at my mom and yells "constipated!"

My mom was stunned because she actually was constipated. And that's a pretty big word for a kid that just turned 3.

Now I'm writing down all the numbers this little kid says and playing them every week hoping that she's right again and I win big.

+ 1 more reply
+ 1 more reply





[Yowzas](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

According to my parents, I was about 3, when I started pointing and laughing at the ceiling. They asked me what I was laughing at. I said, "grandma". My grandma passed the week before that happened.



[todayiamnew](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

After kindergarten every day I used to cuddle and take naps on the couch with my mom. My parents had told me that sex is "when two people sleep together." Apparently this caused me to start telling people that me and my mom had sex. My mom still brings it up and laughs but all I can do is cringe.



[lm100489](#)

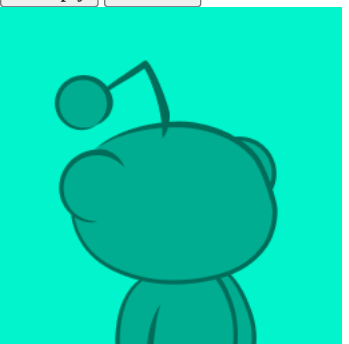
• [13y_ago](#)

My daughter had just turned two and we had just moved into a new (very old) house. It was the first night that she and I had stayed there alone and I was very creeped out to begin with.

Well, I thought she was asleep next to me in bed because she hadn't said anything or moved in a while...but then, out of nowhere, she says in the creepiest monotone voice, "We're heeeeeeeere." and then fell asleep....my heart raced until i forced myself to sleep...

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[felixthekraut](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

My 3 year old: "I have a super power." Oh yeah? What is it? "I can shoot lightning. I use it to burn people. Then I eat them." Why would you want to eat people??? "To see what they taste like." Then he looks me straight in the eye for a few, long seconds, turns around and walks away silently.









[serion](#)
• 13y ago

My son has night terrors and often talks in his sleep. This was a recent event where he started screaming and crying uncontrollably in his sleep. "Make it stop! Make it stop! This can't be happening to me. The giant spots are everywhere and mommy is going to die." A few seconds later he laughed and laid back down and was sleeping like nothing ever happened. Night terrors are some crazy shit.

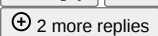
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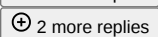


[MR_Ran](#)
• 13y ago

I used to put my finger against my throat slice it and then point a strangers while in my mums moving car.

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[Sparklegirl1979](#)

• 13y ago

My little cousin told her teacher that she has a little brother at home. his room is in the attic and eats the bugs. His name is Jason. She has no brothers my aunt is now afraid to go up in the attic

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[AWumbologist](#)

• 13y ago

During a family get together my younger cousin (who was 4 or 5 at the time) woke up a couple hours after we put her to bed. We were watching a movie and she woke up and called my grandma into her room, and when my grandma went in she said, "The coyotes are coming, grandma. We can't hide from them." Just so you know, coyotes have been her greatest fear since ever. My grandma just gave her NyQuil or something and told her to go back to sleep.

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[spooner248](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent but I used to babysit for these three kids. On time they had found a crab on a beach and, thinking it was the right thing, the little kids put the crab in a tank of water. The poor little guy drowned and I had asked what happened. The oldest sister of the three, who was seven, said "Oh, it's sleeping" and literally turned to me and said "it's time for you to sleep now."

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[HumbleCicero](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This thread is terrifying.

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• [13y ago](#)

Fuck this, i read like half the stories and decided to never talk to an infant.

 Reply

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• [13y ago](#)

This is more of a funny story opposed to creepy one, but its still worth sharing. During a Christmas party my cousin and his three children were all running around on all four legs pretending to be dogs barking etc. when suddenly his eldest daughter said to his dad "let me lick your nuts" (as dogs do) he quickly stood up too stop her but as he did this his other daughter went in to lick his bum, he ran upstairs in slight embarrassment and his daughters were all giggling and everyone sitting around him was in tears of laughter.



[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

When I was a child, we lived in the backwoods in a doublewide on my grandparents land. Mom has told me 100 times that every night like clockwork around 1:30 I would wake up screaming in my crib and I would stand and stare at the TV crying until she covered it with a blanket.

She thinks that we may have lived on an old Native American burial ground and there may have been spirits. She also told me that her mother had given her a collectors doll that played a tune when you wound a spring in the back, and she had put it away in a drawer without opening the box (considering it was a collectors item) and had forgotten about it. Well, the night they brought me home from the hospital she heard a tune coming from the bottom drawer and pulled out the doll, which was named Lauren (coincidentally my name is Lauren as well). She said she got so freaked out she threw it out into the backyard and made dad take it to the dump the next day.



[putitwhere](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"Mommy I thought you died in the fire" as a child my friend said that to her mom after she woke up from a bad dream





[Indy1204](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm way late for this thread, and I'm not a parent, but, my younger brother used to sleep...walk. He would bring a chair into my room and sit in it watching me sleep. I found this out many, many years after the fact when we were all grown.





[stevent12x](#)
• 13y ago

While probably not a night terror, I do remember a camping trip I was on where one of my tent-mates was thrashing about uncontrollably and then sat straight up, looked me in the eye and muttered "It might destroy me, but yes, indeed" and went right back to sleep. To this day he nor anybody else knows what was churning through his sleep-deprived brain.



[IHateHiccups](#)
• 13y ago

I remember when I was much younger I told my mom that I "knew" that I would eventually die on a Sunday. When she asked me why I'd say something like that, I told her it was a gut feeling (creepy), but in reality it's just because I had visited www.deathclock.com.

⊕ 2 more replies
⊕ 2 more replies ✨



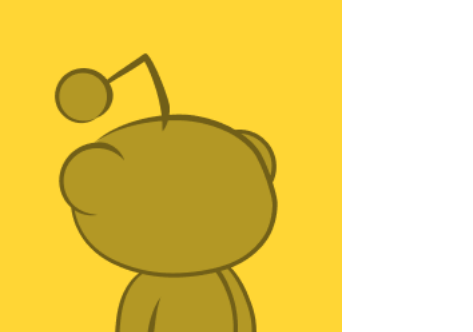
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[dubbadubbadoo](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Working in a preschool, I heard a 3 year old say "mommy, if you die, I can do whatever I want, huh?" With a smirk. I could tell mom was unnerved.



[jimbozo](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Don't worry, the Virgin Mary is coming through in a minute. (my mother was sleep-talking to me when I was a kid trying to wake her bc I was scared) *shit my pants*

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

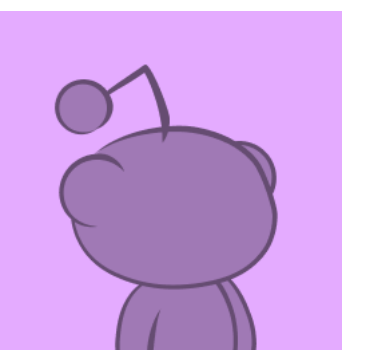
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[sirwexford](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Dood your name is drhandjob what did you tell your dad



[Asmor](#)
• [13y ago](#)

One my wife told me...

When she was a kid, she used to sleep walk a lot. Her mother's a real hippie type, wiccan, loves ghost hunters. And she had a bunch of dolls in the house.

Anyways, late at night one time, wife's mother is watching TV, all the lights in the house off. Wife sleepwalks into the TV room and says, "The dolls are staring at me, mommy."

Can only imagine how creepy it must have been at the time.





[ladyneptune](#)
• [13y ago](#)

One of the best videos of me as a kid is me in the backyard brightly singing a song I made up with a lyric about chopping off someone's head.



[trollslayer214](#)
• [13y ago](#)

when I was a small child I would have dreams about a ghostly pale woman I called the white woman. The dream would always begin with the bed spinning, then i would float through the ceiling. In all of my dreams I knew how to fly. The pale woman lived in a big white house on the plains, and she would always try to steal me so she could get my fortune (apparently I have a fortune), and to do that she would also try to kill/make sick/make leave my mom so she wouldn't be able to get me. One day I had a dream in which I go to the white woman's house on the plains. I opened the door and my mother is sick and floating above her is the white woman. The white woman says to me, "I will never see you again," that is all she says. The next night I have a dream where I meet a ghostly boy who I call the white boy. I ask him where the white lady is (because I've never had a dream before without her) and he says "she's gone know, like she said. He then teaches me how to fly. have never seen either of them ever again. I have always been able to fly in my dreams now Edit: In all of my dreams with the white lady it is night time, In my dream with the white boy it is daytime.



[WhyDoTheyAlwaysRun](#)
• [13y ago](#)

As a guy about to become a dad, I'm laughing and cringing at every last one of these.

Also remembering when my little sister used to write her name backwards followed by the word "dead" backwards. Christ.



[Syncopia](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Well, my 8 year old brother drew [this book](#) at school. He gave his teacher no explanation, and she later called home, thinking he had some dark, creepy-ass side we were unaware of. He'd been plying Silent Hill, Resident Evil, and Sonic the hedgehog all week, and was just drawing fan-art. It was surprisingly difficult to convince his teacher of this truth. She truly believed that he was possessed.





[SamanthaMurderface](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My two year old son refused to sleep in his room one night and when we asked him why, he said 'A man keeps looking at me'.



[jellyQT](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Back Story- My mum has a little brother who passed away by drowning at the age of 4 I think it was. His name was Christian.

When I was a toddler (I think my mum said I was about 2 or 3) my mum and I were at my grandparent's house for Christmas. Their passage from the front door had a ton of family and friends photos up on the walls. I walked down there and pointed to one of Christian. My mum asked me what I was doing and I then said 'That's Chris.' She said 'Yes it is, how do you know?' I told her 'He looks after me' Creepy to some I guess but my mum said she wasn't freaked out, more just humbled by it? I don't know... there have been things since then that have happened but they've been spaced out throughout my life.



[phade99](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My daughter freaks us out constantly, one day I was out washing my car and my daughter was playing in the front yard when she just stopped and started talking, this went on for about 5 minutes and I said "hey baby who are you talking too?" She answered "Anna Grace", we don't know an Anna grace never met an Anna grace. I said oh really what are you talking about. She told me "Anna got hot and now she lives over there" pointing to the woods. Se then told me that Anna doesn't like the doctor and looked at me and in a deep voice said "The Doctor is bad". I was like ok your freaky little kid, Anna Grace hung around for about a year, she disappeared when all of her other imaginary friends disappeared but FREAKY!





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• [13y ago](#)

i'm no parent, but i might as well be. i have two little sisters (4 and 7) when the eldest was 4, we were on a family vacation, and on the way back from the beach she was singing "Old McDonald."

However... one of the verses was.

"Old McDonald had a penis!"

And she would say penis very awkwardly, like... peeeeeenus.





[teach-me](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My niece likes to play pretend as me. One day, she was scraping the wall with a ruler. When her dad asked what she was doing, she said, "Scraping the blood off, (my husband's name)."



[april528](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My two year old son told me that "a man and his dog read me stories at night". We later found out that a guy committed suicide in our house years ago. Creepy....





[Fizzy_Cola](#)
• [13y ago](#)

But why would you kill yourself if you have a dog that can read?

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)



[⊕ More replies](#) [⊕ More replies](#)



[45already](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My child told me that when she was 8 she used to sneak in my room to watch me sleep. Very creepy.

This same child told me that she'd smother me in my sleep when I was 85 so that I wouldn't suffer. I thanked her for the warning and told her that I'd be sure to be armed starting at 80.





[sillyrob](#)
• [13y ago](#)

In a southern accent my cousin's said, "But mah, my baby's dead."

We're from Arizona.



[Gypsytraiter](#)
• [13y ago](#)

We were secretly planning a trip to Disneylad. On our way there, my daughter who was about five, asks if we are going to stay at the yellow hotel? My husband glances over at me and says, god I hope it's not yellow. I ask her shy she thinks it's yellow? She says because I saw it when we didn't stay there. She has this many times. And yes, it was yellow. Oh and the last thing she asked me recently was if I was done checking on my paycheck. I was in the other room checking my email about a paycheck issue. When I called her in and asked why she asked me that, she shrugged. It just popped into my head she said. I told her the same thing happens to mama too.





[Evolutionmonkey](#)

• 13y ago

Alright so I do not have children but my mother has told me two stories of things I have said that to me are creepy. So I was diagnosed with a brain tumor at the age of five and I did not really understand what was going on. So the day before I am supposed to go in for my surgery I tell my mom that I had a dream about how "the angels came and took me into a pool of water and then flew me to heaven." Needless to say she flipped out. I did not have to get my tumor removed though as it was determined to be benign that day with a last minute MRI. Second was about a year after that day. I apparently woke my mom up at around 2 AM stared her down an inch from her face and said "Do you here them Mommy?" She listened and then asked me what I was hearing to which I replied "The trumpets are sounding Mommy. Its the trumpets." I then just hummed out of the room and back to sleep.



[decemberglow](#)

• 13y ago

Not my own kid, but my aunt told me this happened - she was in the house doing laundry when her 4-year-old toddled in, looked up at the ceiling then said,

"Mommy, why are the people up there staring at us?"





[the_norsk_son](#)
• 13y ago

Even though this is riddled with comments already, I'll give my story a shot.

I teach theater summer camps and last summer my co-worker and I had a young girl who creeped us out to say the least. Our camps are at schools with theaters in the surrounding area, and this week we were at my old high school. On the first day of camp that week, we were playing a theater game with all of the kids. We were all getting ready to get in a big circle and this little girl is away from the rest of the group, and it looked like she was talking to someone...except there was NOBODY around her. My co-worker went up to her and asked her who she was talking to. The little girl quickly turned around and said "no one" very fast and then went to join the rest of the kids.

In the theater in that school there was a darkened staircase that led up to a small costume storage closet. One of the other days that week, I saw the same little girl just staring up that, basically pitch black, stair case. I am convinced to this day that this girl made a friend with a ghost in my old high school theater.

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• [13y ago](#)

All of these make me not want to be a parent.

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[KellyInBC](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Our four year old comes downstairs from his room and calmly informs us that there is a man in his closet. He describes the man as "old, with pointy shoes and a green and black hat". He doesn't think the man is mean.

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[KellyInBC](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 5yr old has a 6yr old brother name Wesley. They live overseas, and I play Dungeon Defenders, Terraria and Portal 2 with them on Steam on Friday nights.

Gabe, the baby, likes to change his steam name to match other names he's seen and thinks are cool... but a couple of weeks ago, out of nowhere, he changed his steam handle to "death wesley and no more wesleys"



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

I run a Summer camp, and one of the kids I have was on a secret detectives quest he had made up.

He insisted that somebody at our camp wasn't who they said they were. I played along, and bent down close to him and said... "well who do you think it is?"

He pointed to another child and said, "it's him."

... "That's Osama Bin Laden; let's go kill him"

NB:

This was in 2012, so most of *that* issue had already blown over, and the child was only 8 years old.





[SassyCommander](#)
• 13y ago

Not my kid, but my little 6 y/o cousin was holding an unloaded BB gun pistol and she said 'I love guns' and proceed to put the gun against her head and in her mouth and pull the trigger multiple times. She then laughed manically and ran off.

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[VikMyk](#)
• 13y ago

When I was 5, I sleepwalked into the living room where my mom was watching some horror movie, but she didn't notice me at first. She said that when she turned away at a gruesome scene, she saw me staring at the TV and smiling at the cries of pain - I imagine I must have looked like Disaster Girl.

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[cobralittle](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was having a sleep over with my friend and my little brother came into the room. He was about 3 or 4 I think. He gets really quiet and upset and kind of looks at us and says:

"He's here." "Who's here?" "Abul..." "What?" "He is here now"

And then he started crying or getting really upset and then after a minute everything went back to normal.

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• 13y ago

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• [13y ago](#)

"Who's that?"

From my 2 year old...sitting in my lap facing me pointing to an empty doorway behind me.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

One thing I said to my parents "Mommy, if you need me, I will be playing in my room with mr. floaty man!"



[wow2013](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was staying in a really, really old coach house must have been about 6. I saw my mum at the end of the bed and said hello but she wouldn't speak to me. The next morning I said mum "why wouldn't you answer me last night". She said she never came into the room. It turns out it must have been a blonde haired host, still to this day 30 years onwards both my mother and I remember it, quite weird!





[jedi-robin](#)
• 13y ago

When i was 17 i had my friend over and he annoyed my sister who was 6. After about 15mins of this going on she then gave him a choice stop annoying her or suffer the pain to come. He laughed at her so she kicked him in the nuts and while he was on the ground rolling in pain she kept kicking him in the nuts. I couldn't control the laughing fit i was in. The end of the story is he never came over to my house again....lol

⊕ 1 more reply
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• 13y ago

This is a bit different, but when I was seven I was staying with my grandma, aunt, and uncle in their house, which was pretty much in the woods in Arkansas. My aunt and uncle went to bed, and my grandma was watching TV, while sitting in a rocker, in her room.

Suddenly, she yells out for me, and when I go in the room, she turns and looks me straight in the eyes and says, "I'm glad you came. The Devil just had his hand on my shoulder."

Needless to say I didn't sleep well that entire trip.





[pandoranicole](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

My cousin who was about 4 or 5 in the middle of a game stared out the window intensely I looked back to see what was so interesting and I couldn't see anything. I asked her what was she looking at and she said "cant you see him! that man! he's right there and he's glowing!"



[madeleineecs](#)

• [13y ago](#)

why the hell am i studying to be a primary school teacher?!!!! i just can't wait to work with kids now :|





[CoolPhilly](#)
• [13y ago](#)

There was an episode of flooding in the 70s in Pennsylvania. My friend's little sister was on the porch talking after it was over, and the water was receding. Her siblings asked "Who are you talking to?"

She said, "The lady in the purple dress." "Oh," they replied, "What is she saying?" "She says she misses her family and is looking for them, and is not sure why she is here." "Oh dear," they thought, and went out on the porch to see if a person was out there.

The graveyard up the way had flooded, and the coffins floated away. The lady in the purple dress was a body, dressed in garb suitable for a previous era.

The authorities were called. They reinterred the body.

So every Halloween, the grown kids send each other card signed, "From the lady in the purple dress."



[RainAfterDawn](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was five I saw a man in the woods. I followed him and that's all that I remember before waking up in my bed. I only remember that from this story but my mum told me that he was my imaginary friend. One time I came out into the kitchen and said ' My friend is called Manu'. She laughed thinking it was a joke because it was the same name as Manu from master chef. She laughed and replied ' can he cook?' To that I said ' he can cook children'

Yeah, I was a weird child.









[tmizer](#)
• [13y ago](#)

not a parent, but as a camp counselor I had a great one. Gave one of the girls I work with a hug (both of us were 18 atm). This 8 year old walks up to me later and goes "Hey, you gonna hit that?"

Mind Blown



[matthileo](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my kid, but apparently when my girlfriend was 5 her father found her playing with her barbies and one was wrapped up in string. When he asked what she was doing she replied "Ken kidnapped her and is punishing her."



[inacalicrodress](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was playing with a barbie and ken doll one time and removed the clothes. I don't know if I just had them embracing, but my mom found them and it must've looked like I was making the dolls simulate sex. She holds up the practically conjoined dolls and asks, "are they ... dancing?" to which I replied, "... some people call it 'dancing.'"

I'm sure this has something to do with the fact that I was sent to an all girls school later on.









[kamajo8991](#)
• 13y ago

My 3-year-old son had an imaginary friend(or whatever you want to call it) named Susan. He would tell us about her every now and then.

One night, on the way back home from a day at the grandparents, my husband asks (just to scare me) "So son, where is Susan?"

"She's in the car with us."



[Flibbertigibbetz](#)
• 13y ago

When I was teaching preschool, there was a quite precocious four-year-old in my class. I had the radio playing and the class was up dancing and she looked up at me with her hands on her hips doing the chicken neck and said "Your BOOBS are bouncing!!....Does your vagina bounce, too??" :/





[dnc194](#)
• 13y ago

When I was little about 3 or 4 maybe, I always would swear to my family and my brother that I had held my brother when he was little and how cute he was! Of course they dismissed it, thinking I was just being a little kid trying to say I was older and such. (He's five years older than me) Well about 2 days before I was born my great aunt, let's call her Lucy, passed away. Lucy and my brother had been very close and he was devastated when she died... I can distinctly remember telling my mom I loved him so much and that he was such a chubby baby. These were my great aunts favorite things to poke fun at him about. I remember telling him one day "I missed you so much, I had to come back!"

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[joshdhaliwal](#)
• 13y ago

Conversation with my 2 year old while we were out driving. This only happened a few weeks ago so is very fresh in my memory.

2 year old: Daddy can you chase that man in the car? Me:Okay, what shall we do when we catch him? 2 year old: I want you to crash into him, then we will crash into him, then we can beat him and eat him. Me: (Gobsmacked)

 Reply 





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

It wasn't my kid, I was babysitting for a single mom that recently moved in across the street--that house never stayed occupied for long--and her adorable baby girl was a little over one at the time. It was storming outside and I was feeding the baby, when I started hearing loud footsteps. They were heavy and VERY distinct, and coming from no clear direction--just upwards, even though there was no second floor and we were home alone. I started to freak out and looked at her and just immediately thought, "baby girl, whatever you do please please please don't start looking around." Naturally, she snaps her neck up as soon as the thought crosses my mind and her eyes follow something circling us on the ceiling. I start talking to her saying, "Mia! Mia, look at me!" She glanced down at me and looked straight back up. Purely FREAKING THE FUCK OUT at this point, I just wanted some other noise in the house besides the rain, so I walked over to the TV. I nearly started crying on my way over because my footsteps sounded, to the tee, like the ones I heard coming from the house. They moved less than a month later, and I never babysat for her again.

TD;DR: lil bitch saw demons on the ceiling during a rainstorm while I heard footsteps that mimicked my own.



[An-other1](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I'm starting to get the feeling some people are turning the "story time" gear on here.

But whatever makes for creepy stories, right?





[schroedys_cat](#)
• 13y ago

I nanny for some people in a big, old mansion in New Orleans. I usually watch only the older sister, who was bubbly and talkative. Her younger sister was very shy and almost never spoke to me. The second or third time I watched both of them, the younger sister sat down across from me at the table and very seriously asked me, "You see the ghosts too, don't you?"



[palipride47](#)
• 13y ago

I don't have ghost stories, but the four year old I babysit is obsessed with my breasts (I hope it's a phase, she's taken to pulling down my collar to stare). Conversations tend to go like this:

Child: "Why are your breasts so big?" (I'm a 40GG)

Me: "I don't know."

Child: "Do you feed your babies with them?"

Me: "I don't have babies."

Child: "You could feed lots of babies with them, like all the babies in the whole world" (stretches arms out really wide).

Child: "My mommy's breasts aren't big like yours." (I don't respond after that because that would be an awkward conversation topic with anyone, regardless of age)

Child: "Could you feed me with your breasts?" (I walk away and contemplate calling a child psychiatrist)

[⊕ More replies](#)



[raeofsunshine56](#)
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

When my mom was pregnant with me she was going to have my room Micky and Minnie Mouse themed but then she would have reoccurring night terrors of them chasing her with knives trying to carve me out of her stomach to kill me. The dreams didn't stop until she tore down all the decorations and changed the theme to Snoopy. 21 years later and I still haven't been to Disney Land.

Also, when I was in fifth grade I made friends with a girl who had just moved to the state. One day she made me upset so I wrote her a note saying "You have angered a witch, now you must pay!" She didn't come back to school and we were told that her father had died of a heart attack the day after I gave her that note. I have never given a note like that to anyone ever again.



[⊕ More replies](#)



[mdae123](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent yet, but everyone in my family has always referred to me as an old soul. Probably due to the creepy shit I'd talk about as a child.

At the age of barely being able to put full sentences together, I asked my mom in not-so-clear English "why him has hurts on him hands?" When she asked who "him" was? I kept repeating "The nails hurt him hands!" then frantically clapping my hands together, and putting my palms in her face.

Eventually, she discerned I was talking about Jesus. (My family was never religious, and there was no way I would have known about Jesus at that age).

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[adriennekelligan](#)

• [13y ago](#)

A couple weeks ago I dropped my kids off at my mother's house while I ran to the store. My 4 year old son went upstairs to get a toy, a few minutes later her came downstairs bawling, he looked terrified. My mom asked what was wrong and he told her, "the little boy that is almost invisible shut the door and wouldn't let me out of the room!" He told me the exact same thing when I got there.

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[⊕ More replies](#)



[hibernalass](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My seven year old daughter: I wish I had all the money in the world. Well, I'd give some to my friends. Like half. They could split up half. Me: What about all the other people in the world? What would they do? Don't you think they'd get hungry? Daughter: They could hunt.



[BanglesOkapi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

A few things...

Apparently when I was little (5-ish) I had an imaginary friend right? She was a middle aged woman, idk, but anyway a few days after we moved out of that house. My mom told me that there was a ghost there. like a legit ghost. Her name was lula, She Died in my bedroom, yup MY bedroom. She apparently would call my mom on the phone and tell her to leave the house. and creepy shit.

Another thing... Apparently when I sleep, if someone comes in my room I open my eyes and stare at them till they go away (mom told me that xD)



[fl3sh_w0und](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my niece was about 7 we were just sitting playing together. She got very serious, looked me in the eye and said "aunt Sammy...when I die I don't want to be buried. I want you to eat my flesh." It was super creepy and strange, but after that I told her about certain cultures who do eat body parts of their dead loved ones to keep their spirit alive. She was just like oh.



[SnogBox](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was really young (maybe like 3 or 4 I think) I was sitting inside coloring or whatever and my mom tells me that I just dropped my markers, looked up to her, and said something along the lines of "We're not gonna have power tomorrow because of the car crash." And my mom didnt think anything of it because I said random weird shit all the time when I was younger. The next day the electricity goes out because a car crashed into a telephone pole on our street. My mom still brings this up to me every so often.

Oh and also when I was 2 (just able to kind of talk but not really) I was sleeping in my parents' bed and my mom was waaaaayyy pregnant. I woke up and apparently just started saying "Baby. Baaaaabbbyyyy. Baby here." over and over again until I woke up my parents. My mom's water broke like 3 hours later.

TLDR; When I was 3 I predicted a car crash

TLDR; When I was 2 I predicted my brother's birth

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[SnogBox](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Another story, when I was little I said to my mom "Before you had me I chose you and flew into your belly like a moth."

???

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[Darkarashi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Mine's...odd.

A few things about me that are pertinent to know before the story:

1. I "died" before I was born. I was a rough birth - I just didn't want to be born, and my heart stopped three separate times during the birth before the doctors went to an emergency C-section.
2. I am named after my grandmother who died two years before I was born.
3. My parents had a lot of my grandmother's stuff in their house when I was born.
4. My parents did not tell me about my grandmother until I was in Kindergarten, and I didn't understand that Grandma Delora was not my Grandma Dorinda, but the lady my grandfather had married before, and was actually my father's mother.



My grandmother's name was Delora. I was never called that as a baby. I was always Dee, punkin head, punk, or some variant. No one called me Delora.

As a baby, I was unusually calm. I would fuss at things, yeah - I was a baby. But there would be moments where I would stop crying all of a sudden, start cooing like someone was playing with me. My parents would come into the room where my crib was to check on me, and I'd be on my back, moving my hands and feet like someone was playing with my toes or holding my hands, and looking up like I was looking at someone. Kinda weird, but whatever.

But when I could talk, and when I was motile enough to follow my parents around, I would do odd things. My parents still had my grandmother's stuff around, and more than once, when my mom was moving some of my grandmother's things, I would grab something out of her hands and say "No, thas Gramma Delololo's. Gramma Delololo's."

They would even hold things up, and ask me who the thing belonged to, and I always said "Gramma Delololo. Thas Gramma Delololo's." Shirts, little kitschy things...I knew when they had something of hers.

My mother and father are absolutely convinced that my Grandma wanted to stay around a little bit longer to take care of her first granddaughter.

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[aratcliff80](#)
• 13y ago

My dad passed away a few years ago. My kids (my youngest in particular) will tell me every now and then they see my dad in their sleep. My cousin was at my grandparents old house on their old property and told my uncle she kept seeing a cat jump through a closed window. She also told the family that only when she would undress, a man would appear in her room. When she was older and driving, she was involved in an accident on a very curvy road on a mountain. She swears she felt our uncle's hands (he passed away in a car accident) holding her against her car seat.

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[SatanicRaven](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a child I used to play on the landing and talk to myself. One day my mother asked me who I was talking to, so I said "Mary, I think she's hurt, she's been laying here for weeks" after my mother did some research, she discovered that the old woman who lived in the house before us had died on the stairs, where I used to play. We moved house pretty soon after.

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[joeynana](#)
• 13y ago

Master 4 walked in on mum and dad having sexy times, he asked "what are you doing?" Thinking quickly I said the first thing that came to mind "having special hugs dude" The next day we were out at a restaurant with his grandmother who upon seeing little man said "come here and give me a hug" master 4 four replied without skipping a beat and loud enough for the whole restaurant to hear "ok, but not a special hug"

Funny in hindsight but cringe worthy and creepy at the time.

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[Josierice](#)
• 13y ago

I had to sign up for a Reddit account when I saw this question and some of these stories. A few years ago I was sitting around a large table at a community dinner. My friends three year old was sitting by right elbow, her parents were across the table and talking to other people when I heard a soft, childlike Voice Singing "i want to eat you through yours eyes"! When i turned she was staring at me With a creepy little Smile on her face. No one else seemed to hear it, but For some reason I asked her if she was singing to me, and she nodded slowly, still with the creepy smile.

 Reply 





[The Sofa King](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was 8 or 9 my teacher had us fill out a sheet about who our role models were. You can imagine my parent's reaction when the school called to tell them that my role models were the Menendez brother.



[Chibimiyuki](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 2 1/2 year old daughter told me the other night that she drowned. Very simply and matter-of-fact, she said "I died. I drowned one time and died Mommy. The water was very dark Mommy. I yelled and screamed and no one came. No one could hear me and I called and called, and went down and down. No one came 'cause they couldn't hear me, and then I died."

She's incredibly articulate for a toddler, but this still surprised me. I don't think I've ever talked about drowning around her, and this was totally out of the blue, and said like she was talking about the weather. We're getting swimming lessons this summer.

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• [13y ago](#)

My younger brother used to have scary as fuck nightmares and would start sleepwalking and sleep-talking. He never remembered what he said the next day but some of his best quotes are: "I killed, Lily" (our sister). "The room is filling with water." And (my personal favourite) "I created the holocaust." He was about eight at the time.

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[GENER AL](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When i was about 5 years old we moved into a new house (the house had only just being built)

Any way, i had spent about 2 hours playing in my new room as my parents were unpacking things. My dad came up to my room and asked me how i liked the new house.

I told him it was great, and that there are no people walking through the walls in this house...





[PewVeeCry](#)
• 13y ago

I know this is probably late, but I figured I may as well submit this. When I was about 5 or 6, I had an imaginary friend. Let's call her J. So, one day, J and I were playing at the bottom of my stairs, and she was being mean to me. I told her to stop, but she wouldn't. Eventually she tied me up, and ran upstairs. I couldn't move. I started crying and yelling for my mom, who came downstairs to see me lying on the floor screaming. She asked me what happened. "J tied me up and left me down here!!" I sobbed. My mom untied me, and helped me up. She gave me a big hug, and we went to find J. We found her, and pushed her out the back door. But ever since then, I've felt like someone's watching me when I'm downstairs, or when the lights are off.



[mrhooch](#)
• 13y ago

"Let's call her J."

I'm intrigued... are you trying to protect the identity of your imaginary friend?

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⊕ 2 more replies

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[Alixloop](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mum comes down to visit us often. When she does, she sleeps in my 3 year old son's room, in a bed next to his. He quite enjoys having her there, and will some times get up in the middle of the night and slip into bed with her. The last time she was here, the day she left, she said to him:

"Won't you miss me at night?"

"Yes, grandma",he said, "but it's ok. I won't be alone."

"No?"

"No. There's the other grandma."

My boyfriend's mother (his "other grandma") passed away two years ago. She used to live in this place, too.

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[White1](#)
• [13y ago](#)

While putting the kid to bed: "I want to knife you." I try to remain calm while thinking about too much exposure to knights and pirates: "Oh, really?" Kid: "do you know what knifing is? It's when we lie down and you have your back to me. Spooning is when I have my back to you." Phew. Then it gets better: "forking is when we're facing each other."

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[mmcwatters](#)
• [13y ago](#)

A few months ago my 4-year-old said to me, "Daddy, I love you and I want to break you." WTF.

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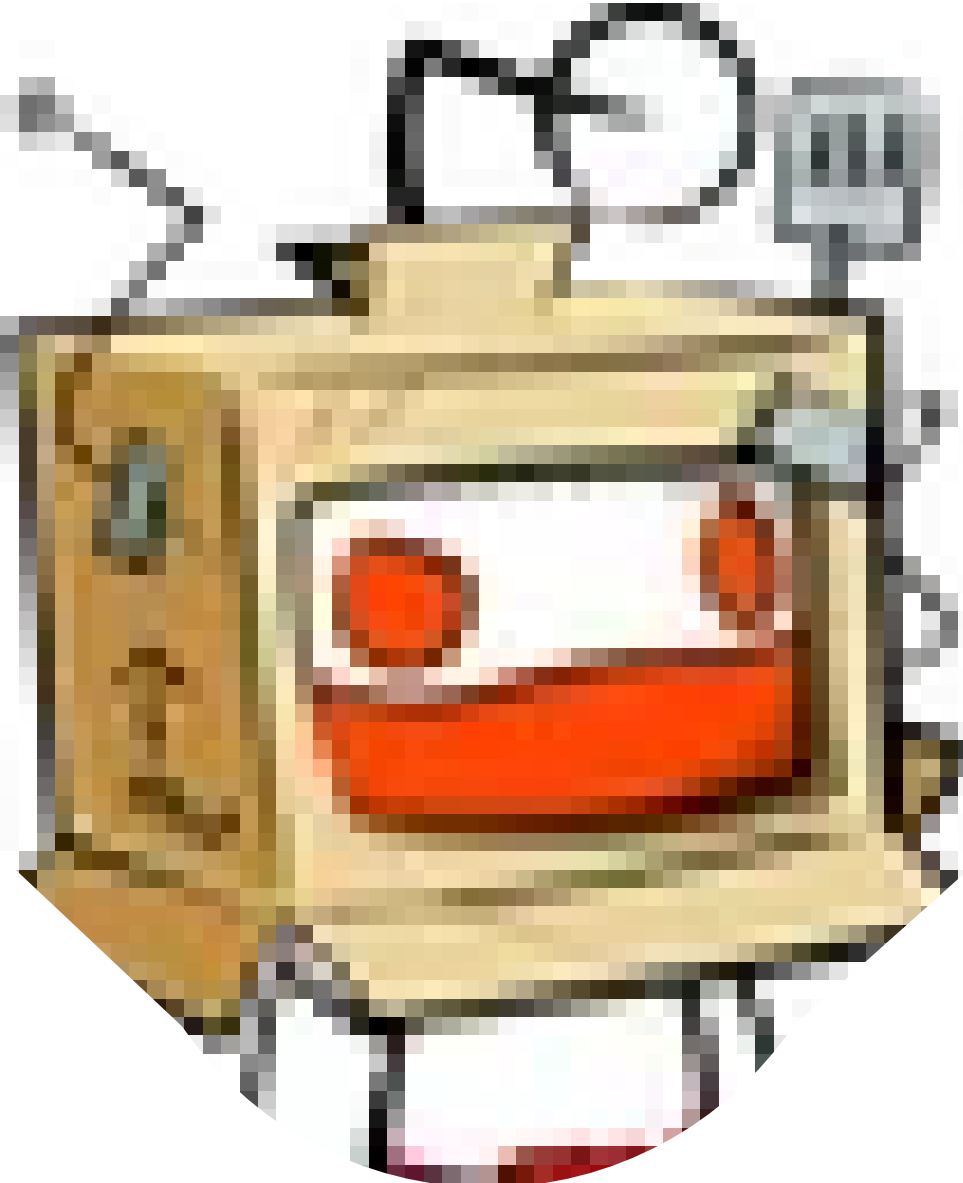




[emilynicoleee](#)
• 13y ago

We moved houses when I was around 3, almost 4, and we moved into a house (that I'm still in) that was built in the late 50's. Anyways, I started developing a lot of imaginary friends, as there wasn't many kids around me and my 3 siblings were all in school by then. I used to stage shows for my mother and cousin everyday, where I would talk to myself in different voices. they say that my whole demeanor would change and I would suddenly act like a mean boy named Billy and would quickly switch back to myself. I was a riot apparently. I had one friend who was most prominent, named Kyeki. I knew the spelling of her name, knew she was around my age, and Asian. To be fair, I'd never once seen an Asian person, as is the state I live in. Anyways, we played a lot and I told my mom how she missed her daddy. Well, one day my parents got me one of those walk along dolls and I was so small, we were basically the same size. She was Asian and had short brown hair with bangs and a red dress and black shoes. I was so happy and told my mom she looked just like Kyeki so I would name her that. A few weeks went by and I started keeping my doll in my closet, covering it up and not sleeping with it at night anymore. My mom asked why she never saw my doll and if I was tired of it. I told her, "No, Kyeki doesn't like her. She told me to stop playing with her. Told me to keep her in the closet." Needless to stay, my mother was terrified. I have more stories about this and other things to be honest.





[Dotchee](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My aunt and uncle, along with my two cousins, moved into an old, creepy house. The upstairs was you go up, a bedroom is right in front of you. To the left is another, on the left wall. This starts a hallway, with a bathroom 5 feet away from the previous room (my oldest cousin's). 2 feet diagonal is my younger cousin's room. Across from the bathroom is a closet, with a door that leads you up to the attic. I had a little cousin who was visiting, and we were in my oldest cousin's room. Me and my aunt and cousin were talking, little cuz retreats to a corner, and starts mumbling. we tried to move her, but she was dead to the world, mumbling softly. Later, she said she was talking to a little girl her age about the bad hat man, and how he hurts her.

Posted on [r/creepy](#) by me

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• [13y ago](#)

What does the layout of the house have anything to do with anything?

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• [13y ago](#)

So I was visiting my Uncle for his 50th birthday party and he had some relative there with a 5 year old boy and a 8 year old girl. Both of them were really annoying but the boy said something REALLY weird. We were sitting and then the kid randomly says, "I am going to shoot everyone at this party." This was 3 weeks after the Newtown shooting so he had an excuse, but it was still chill worthy.









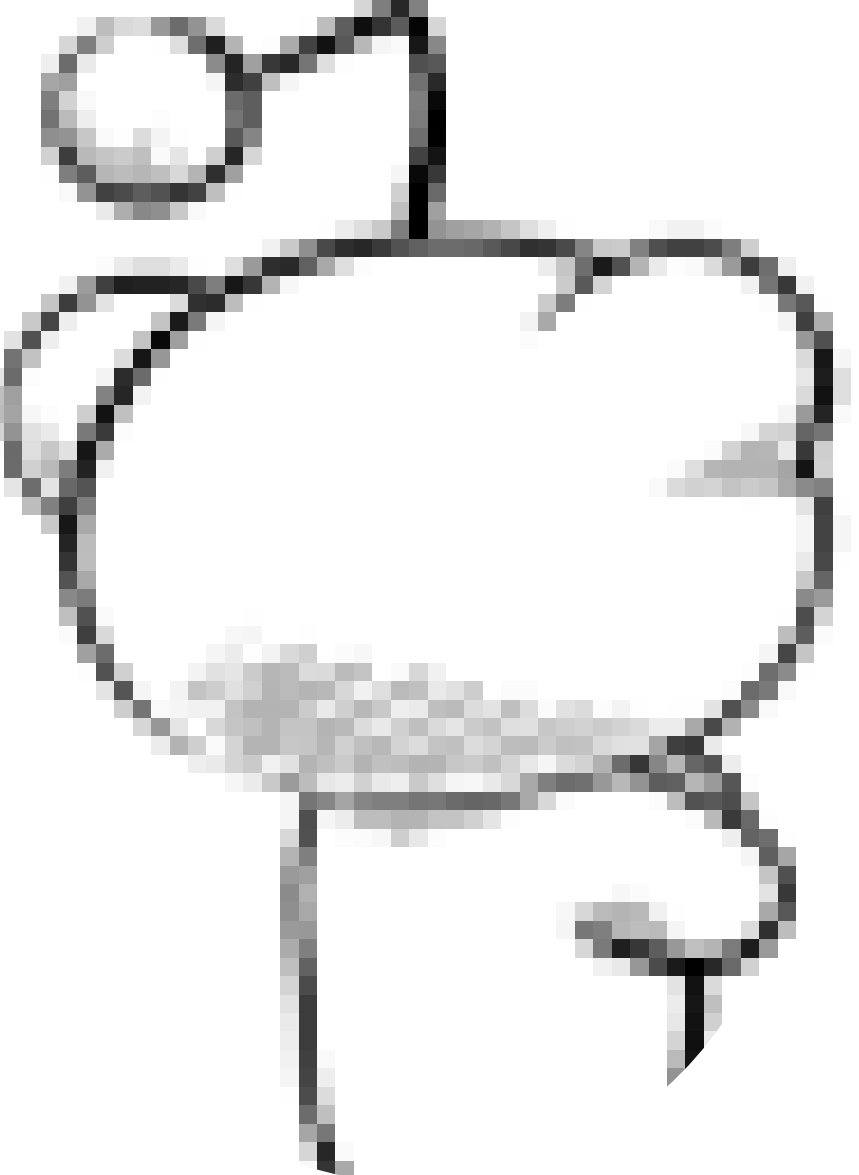
[libbird](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I remember when I was little I was convinced that some mornings I would wake up but it wasn't me who was controlling my body. Every once in a while I thought that the people who lived inside my head were pulling the strings like I was a puppet.

[+ 1 more reply](#)

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• [13y ago](#)

Not a little kid but 6 years ago, when I was about 13, my friend was staying the night. I woke up to her wandering around my room at about 3:00 am. I asked her what she was doing and she didn't respond. She stopped in front of the mirror and while staring at herself she said " I once took my little sister out to the woods and killed a baby deer. I made her watch me do it." then just got back into bed and slept through the night. She didn't recall anything the next morning but to this day I've been kind of unnerved to sleep in the same room as her.





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• [13y ago](#)

When I was ten, we were camping in a remote location, and I woke up in the middle of the night screaming, "Granny!" Everyone was awake in an instant and I calmly informed my mom that my great-grandma had passed away. Parents tried to convince me it was a dream, but when we got home a week later, it turned out my grandma had died that night. My mom was totally freaked out by me from then on. Probably wouldn't have been any big deal on its own, but the same thing kept happening anytime something big was about to happen - like natural disaster, death, etc., until I was fifteen, at which point all the dreams stopped. I think my parents were very afraid of me.





[MagruderMan](#)
• 13y ago

A story related to me by my mother: When I was young (2 or 3?), my mother was pregnant. She and my father had explained it to me, but sadly my mother miscarried. When she came to tell me the bad news, she was quite distraught. However, before she could even tell me all that she needed to tell me, I interrupted her and told her very matter of fact-ly, "Don't worry mommy, I talked to her, my sister, she's okay."

I vaguely remember something like that happening, at least the part where I was talking to my mother. Maybe I was lying? Truth be told, I have no idea, although it could've just been me trying to comfort my mother. I do believe that the fetus was before the stage where you could tell it's gender, which would have made it very odd that I assigned it a gender. Any explanations?



[whothatgurl](#)
• 13y ago

First of all let me say Im lazy so Ill do a story each time i feel like it but I have many stories and coming from Louisiana women I feel like its hereditary..Because I value my reputation and respect I have never told anyone..#1. When I was about 8 I remember my mother took us to the beach and overheard a conversation she was having with her friend That I always thought was a dream but remember vividly..I was about 2 or 3 because and sleeping with my mom at my Momos house in Louisiana .At some point I woke up and was staring at the bedroom door that lead to the hall way and saw a man standing in the door way with what i would call a cowboy hat staring directly and intently at us . there was a light behind him and I remember clear as day my mother not saying it but somehow telling me to go get my Momo. I crawled out out bed and directly beside him but i was not scare, he did not move and i realized the hallway light was not on. I remember waking my Momo up and her flicking the light on in the hallway and the man was gone. Still freaks me out to this day overhearing my mom tell that story and I still at 36 have not told her I remember that



[GoosieLoosie](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I have had this tab open for a week... and now it's on my facebook feed with pictures of the children who said it.

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[twerp2289](#)
• [13y ago](#)

It wasn't my own child, but I used to volunteer with a group of young children, one of whom was a 4-year-old girl who loved to color. One day she was drawing a picture that was basically a bunch of black scribbles all over a piece of paper, and when I asked her what she had drawn that time, she said, "It's called the ride of darkness."

The same girl was drawing a picture with crayon a few weeks later, and showed it to me after she had finished. I asked her what she had drawn, and she looked at me and said, "It's an airplane, but it's banned-ed. It used to have lots of people on it, but they all died in the fire."

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[tuesdayblues96](#)
• 13y ago

Once, as a baby, I was supposedly asleep in my crib during an electrical storm. Of course, like any child, I had a bunch of toys scattered around my room. As my mother sat in the living room watching the storm and the news, the power went out and she heard a racket in my room. She walked in to see all of my toys turned on by themselves and making noise/moving/whatever they were designed to do. I was stomping in my crib noiselessly. Had it been me, I would have pissed myself.

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[brenaybrock](#)
• 13y ago

My daughter had an imaginary friend for a few years, starting when she was three. She called it Black Snake, and described it as a human, with a black face, red eyes, and a red mouth. We made sure to NEVER say anything negative about Black Snake in anything but a whisper. Frakking creepy man...

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[azopfi](#)
• 13y ago

My parents love the first story, and the others have reinforced out believes in ESP.

I've been very close with all of my grandparents. Age 4: When I was little I was terrified of this man in my hallway. He stood outside of my bedroom. My mom says when we were visiting my grandmother on my Dad's side I flipped out when I saw a picture of my grandfather; claiming he was the man from the hall. He died about a month before I was born.

Age 13: I know it was him but I was just confused. When I was 13 I saw my other grandfather who was 3 states away the day he passed away. I was home with a really bad fever during a heat wave. My sister found me in the back yard with the tree he and I planted that summer. She promptly called my mom. When we got back from the hospital (my fever had hit 104 and it was 110 outside) my step dad told us my grandma had called with bad news.

Age 20: I woke up one day, went downstairs and told my dad he needed to call his sister. It was about grandma. I don't remember this. She had passed in the night.

ge 21: i was staying with my boyfriend's and we were enjoying a romantic snow day. my dog who I'm very bonded with wakes up the entire family during a black out by relentlessly barking at my grandma. He's active and adventurous but also kind and gentle. He grabs ahold of her sleeve and leads her up the stairs to my moms room. My grandma says the dog is scared, and then quickly decides she needs to go to the ER. The doctors said she had been experiencing heart failure in the night, her lungs were filling with fluid and if she didn't get up and walk around she wouldn't have made it.

My mom was telling some lady these stories and they were like "children are so interesting. Their imagination." She told the lady I was 23. Lol

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[kettlechemist](#)
• 13y ago

I used to make up strange stories when I was young. One of which was about a family. I only remembered that the ending: The eldest sister was murdered by a robber after he had ransacked the house; the elder sister went into prostitution and the youngest sister was eventually admitted to a mental institute. I have forgotten what happened to the parents though.

The weird thing is I have three sisters but NO, I would NEVER EVER want that to happen to them. I love them all. As for the prostitution part, I recalled overhearing that during a quarrel between my parents.

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[tron1977](#)
• 13y ago

**I was in the bathroom with my 2 year old son. son: I want to kill myself. me: WHAT?
son: I want to kill myself. me: Why? what do you mean? my son points to the
bathroom scale. son: kill myself.**

He was saying "scale myself" instead of "weigh myself". But he was pronouncing "scale" and "kill".

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[alanVolta](#)
• 13y ago

I'm 25 and I have a 5 year old sister. One time my little sister (she was about 2 or 3), my mom and me were in the same room watching TV. Then my little sister started to smile at the ceiling and she said there were two men there. She even mentioned their names, REALLY weird names, in a foreign language.

My mom and I quickly changed the topic and told her to watch TV because we freaked out.

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[charvisioku](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When we were kids, my little cousin went into her mum's room wearing an eye patch and a nurse's outfit (I don't know why that's important) and said with a really evil sneer: "I'm going to stick pins in your eyes while you sleep"

Luckily she hasn't grown up to be a complete sociopath.

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[+ More replies](#)



[Zuezug](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My kid used to tell us that one of her imaginary friends was the son of the devil and that his father didn't like them playing together.

We're not a religious household.





[ClakeBent](#)
• [13y ago](#)

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[ColossalBunny](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 3 year old niece was stomping her foot on the sidewalk one day, when I asked her what she was doing she replied "Killing all the ants" when I asked why, she stopped and said "...I like to watch them bleed"

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• [13y ago](#)

We drove by two mangled cars on the highway after a serious accident.

My five year old nephew said "their children are going to miss them"

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[kasskara](#)
• 13y ago

I started reading this thread several days before and its just mind blowing... I didnt believe in such things until 2,5 years ago, when I awoke in the middle of the night, feeling uneasy. The next day, a monday, I found out that a dear colleague, she was just 24, had died in the night - no illness or accident involved...

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[stankayshoes](#)
• 13y ago

My mom told me that not to long after my dad's death she came into my room to check on me. I was sitting up in my sleep, which is not unusual, but then I reached out my hands and said " Daddy come dance with me."





[cmarty223](#)
• 13y ago

I was taking a late night shower. My 10 year old stumbled into the bathroom looking half asleep. He had to pee. As he is walking out he says, "Oh, there's someone in the house." My other 2 boys were in bed, no one else was home. I screamed "What?!?" He says, "Yeah. A man." Then casually walked out of the bathroom heading back to his room. I jumped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around me. With soap dripping into my eyes, I ran to my kitchen and grabbed a knife and searched all the floors of the house. Nothing. I asked the boy about it the next morning, he didn't remember anything.



[therealdjbc](#)
• 13y ago

My daughter told me this story yesterday.

Yesterday, she saw a Wisp on the playground at school. "A will-o'-the-wisp" I asked? yes. A pink wisp. A princess Wisp, wearing a crown. No one else saw it. It said she could follow it, so she did. It led her on a magical path away from the school. The path went underground. She doesn't remember what else happened, except she somehow ended up back at her line to go back inside at the end of recess.

I am taking this story as 100% true fact.

Perhaps not creepy, but still a bit magical.

⊕ 4 more replies

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• [13y ago](#)

When I was in second grade my mother used to push my three year old brother in his stroller to come and get me almost every day after school. She used to put him down for a nap around noon daily so he would wake up right before it was time to go and get me. He always slept soundly for those two hours. One day my mum heard him crying over the baby monitor after only an hour, when she went upstairs he was standing up in his crib visibly shaken about something and looked her straight in the eye and said sternly "Mom, we have to go get Jake NOW!" My mom took him out of his crib and downstairs and sat with him on her lap and tried to get him to calm down. He kept looking back up the stairs and looking back at her and urging her on. Saying "we have to leave now mom, we have to leave now." Not wanting to argue with him she placed him in his stroller and began the walk to school. She was confused and thoroughly creeped out. Later in the afternoon when myself and my mother and brother were home safe and sound, my brother told her "there was a man walking down the hall outside of my room in a tan suit and hat with bandages around his face and hands and purple skin. and he walked in my room and stood over me." Many months later he told us that he saw the bandaged man with purple skin walk down the stairs and into the basement carrying a suitcase. My brother is now 16 and hasn't seen him since he was very little, but was quite disturbed from what he told us he saw, he still remembers it vaguely. Seriously creepy shit.

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[xPulse](#)

[13y ago](#)

My daughters both see an imaginary (I hope to God) creature called Mimi. It didn't freak me out till they pointed at it and they both pointed at the exact same empty space and slowly followed it across the room. She occasionally gets nightmares and says it's Mimi and that she's gonna get her. My daughters are 3 and 2.



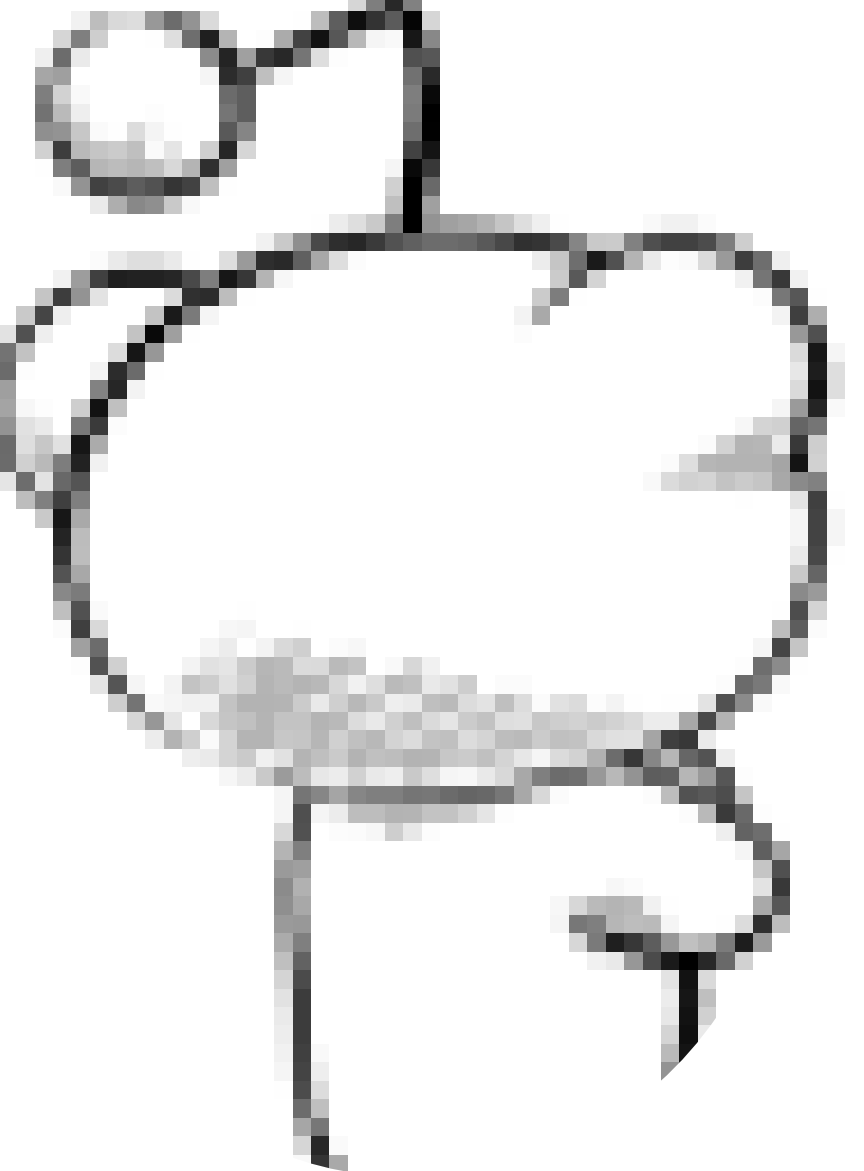
[Trancend](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Imaginary creatures can still be dangerous sort of like how voices in your head can give you bad ideas. I don't know how you can protect your kids besides strengthening their will and identity and asking Mimi to leave your kids alone.

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• 13y ago

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[Trancend](#)
• [13y ago](#)

That is amazing! Learning vocabulary from a talking wreath. At least the entity was in a physical object, that's not usually the case. Any more stories about your sister talking to objects or was it just with the wreath? Does she still remember having done so?

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[Zionsphere](#)

• 13y ago

When I was a kid I apparently asked my mum how she could sleep at night with the shadow man standing so close to her bed.

..... I have a lot of memories of this "shadow man". I am 26 years old and every now and then something unexplainable will happen and I think back to all of those times I talked about the creepy shadow man.

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[Schwackers](#)

• 13y ago

My mom told me this story about my brother once:

Her and my brother Randall (3 at the time) were in line waiting to pay for something at a store a few days before Christmas. There was a sweet, old lady in line who started talking to Randall in the way that a sweet, old lady talks to a cute smiling 3 yr old. After a few other questions she asks: "Are you excited for Santa Claus to bring you some toys?" to which Randall stops moving around and stands perfectly still, pauses for a minute, and finally looks up at the lady with a sad look on his face and says, "Santa is dead."

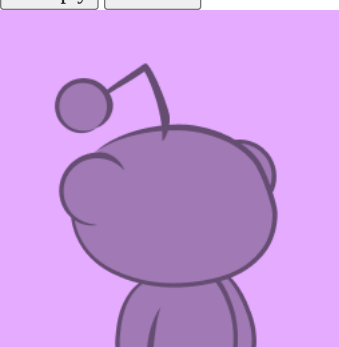




[Kevineire](#)

• 13y ago

When I was 15, I was visiting my best friend's aunt's house and he has mentioned that strange things happen when she was around. She recently had her attic converted into another bedroom so me and Ryan and his younger siblings (2 year old bro, 4 year old sis.) were in the room connecting to the attic, both kids kept saying they're looking at us and getting freaked out. So we shut the door. And they started screaming through the key hole! I covered it with my hand. And that calmed them down for 5 mins until the little jack walked over to me and covered his ears and started crying. Ryan and his sister went to jack and she said they're whispering, " You killed them when you locked them in their and they are angry at you!". The closet under the stairs apparently use to be a servants room. Apparently people died in a fire there.



[meghan92](#)

• 13y ago

when my niece was about 3 we were on our way back from six flags. she was in the backseat with my sister. we were on the backroads which were creepy enough.

so i looked back and she was passed out. so my sister randomly comes out with

"i wonder what she dreams about..."

my niece awoke from a dead sleep with the deadliest stare and just said "nothing, i dream about nothing" in a creepy voice and passed right back out.....

i never wanted to be out of a car so fast.



[meghan92](#)

• 13y ago

my niece who is now 9 asked my father the other day...

"can we keep him? i know he is dead but he is so cute. we can keep him till all the maggots eat him then we can keep his fur cause he isnt bloody!!!" (talking about a dead squirrel, but completely serious!!)





[RobMFurious](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was like 2-3 and I somehow vaguely even remember this. I woke up and my mom was asleep my two older brothers were asleep and my dad at work. I wanted my mother to wake up. Walked into the kitchen and grabbed a butter knife. Climbed into my parents bed and began to cut at my mothers leg, but I did it with the dull side luckily and never even broke skin. She freaked out and all I could say was "I wanted you to wake up"





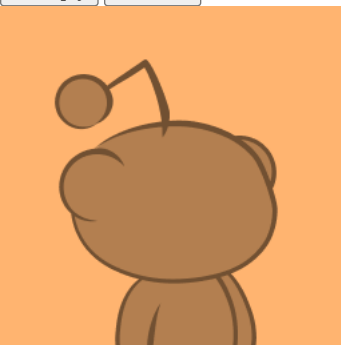
[Aeros7](#)
• 13y ago

dont got a kid, but got a funny one, so a girlfriend at the time was living with 2 moms and one more that had a kid, one day I came in early while she wasnt there but said woman with kid was there... play some games with him, beat him at it, he cries, and it's time to go to bed

So the kid tells me to come upstairs too. In the bed, the mom is trying to get him to sleep, and the kid says "Hey, why don't you come to sleep with me and mommy? come on, it'll be fun" to which the (hot) mom says "he can't. he's going out with your big sister remember?" and I just look on say nothin and im about to go downstairs when he says "...Come on, I'm gonna pee all over the bed to make it extra warm for you, you can come in with me and mommy and cuddle in the pee!" in the creepy kid voice with bedroom eyes.

laughed pretty hard and dipped downstairs.

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[spikeschilde](#)
• 13y ago

i made an acct just so i could comment on this. The whole reason I even came across this thread in the first place is bc yesterday my 3 yr old son said, "Mama, I died. You remember?"

and here's a story from my childhood: when I was three we had back stairs in our house. I used to go up those back stairs to get to my gma's apartment, but I used to HAUL ASS to do so. For some reason, I HATED those back stairs. We also had a spare room which my parents used to keep my toys in. Whenever I wanted a toy, I would either run in and grab it as fast as I could or I would have my stepdad



go in and get it for me. i never knew why i didn't like those areas, i was just extremely creeped out. Come to find out (years and years later) that my gma's gma (my great great gma) had a bad fall down those back steps and later died in that spare room.

And then, back in 2011 my bio dad passed away. That night my son was in his crib, laughing hysterically all by himself. he was just under 2 years old.

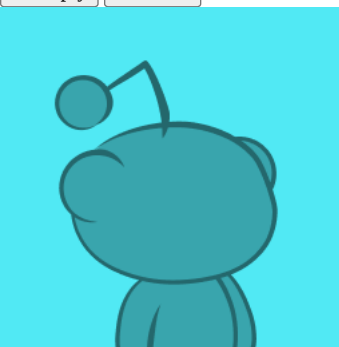
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[JorgeMSU](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 2.5-year-old boy looked me in the eye thoughtfully and said, "I want to take your head off and put it in the closet so you're gone." He later specified EXACTLY where — opened and pointed in his IKEA cabinet saying, "In here daddy."

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[cmw205](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Reading this post i almost wonder if children can see things that more grown ups cant, that they can see spirits and the dead and that our minds repress them...

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[SparkyPhi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

or we lose that ability as we grow older.

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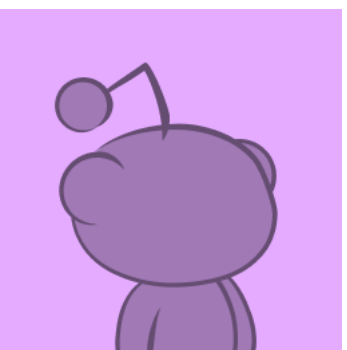




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• 13y ago

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[bronat](#)

• 13y ago

Help me get an explanation for this : I don't know if I'm too late, but I made an account for this. My very first 'memory' was about me being in a dark alley on a podium (in a brown suit) with another person I have 'tagged' in my memory as my brother' and there was also a large man in a grey suit and his helpers with wings.I remember seeing my mother (she looked younger in my memory) and she was smiling and I thought she had a very nice smile so I 'chose' her. The man made us throw a dice and my brother got the highest number so he went first down the 'silver slide'. I went just after him. Some 2 months before I was born, my older brother and dad were skiing in an enclosed ski place (don't know actual name to refer to something like that) and my mom (pregnant with me) was watching them from the cafeteria (it had a large glass window). I remember falling down a silver tube then seeing my dad and my brother skii (I remember everything was in a slight red shade as if I was on my moms lap (which is where I would have been in her stomach while she was sitting down). I recently asked my mom (a medical doctor) about it, and she says its true we were there and she can't understand how I know because we had never been there since before I was born. She says I might have heard the story from my brother sometime and imagined it (my mom is very skeptic about supernatural things and so am I). She then told me really freaky things about my childhood I don't remember:

1. I started talking quite well at about 2 3/4 years old. I once told her (about that time while playing with a horse soft toy) " Thank you for taking me from wooden walls." and she asked me " What wooden walls?" (we live in a stone house) "Brown clothes are ugly.

Big man with gold bad. Walls green then black." My mom decided it was because I have a very active imagination. Now my Dad is half Belgian, and his great grandfather in world war 1 in a chlorine gas attack on the eastern front. I know because my dad always tells me how terrible war is and stuff like that (he even didn't like me playing COD) and told me stories his grandfather told him. (who fought in world war 2 then, but didn't die). Now this is the creepy part: This grandfather (my great grandfather) was alive till a few years (died age 96, born 1913) ago and when he used to tell me stories and told me that after his father died he had heard him tell him " We will talk before we don't meet again' and smiled warmly at him. (something along these lines i forgot the actual words) and that his mom had taken him to see a doctor and he always waited to talk to him again but he never came. I told my grandfather (I don't remember this, my dad was there) "It isn't too bad after here" He died some months after he told me this, and I didn't see him again. I instinctively don't like the colour brown much. I also once mentioned a person called "Fritz" to my mom out of the blue, who talks to me about snooker who now turns out to be my great grandfathers brother. (I asked dad)

2. Once while I was on holiday in the netherlands, I was very young (I speak dutch) a man approached me (there also was a white van) while i was in a playground outside a restaurant my parents were having food and offered me another lollypop (I had one in my hands) and I suddenly 'remembered' my 'grandfather' (who really doesn't look like my grandfather in my memory but he was in a brown suit) indicating people who have white vans and candy are evil so I ran as fast as I could to the restaurant and cried and begged my mom to go home. Fortunately, it was very close by so this man couldn't do anything or he would have been discovered. I always thought this was some kind of dream I thought was true but my mom told me she remembers me crying and saying there is an evil man and grandpa warned me etc.
3. When I was about 6 I would get this weird scratching feeling in the side of my brain and would tell my mom I have a chip in my shoulder. (Which is an expression I know, but in my memory I remember really believing I have a computer chip in my shoulder). Now I didn't really understand what computer chips were, and I don't know why I would imagine one stuck inside my shoulder and that 'they' are watching me. I don't know what this has to do with it. I don't get this anymore.
4. I had a phase of having this recurring dream of being trampled by people in helmets and grey suits. I blamed having toy soldiers for this, (which my dad didn't like) but they were green. (I got them when I was 7).
5. I have had a dream of tasting metal (It was really realistic, I remember the taste) and feeling paralysing and burning pain in my calf. My dad never mentioned my great grandfather being injured in the leg but he doesn't know. I later developed a habit of licking a metal key which was found of my moms makeup cupboard, because I got strangely addicted to the taste. Coincidence? I am an atheist. Opinions would be appreciated. Sorry this is so long

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⊕ 1 more reply

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⊗



[13y ago](#)

My older child when she was about two used to look out the window and smile. I'd ask her, what are you looking at. She would say, "Calla". I asked, "What's Calla?" "He's the man that lives behind the tree."

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[greenygames](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was three my older sister died overboard, I barely remember her funeral or even knowing she had died. Anyway, my mum says that a few days after she died I said to her, "Mum, I couldn't sleep last night because Rachel (my sister) was sleeping with me and took all the room." She says everyone in the living room just stopped and looked at me. Freaky

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[grey_lollipop](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my little brother was around 5-7 he used to say that when our granddad became old enough he would stab granddad in the stomach so he died..., then some years after this my granddad died of cancer in the thing between your stomach and butt... (I'm Swedish and don't know the name of it.)

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[chels-e-lately](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was around 10-12 we were leaving my neighborhood and my neighbors car had been at the end of his driveway all weekend (which was strange). My mom said, "I wonder why he hasn't moved his car." To which I responded, "He's dead inside of it." Later after we had been home for a couple of hours we came outside and sure enough the Medical Examiner was getting his body out of the car. My mom was a tad freaked out.

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• [13y ago](#)

My parents tell me when i was a kid i talked about seeing "grey people" in my house.

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[OldDie80](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Some years ago we were in parental leave for nearly one year, travelling France and Ireland. (We are from Germany.) The house in Dingle, Kerry, had huge windows, a small courtyard with wild plants behind the house. Our daughter, 15 months, laughed and giggled nearly every morning looking out of that window. We saw nothing, just some grass and an old wooden table, and joked about the Irish ghost stories. Now, after all those Reddit stories, it's not so funny any more.



[justanothervirus](#)

• [13y ago](#)



Backstory: A couple years before my birth my uncle passed away. He had been quite young (Nine I think) and his name was Hal (For the sake of the story).

So I was maybe two, just walking and talking etcetera. Nana had a picture of Hal in the front room, but no one had ever told me who he was. I had always talked to nothing, and nana didn't think anything of it until one day she heard be chattering and walked in to find me at my play table with the other chair pulled out just enough for someone to sit in. I was laughing, then I'd pause and listen. I said "No, nana get mad" and then laughed again and clearly stated "Hal you're so funny" She asked who I was talking to, I told her Hal and then for years I'd spend hours just sitting around contently speaking with him. One day she asked me to tell her more about him and I described him to a T, mannerisms, appearance, height and all. All before I had a clue what had happened. After about six I guess he went away.



[mntorrison](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I see that this question is old, but still had to post this. Not my own child, but my cousin who I have baby sat for several years. She is 8 and is normally a very sweet well manured little girl so this was a real shock to hear. While she was sitting and eating her lunch one day, I was walking past her and she stopped me, looked me straight in the eye and said with the most serious face I have ever seen her make to this day "You can be a witness or a victim." She didn't even wait for me to respond before she went back to her lunch.

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• [13y ago](#)



this is a story told to me by my mom. Apparently, when I was younger (4-5 years old) we lived in an old house of my grandmothers out in the country of andrews tx. There was a long hallway with floor to ceiling mirrors that I would run past and watch myself. (weird kids I guess). My mom witnessed me stop at one suddenly, cock my head and laugh. When she inquired as to what I was doing I said, "Grandpa wants maddog to come play!"

Backstory: My grandpa died before I can remember. He used to call me "maddog" when I was about 1-2 years old. My mom never mentioned him or that to me before. Really freaked her out.

(This is where I start to think she was seeing things): shortly after a large ornamental butterfly (brass) started flapping his wings.

Apparently my mom was so scared we moved out of the house and she never went back. (I used to visit and I remember she would not get out of the car to drop me off or pick me up)

TL;DR - Saw my dead grandpa in a mirror, freaked my mom out forever, butterfly ornament moves on its own

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[castielofdeath](#)
• 13y ago

My two younger sisters were downstairs, the baby eating lunch. They were discussing something (I couldn't hear very well, I was upstairs) when suddenly the older sister started yelling for me to come down stairs. I did, and they were both staring into the living room. "Listen to her," the oldest told me. After a while, the baby began to insist that "mommy" was in the laundry room, which is just a small closet off the end of our living room. With her mother being out, and her statements slightly concerning me that there was someone in the house, I walked down in there and looked in there to see. Of course, nothing. I did get a chilling feeling, though. Later, the baby ran into the living room, laughing and screaming happily, "Mist! MIIIST!!!"

This is the same child who takes a 10 pound flashlight "monster hunting" around our house.

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[lmaocrash](#)
• 13y ago

Well I was five, I was sleeping in my parents bed. Apparently I turned to my dad and said "daddy, it's in the roof." In my sleep. My dad later found his late fathers toolbox in our roof. It was last seen at my uncles house and had been missing for over five years.

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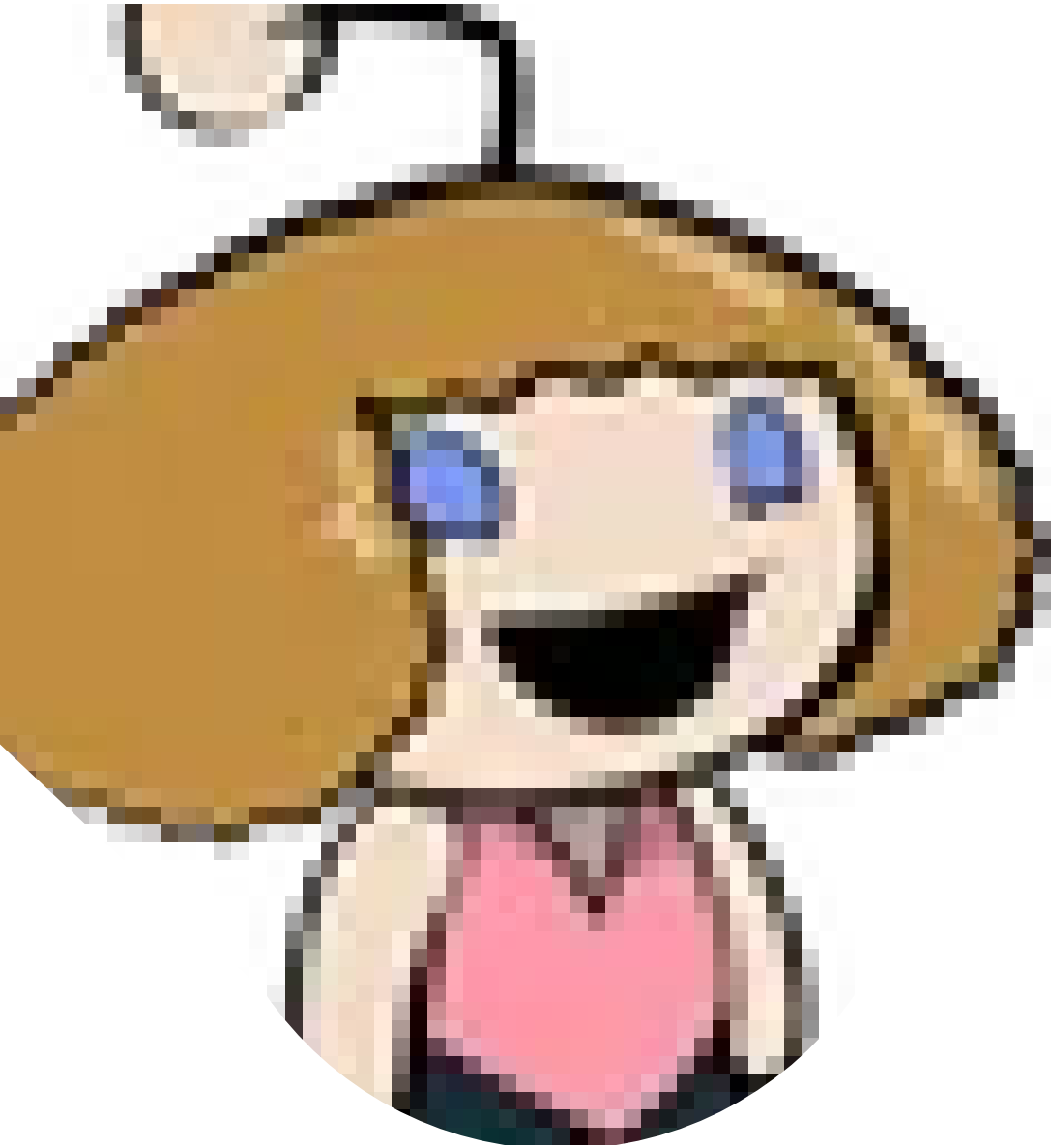


[InLoveWithMusic](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

My little sister used to fall asleep in my arms and one time she woke up and said "I'm gonna be sad when he kills you" the fell back asleep, my sister is 6, I was completely freaked out.

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[Bkbee](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I never met my grandfather, but he knew i was coming he died in November 1987 and i was born in May 1988. When i was 3 or so , i told my dad that "grand daddy" was telling me stories on top of my bunk bed. I use to do lil tics that no one taught me but my grandfather has done

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[tinymanicpixie](#)
• [13y ago](#)

It's more supernatural than creepy, but whatever. When I was 6 or 7 I had to have my tonsils taken out. It's obviously a very routine surgery, nothing could really go wrong, but I was still scared and nervous. I don't remember anything after being wheeled down the hall to the OR, but apparently I told my mom that before I was put under anesthesia, my grandma was standing at the side of the table and she said that everything was going to be okay. At that point my grandmother had been dead for a year or two.





[Flamecrystal](#)
• 13y ago

I asked my mother if my brother and I had ever done anything strange. She told me that when my brother was around 2, he would sleep in a separate room in his crib - he was fine most nights, but some he would suddenly start screaming bloody murder. My mom would be tired and groggy, but she'd get up VERY quickly when she heard. She swooped him up in her arms and cooed to him, and his screaming would become crying and whimpering. "What's wrong?" She'd ask, and he wouldn't say anything - every single time, he would fall almost completely silent, and point with a dead stare over my mother's shoulder , the same exact location, every time. She'd look, and nothing would be there, but he'd whimper, "don't hurt mommy."

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[ladylikevictorian](#)
• 13y ago

Ok, I have a couple of stories.

So I'm not a parent but I do a ton of babysitting. I was babysitting for these two kids and the little girl is four. Her brother was already asleep in her room but she wouldn't sleep so I let her sit quietly on the couch with me while I read. She was quiet for very long time, staring at the ceiling, and for a moment I thought she was asleep. Then suddenly she says "Are the shadows nice?" I don't know what she's talking about but of course I don't want to scare her so I say "Of course they're nice." "Then why do they want me to come with them?" I got a bit of a chill down my spine." "What are you talking about?" "Those pirates!" She pointed at the ceiling and I look up and see nothing, but I'm still a little freaked out because it's 12 at night and I'm exhausted. "Those pirates!" she says again, "they keep telling me to come with them but I said no." I laughed nervously, then grabbed my phone and shot a text to the parents, asking if they were going to be home any time soon.

The other two happened to my mom. When my brother gets sick he runs really high fevers and goes delirious. Well, his fever was dangerously high so my mom was staying up with him and he was just sleeping on the couch and she was sitting there starting to doze off. Suddenly she hears "Mom! Are you awake?!" she sees my brother's face inches from her own. It kinda startled her so she jumped a little. "Yes," she said. "Are your eyes open?" "Yes." "Good. Keep them open because he is coming mom. The hairy man is coming!" She needed no further encouragement to stay awake that night.

The final one was caused by me. I was a really imaginative child and would actually convince myself that my imaginings were real. Several times my mom woke up to me screaming my head off and would come up to my room. One time she came up and saw me pointing at a corner screaming my head off. She was so scared that she started screaming too until my dad came up and turned the light on and asked what on earth was the matter with us! Then she took me to their bed and put me between them (I was four) and told me to go to sleep. Both of my parents were asleep, and I was almost asleep when suddenly she rolled over so she was facing me and I imagined her face as a monster's face and I screamed. I don't imagine it's pleasant to be woken up by a four year old screaming two inches from your face, and so I can see why my mom carried me upstairs, dumped me in my room, and said she didn't care if any monsters got me, and had better never hear another peep out of me until morning. I obeyed, because my mom was more terrifying than the monsters at that moment! :O

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[Mr-Water](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but here are three stories from when I was a kid, and one about a recurring dream I have every now and then.

First story: I don't remember how old I was, but I must have been pretty young, because I hardly remember any of it, first off, I'm known as the "Ghost Boy" by one of my great aunts, not a creative name, but you know. Basically, I'd never been to her apartment before, but for some reason I was there, and there was a picture of her mum and dad on the mantle, on opposite sides, and I said to her "Those two belong together. They want to be together." Or something of the sorts, just what she told me, and from then on she kept the two pictures side by side.

Second story: I don't remember how old I was, old enough to remember vividly, there wasn't enough room in our house for me to have my own room, and I was afraid of my bunk bed that I shared with my brother (I don't remember why) so I slept in my parents bed, one night, they were a sleep and I was too hot so I crawled out of the bed and crawled up by the window (Only window in the room) and started to fall asleep and then I heard what sounded like someone tapping their finger nails on the window. It wasn't a tree, there weren't any trees near the window. I sat there for a few minutes scared out of my wits before I ended up sneaking out of the room, walking to the bathroom and laying in there with the lights on.

Third story: This one's pretty stupid, but I was sitting in my parents room watching TV with my two sisters (It was the only upstairs room with a TV) and the window, which was shut tightly, burst open, it wasn't a very windy day either.

Dream: This is possibly the scariest dream I've ever had, but the thing it isn't actually scary. I've had this dream and slight variations of it for as long as I can remember, anyway, my nan takes me to a cemetery, don't know why, and it's a large grave yard, there's a slightly smaller portion of it that we don't leave, and an old brick wall that's mostly destroyed, I've never gone past that part, but, I remember being terrified to do so, then there's this one specific gravestone, and I remember it has a woman's name I can never remember the name though.

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[-Noinin](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This is really late but I thought I would share it anyway. My family and I were in the car on our way home and my 5 year old brother randomly says "When I'm older I'm going to kill people" It was so out of the blue and so scary.

My brother randomly pulls knives out of the draw and threatens to stab/kill my sister and I (this actually happened again today). I know that he won't do it, but it still freaks me out every time.

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[mtaggart613](#)
• [13y ago](#)

It was the middle of the night and I was carrying my 2 year old back to bed from the potty. She looked over my shoulder, pointed and said "mommy, who's that?"





[jaded68](#)
• [13y ago](#)

no.

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[hontonodachi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My parents told me when I was about 4-5 years old that I would get up in the middle of the night stand in the middle of the room and start talking to the wall. They would tell me I've said things like "who are you"? "why are you here"? After that they told me i'd stand there for about 3 mins asking the same 2 questions until I start crying and running into there room.O_O Cool now i guess.

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[Yisrael78](#)
• 13y ago

My parents told me, when i was about 2 yrs old after they brought me to bed, they heard me talking and laughing whit someone in my Room. They listened a few times (shame on them!) and asked me to whom i talk to every evening. I answerd that a men "sits" in/at the whindow (third floor) and comes in my room after my parents are gone and talkes to me. My grandfather died just few 2 weeks before i was born and he was very happy that my mother was pregnant whit me. I think it was him i later heard a voice calling my name at age of 3 trough 10 when i was alone, it stopped after i answered that i´m here and that i´m fine.

i had a lot of paranormal experiences in my childhood my earliest memories about them are at the age of three.

greetings from germany

David

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[Travis-supertramp](#)
• 13y ago

Not exactly creepy, but more uncomfortably funny:

I have a 7 year old little sister, and when she was about 4, I used to let her sit in the bathroom and talk to me when I took showers to entertain her. Well, one time (also the last) I had gotten out and she was staring at my body intently. She then cocked her head to one side and promptly said "Jasmine, I like it when you're naked!"



Yeah, she probably ment that I was more funny in the shower, but it was weird.

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[heimmann](#)
• 13y ago

Worked at a kindergarten a few year ago. At Halloween this 5 yr old kid is dressed as Death and wearing a black cape, painted white in his face and holding a plastic scythe. I tell him "Wow you look scary, is that a real scythe?". He looks down and says "Yeah, but I'm not gonna harvest crops" he slowly turns his head up and look me in the eyes and says "Im gonna harvest you!"

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[LittleTomBlue](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but when i was 6 back in England, (18, France now), my mum told me i had woken up screaming, then i went silent (at about 3am)...she came rushing through the little bungalow to see if anything was wrong, but nothing was out of order, except for a very old knife was found on the floor The next day, i went into the kitchen where mum was cooking my breakfast, on the wooden table my grandmother had given us, and i walked upto mum, stared at her, smiled, then went back to my room. "Tom?! Where are you?!". I had apparently left red footprints on the brown tiled kitchen floor. "Tom?!" shouted mum once more... Backstory: The knife found in my room was a swiss army knife, used by my granddad in the second world war, he had written in his diary that he had gotten gangrene on his left foot which he had to carve out before it spread. Mum eventually came to my room, where i was playing with my lego, and shrieked as she looked at my left foot, "TOM?! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!", "It went green mum, so i had to cut it off" I have NO recollection of this event, and I cant remember certain things around that age, even f they had nothing to do with this "Event"

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[SiLentink](#)
• 13y ago

My friend helped a cult-like religious community with their farm for a week. They would home school their children. This is the conversation that she had with a child on their farm.

"So what have you learned recently?"

"I learned that 1+1=1."

"Actually 1+1=2."

"No, 1+1=1 because HE is the only one..."

๖ ๖





[Bewaretheides15](#)
• 13y ago

Here are some creepy ones from my friends w/ kids: One that comes to mind - while waiting at a stop light next to a cemetery, "Mommy, who is that lady standing by the fence"? However, when I looked nobody was over there..... I drove away quite fast with goosebumps up my neck

Or,

Mommy, Grandma Ruth is in heaven, but Mark and I never had talked about Grandma Ruth to her (who is Mark's Grandma) nor had anyone else in our family

Finally... When my mother was 3, she was in line at a grocery store with her mother. In front of her was her older cousin with her new baby boy. My mom said to my grandmother, "that baby is going to die but she'll have another baby." And that's exactly what happened

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[Lunarrock](#)
• 13y ago

According to my mom; when I was only a few years old I would point upwards towards the sky or ceiling and exclaim "Boy in the sky!" The thing that makes this creepy is the fact that my mom had had a miscarriage a day or so before she found out she was pregnant with



me, making her believe that she was carrying twins and I was seeing the ghost of my dead twin brother.

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[mmbla](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my brother was about 4 we had recently moved into a house that was built for an older woman but she died before it was finished. One night my mom was giving him a bath and he was in the "WHY" stage and kept asking a lot of questions mainly about why did he need a bath. My mom kept answering and finally said because I said so. He kept on and on and my mom said she was about to say something and a man's voiced boomed in the bathroom and yelled "because I said so!" Her and my brother freaked out and looked around. My dad was a truck driver and not home and my sisters and I were in the living room. My brother still remembers this 20 years later

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[Random Expletive](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Last year my four year old sister came into the kitchen and asked for a spoon. When I asked her why she looked me straight in the eye and said: " to dig up the baby birds," She had discovered a nest of blackbirds in the cubby house and buried them.

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• [13y ago](#)

Our dad died soon after my sister gave birth to her second child. She already had a girl (around 3 at the time).

Some related stories:

1. The girl was in the car with her dad and asks him: "So, when are we gonna go to the cemetary to dig up Grandpa Senia?" Her dad started explaining that we can't do that, but Grandpa is up in the sky looking down at us. My niece then looks at him, appalled at such a stupid thing to say, and replies: "What are you talking about? There he is, on the grass, warming his belly in the sun". Her dad literally turned his head in the direction she was pointing. Thankfully, he didn't crash the car.
2. My niece seemed to have quite a connection with her grandpa. Before bed, instead of praying to God, she'd pray to grandpa, asking him to send us all nice dreams and keep the bad dreams away. A few years later my mum even once found a letter addressed to him(post-mortem) in her desk. Also, at one point she had a thing for the "Little Men and Little Miss" series and drew all the family members as characters from the series. Grandpa Senia was Mr. Happy, standing among clouds.
3. When my nephew was born, everyone said there was something from Grandpa seeping through his exterior - even though he looked nothing like his Grandpa, taking fully after the in-laws' side of the family.
4. When the nephew was still a baby, after our Dad died, my mum walked in on him lying on the bed on his back, one arem stretched to the side and the other one slowly and gently scratching it to and fro while he was staring vacantly into space. Mum said that that's what Dad would do when he was thinking about something.

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[WendyDee](#)
• 13y ago

I'm a nanny, and tonight I was in the kitchen and my three-year-old and two-year-old charges ran into the living room screaming, "There are people in there! There are people in there!"

I immediately run out of the kitchen and say, "What? Where are people?"

The three-year-old piped in, "Upstairs!"

They don't even have an upstairs....I assume it was from a book they were reading, but why come in all scared like that? Creeped me out!

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[HRapunzelM](#)
• 13y ago

maybe there was an upstairs... should do some research, or the parents...

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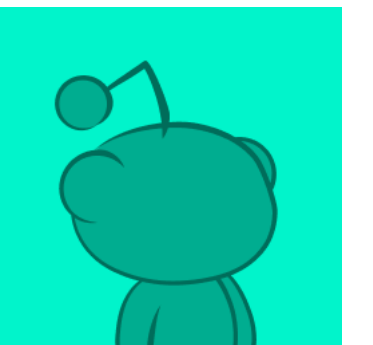


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[knutsont](#)
• 13y ago

When I was young, maybe 2 or 3, I used to have vivid conversation by myself, while staring at the ceiling. When my mom asked me who I was talking to, I told her, "the man in the fan". yeah.



[Bandude](#)



[13y ago](#)

Its not what they say sometimes its what they do.

You get that feeling someone is watching you. You wake up and find a small child staring at you with those glassed over eyes.

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• 13y ago

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[Pontras](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent but I was a rather creeeepy child I once told my mom I'd keep her corpse on my living room when she died.

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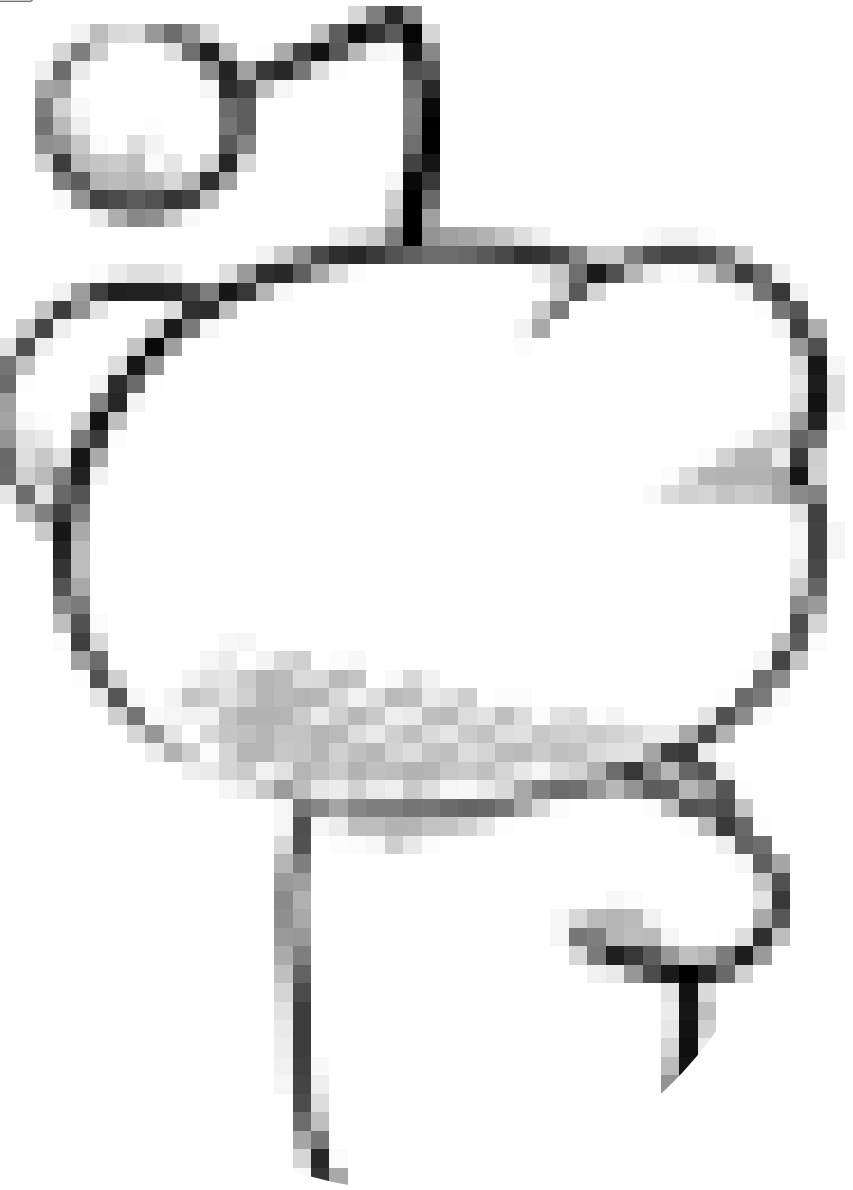
[Shablahdoo](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I work at a pre-school, and one day as my class was lining up, a girl, that was about to go in, turned sideways and looked up slightly. She then says "i need to go inside now. *Paused for a few seconds* Ok, bye."

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• 13y ago

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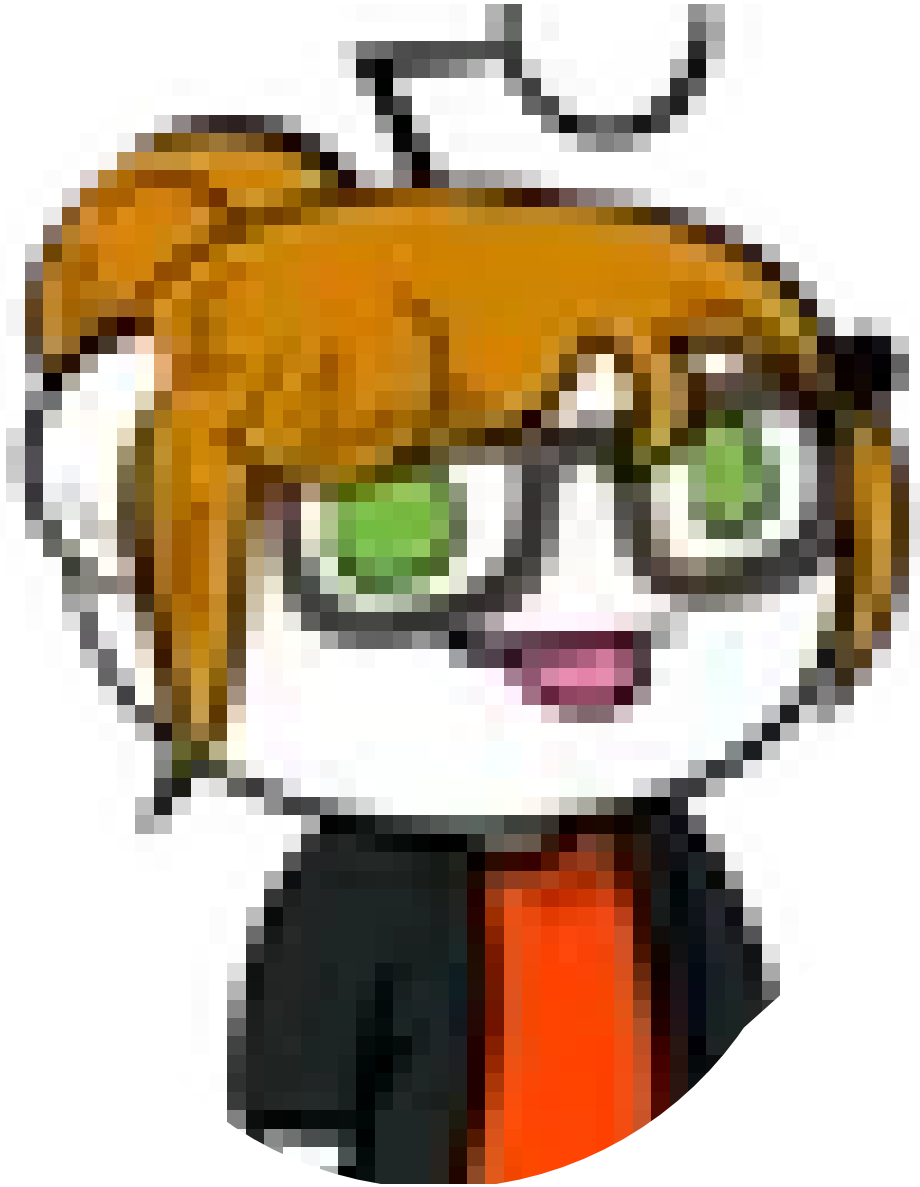
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• [13y ago](#)

Welp. After reading this thread, I'm not having children.

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[PattiLuPWNed](#)
• 13y ago

I'm going to be a rule breaker and post what my sister said to me once (she's ten years younger than me).

I was putting her to bed one night and as I went to close the door she said, "PattiLuPWNed, will you promise me something?"

And I said, "Sure."

And she said, "Promise I won't die tonight?"

And in my logical mind I hesitated, realizing anyone can die at any time and I couldn't actually promise that. In my pause she got concerned and asked again. I just yelled out "I promise!" and left.

She asked me that every night until she was 17, especially when we would stay the night in the same room on vacations or trips. It's so creepy to think about your own sister's mortality and your own before bed.

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[Brrp](#)
• 13y ago



once was very sick as a child (probably 6-7) and had crazy night sweats, nightmares, and episodes of sleepwalking.

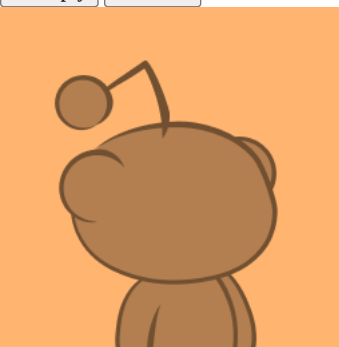
When my mom heard me screaming in my room, she walked in to see if I was ok.

I was standing at the door, staring into her soul, chanting:

"My name is Herman Shockter, I'll take you to the doctor" over and over.

EDIT: My name is not Herman Shockter.

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[THEJinx](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Rugrats episode.

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[sidepocket13](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When changing my 2 year old daughter she points to the ceiling and tells me "baby's sad he's crying"

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[suzannej77](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my son was about 4, I put him in a new daycare. It was touted as "community day care" and there was nothing remotely religious when I toured the facilities. About 4 weeks into going there, he starts coming home and telling me "you're going to hell for not believing in Jesus". When I asked him where he heard that, his reply was "my teacher". When I asked the daycare why they were teaching religion I was told "oh we are a Baptist facility". Could you have said this upfront?!?Needless to say, we found new daycare. To this day (he's 8 now) he won't say oh my God. Talk about a good brainwashing. Still pisses me off.

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[thesnowboarder94](#)
• 13y ago

Kid i was a camp councilor for would not speak any English despite being like 8 years old. He believed he was a dinosaur, and the only words he would say would be the dinosaur he currently was (he could switch types). After prancing around for a while as a stegosaurus, he decided to walk over and start eating poison ivy. I grabbed him and pulled the leaves out of his mouth, but he pushed off me, screamed raptor, and bit me in the arm and actually bit off a chunk off tissue/skin.

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[EllenRipleyLives](#)
• 13y ago

My husbands sister (she was 5 at the time) said to her Father when my husband was an infant and very colic. "Dad, this thing is too loud..we should kill it. I wont blame you if you do"

 Reply 





[anyorkable](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was teeny tiny up until 9 or so, only when I was sick I would tell my mother "I want to go home" when she would tell me I was home, I would continue with "no I want to go home, my real home" and cry and cry and mourn over ths 'home'. My mother was convinced I was a space baby lol!

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[Topcat83](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I don't remember this myself, but my Mum recalls a story when I was small... apparently I would often talk about "the old man who visits me in my bedroom in the mornings"... childish fantasy, until my parents hung a picture of my Dad's Grandfather (who died before I was born) and I excitedly exclaimed "that's him, that's the old man that visits me in the morning!"... chilled spines all round.

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[newbe5](#)
• 13y ago

Our friends child was playing with some toys in the bath with his dad supervising. Suddenly he stops playing, turns to his dad and says:

"Daddy, if we had real guns, mummy would be dead."

Then carry's on playing. Our daughter doesn't play with him so much any more.

[+ More replies](#)



[Zem Zero](#)
• 13y ago

My 2 year old niece said "Like a boss" to me recently, whilst sitting on a small childs chair, using a second to put her feet up on. Only creepy because I don't know where she learnt that phrase from and also because she used it in context (i.e. not just saying it randomly).





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• [13y ago](#)

When we first moved to Long Island, we had a storm shelter in the basement that had shutters and wooden stairs. My little brother insisted that a "weird looking man" lived in a garbage bag under them. No one had gone down there cause it was locked when we moved in, so we just excused it as a superstitious child. One day he was rambling about how the man takes children and hides them in soda cans in his "house" (Garbage Bag). We went down there one night to store an old recliner, and there was a garbage bag under the stairs filled with crushed cans to be recycled.

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[bambiblue](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 4 or so my mom got a baby sitter and went off for Halloween night to a local theatre to watch The Exorcist. She came home and quietly came upstairs to peek in on me, only turning on the hall light. Apparently when she creaked the door open there I was sitting up in my bed staring at the door expressionless, the light from the hallway just lighting up my face. When I saw her I started calling for her but she was too terrified to come get me, haha.

I must add that this is what I looked like then: <http://i.imgur.com/mNmk9QM.jpg>





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• [13y ago](#)

hubby shakes me awake one night and says "pass me your sword, hes standing in front of mine".....yeah, didnt sleep much that night

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[sublimesting](#)
• 13y ago

My wife's parents said that when she was little they woke up in the middle of the night to her standing there. She said "Where'd the little boy go? He ran in here." She did this several times.

TL;DR As a child my wife was a bitch.

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[motherofdragoncats](#)

• 13y ago

I WAS the creepy child. I am terrified of those drawings of freaky grey aliens. We discovered this the first time I saw one, I think I was about 3 and it was on TV. I started crying about how "he" was going to hurt me and open me to see how I worked. I have since tried to desensitize myself to those pictures, but I'm still scared. I blame Unsolved Mysteries.

I also saw and heard weird things all the time. I told my grandma someone was sweeping the kitchen while we were asleep down the hall. I told my mom the man and woman in the walls kept asking me to come play, but I didn't trust them and anyway I didn't know how to get into the walls. I heard someone rocking in the rocking chair in the attic in the middle of the night. I heard someone pushing at the trap door to the basement that was under my bed. I told them about the shadow person I saw every night, watching me from the kitchen.

Sometimes I'd wake up in the middle of the night and he'd be standing beside my bed and I'd scream about it. I would have horrible nightmares about the aliens and scream for someone to come to my room because they were hiding behind my headboard and they were going to take me.

I'm still creepy. Just a few months ago, I started having nightmares about a man I once saw standing by a cemetery fence. Then one day I looked outside, and I saw him standing in the street looking up at me. I heard him say "I found you."
Fuck my life.



[daddio48](#)

• 13y ago

"Like, my five-year-old, the other day, one of her toys broke, and she demanded that I break her sister's toy to make it fair. And I did. That's how much shit she gave me. I broke the little toy, and I felt awful. I was, like, crying. And I look at her. She's got this creepy smile on her face. That's the difference between boys and girls."





[BenderRodriguez](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Go home Louis, you're drunk

[⊕ More replies](#)



[DirkTalamasca](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I find it rather creepy that many children associate moths and butterflies with the Lunesta commercials. I don't think that children should be influenced by pharmacology companies while alcohol and tobacco companies take the heat for their advertising campaigns. None of which had as much effect as the Lunesta moth has had on children.

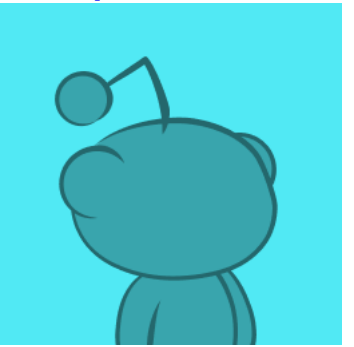
It is very creepy to see any child point to an insect and describe it as a "Lunesta".

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

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[SandD0llar](#)

• 13y ago

I have to wonder how many of these "weird things" was actually a result of coaching by someone else.

I used to drive my sister nuts by teaching her then-toddler son weird things to say.

- "I see dead people" (I'm not that creative)
- Hi Natasha! (Ah Satan - don't think Sis figured this one out)
- "There's blood on the walls!"
- Also taught him one of the Count von Count's counting spiel, which isn't weird, but sis is a little afraid of him - childhood phobia? - so...complete with the chuckle

And a few others like that.

[⊕ 2 more replies](#)

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[⊕ More replies](#)



[enigmaunbound](#)

• 13y ago

We were at my father's showing. The casket was laid out as usual and the family was around just kind of tired and shocked. My three year old daughter skips into the room humming this creepy minor key bit. She doesn't say anything or react to what is going on. She just skips around humming this little tune non of us had ever heard before.



[xJEFFDEBOCKx](#)

• 13y ago

When my son met my gf's mother he told her that he was "Full of bats and dark thing"



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• 13y ago

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• [13y ago](#)

My son comes running into the room screaming "The penis volcano is erupting!" over and over. He was 4.

We assume one of his friends at daycare had a clever older brother.





[vnpniceguys](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When you spank me it makes my butt tingle.

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• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user



[micebrainsareyummy](#)
• 13y ago

That's how kids process death at that age. The kid has probably heard you talking about uncle Dan and how he used to live there. It sounds like your uncle was a nice guy, so the pieces your kid picks up are all nice things. It's not odd that a small child would play pretend about the nice person who used to live in his new house, or make up stories about him. Still creepy though.





[konnichiwa](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter had a dream/sleep paralysis episode 2 years ago (she was 3) where she saw a dark hooded figure with no face, just white eyes standing next to her bed. She called him "Shadow Man".

She is 5 now and still talks about him, although she has only seen him that one time. She says she wasn't scared because he didn't say or do anything, just stand next to her bed and look. Eeeeeek.

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• [13y ago](#)

-daddy did you see the present I left in your bed? What...what present? -chocolate!

TL;DR (It wasn't chocolate)

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• [13y ago](#)

One my parents are fond of. I had one of those little tiny grocery karts in at the store. One day I took one and started crashing into stuff. I narrated everything I was doing. All through the market little giggles of "CRASH milk" and "CRASH eggs" rang through the aisles. My dad got frustrated and tried to catch up to me. Eventually he hears "CRASH OLD LADY" and a big smash. He sprints around the corner and sees this lady (apparently in her thirties) looking PISSED. He apologized to her and she said something along the lines of "put a muzzle on your kid" and stormed off.

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• [13y ago](#)

Well when I was about 2, my mother caught me jumping up and down on my newborn sister laughing in this maniac voice....and I'm talking full on stomp jumping too.

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[eliasmendoza](#)

• [13y ago](#)

my three year old daughter

"daddy we are being chase by a cop"

"daddy a shark bit me and I am Bleeding"

"daddy kill that man with your car"

"daddy you have small boobs"

"silly dog I am going to kill you"

I just try and walk away slowly and forget shit happens



[Jembers1990](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Came for creepy shit, was not disappointed



[swanspank](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Son in Marines, back from Iraq, second 14 month tour, his comment is "yea, I don't even duck any more", then he did 14 months in Afghanistan. Over one thousand nights I went to bed worrying about him.

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[Rhadamanthys](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I fucking swear Reddit, if I start bumping into the little girl in white again because I read this thread I am going to be so fucking mad.

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[-Gambit-](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but when we were little, my older sister pointed to my pregnant mum's stomach and said "I remember that, it's all dark and swimmy." My mother never discussed with her anything about birth, nor was she in any school.

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[markevins](#)
• 13y ago

Reading this thread....

Never mind, I didn't want to sleep tonight anyway

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[xmeaxculpax](#)
• 13y ago

My then 3 year old daughter in a singsong voice "dead is dead... nothin' you can do 'bout dead" over and over and over and over

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[misslizzah](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

No kids of my own, but my mother told me I said something fairly creepy when I was 2. My grandfather had died, and I had no clue about it (they obviously didn't want to tell me). When we were driving home, I looked up at the night sky and waved and said "Hi, Grandpa!" They asked me where I was seeing Grandpa, and I pointed to a pretty bright star and said "He's right there. He died so he's a star now."

My boyfriend's son has done something, not said something, that was creepy as hell. I took a nap on the couch the other day, and woke up to him laying on top of me humping my legs like a chihuahua. And I was all, "OMG WHAT ARE YOU DOOOOIIIIIIINGGGGGGGGGGGGGG?!?!?!?"





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• [13y ago](#)

So, News.com.au is well known for not having any real journalists and using Reddit as it's primary source of material...

It's like the 9gag of Australian online 'news'

As a result, some of you may be interested to know that [one of their recent articles was solely about the existence of this thread on reddit, and it was primarily composed of your comments.](#)



[cybiko123](#)

• [13y ago](#)

The [Telegraph](#) did one, too.

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[linell48](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

Tucking my five year old daughter into bed and. As usual, she tries to start a serious discussion to prolong the ritual. The question was "How old do you think I should be before I get married?" I replied, "If you are smart you will wait until you are at least 32." (which was how old I was) To which she calmly stated, "Don't be ridiculous, you'll dead by the time you are 32."



[i-regret-everything](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

moral of the story is if my kid ever says "bye (grandparent name)!" and they aren't with us CALL THEM IMMEDIATELY





[Jozie89](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My Lil 6 yr old nephew asks my sister if he could call me , she asks why, he says " Because I need to talk to her" so then I receive a call from him, " hello, and he goes, hi jozie, I wanted to ask you something, I am like ok, he says, why do you work all day, and what is it that you do, because you dont look happy, you are working for other people, they dont treat you right and I dont get to see you, " that shocked me, because it made me realize that yea , I wasnt happy , i never got to see my family and it was not a good job..he knocked some sense into me!!!!

⊕ 1 more reply

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[theheartless18](#)

• [13y ago](#)

So had two things happen to me, one happened in my old house in cali and the other happened in the one where i am living now. when I was about 5. My Na was watching me and my two other cousins. Meg was my age while Theto was 13. it was dark, me and meg where on the couch with my na who fell asleep. one point meg asked me to help her get some water. so we went to the kitchen. she was in front of me and got there before me. she stop dead in her tracks and whispered my name. when i got to the kitchen i saw what she saw. there standing at the end of the kitchen was the shadowy form of a man. his entire body was one solid mass of darkness which made almost all his features blend into one. Only three things stood out. his hands seems to constantly change from finger to claw like tips. hes eyes where a deep red, they almost seemed to glow, and he wore a hat that was similar to indiana jones. at first we just stood there staring at him as if in a trance. just like any kid i thought Aha monster hate light so i turned on the switch which thank god was low and accessible.

he vanished with the light. we just looked at each other not moving. somehow with out thinking we both knew he was still there. so we did not move. for some reason i had the incredible urge to tune the light back off. and in doing so he had moved a few feet closer still not moving just standing staring at us. i turn the lights on and off and each time he got close the only thing that moved was his eyes they continued to look down at us since we were smaller. on the last switch off he was with arms reach and that's when we screamed waking the two of us and my Na. needless to say they did not believe us. i never saw the man again though and neither did meg.

Fast forward to me now 26 and living in the home i am in now. I had just got off work and it was late. my mom lived with me and my bf at the time. and like me my mom had a thing for scaring people. it was summer and the ac broke so we bought little cheap window acs. but they only worked if all the doors were closed. so we hung a blanket on entrance to the kitchen. so hear i am opening the door and the light in the kitchen was on and i can see the shadow of my mom in it she was standing right at the entrance and it seemed she was doing somethin on the counter like making a snack or somethin. so i called out to her and she moved from the blanket. so her shadow disappeared. the dogs were making a ruckus cause they wanted to go potty. so i told them lets go outside. and i continued to talk as if my mom was there. when i open the blanket she was gone. so immediately though she went and hid either on the stairs leading to the basement since you had to pass it to go outside back or she went outside quietly to spook me. so i went out and let the dogs out and saw she was neither out side or on the stairway. so i went downstairs armed with my phone light since the light switch was hard to see down there. also at the time me and my bf were sleeping in the basement. so i turned on the light in the middle of the room and bam she was not there. so i turned on the other lights and looked around in the corners and little hideaways and nothin. so going upstairs i called her name repeatedly becoming worried. as i searched the house i called out to her and nothing. the front room and spare rooms nothin. she was not in the restroom either. I was scared. i thought somethin happened to her so i finally mustered up the courage to search her room. I had found her finally asleep in her bed. that's when i got really scared. as soon as i left her room i felt like somethin was watching me. so i proceeded to turn every light on in the house. it scared the heck out of me cause it looked just like her so well. never saw this shadow again. also when i checked the counter there was nothing there, sorry for such a long post guys

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply



[⊕ More replies](#)



[Bartugas](#)

• 13y ago

I was in an old farm house in Colombia with my whole family and my three or four year old cousin. All the kids slept in the same room while he slept in a room next to ours, his parents were in their own room. He started crying and I was the only one to wake up. I went and checked on him, and he kept on telling me about a tall bearded man with a black hat talking to him, he said he was right next to me. I went back to bed, shivering, and didn't sleep for the rest of the night. The next morning I was eating breakfast and my brother showed me a painting on the wall of "Abraham Lincoln" on the wall, which turned out to actually be the previous owner of the house. Right away I began crying, recognizing him from what my cousin had told me, and then my cousin comes up to me and says "Look, there he is!" I told my parents and they were equally disturbed.



[AlaskanHorror](#)

• 13y ago

I don't know if this is creepy, more weird. I was babysitting my younger cousin one night and when story time came along she shushed me and said, "No. Me tell you story." smiling I agreed, eager to hear this cute little story she made up. Hahaha no. Keeping her straight face she says quietly, "The fire will get you, eating your eyes. Burning you. Shhhh, I did it." At this point I was freaking out. She then quoted my favorite poem line, "Do not go gentle into that good night, Old age should burn and rave at close of day; Rage, rage against the dying of the light." How she knew about that poem I have no clue but I refused to babysit her ever again.



[Tairen](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I've always been into the paranormal so it wasn't odd to hear about ghostly things but I have tried to keep it out of my sons life since he can make that decision when he's older so it creeped me out a little when he walked up to my fiancé and said,

"The bad man just told me to get a knife and kill you." and then walked off muttering to himself.

We were shocked but brushed it off until he woke up one night screaming telling us that the bad man is angry with him because he hasn't killed my fiancé. We still live in the same house but we had it cleansed and, luckily, only a few strange things happen now and no ghosts are talking to my son anymore.



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

I have memories that my parents say never came true. Also, I remember sitting in pizza hut once when I was really little and telling them about my "friend who died". I have no idea where it came from. I wonder now if it may be past life recollection.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Also, I have a story about my little cousin. Apparently one night while I was on vacation my Slender Man sculpture fell off my shelf and broke, scaring my guinea pig so much as to make her jump out of her cage. My little cousin and her friend told her mom that Slender Man came to life and jumped off the shelf. I am sure it just fell... right?

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply



[⊕ More replies](#) [⊕ More replies](#)



[NoNeedForAName](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Ba-ba-ba ma-ma-ba-pa! EEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!! *Growl*

She's not really old enough to talk yet.

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)



[⊕ More replies](#)



[Rollatoke](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This is going to get buried in here, but what they hey. When I was younger, my dad would go away for business and my mum didn't like sleeping alone so she would have my sleep in my dad's place. I have no recollection of it, but apparently I woke up, sat up straight and said "Close the door" several times then laid back down and went to sleep. Freaked my mum out pretty bad.





[marcky](#)
• [13y ago](#)

We were in a creepy 110 year old mansion thats about to be demolished, and my 3 year old niece looked me in the eye from across the room and told me she had the goosebumps.



[GormBerry](#)
• [13y ago](#)

plot twist: OP has no niece

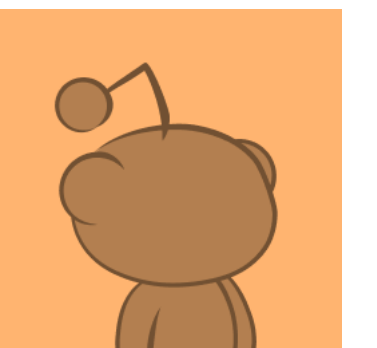




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• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 10 years old I told my mom I was HIV positive, just for the hell of it. I didn't even know what it meant. She was driving at the time and nearly drove off the road from staring/ screaming at me. She also burst into tears before I even had the chance to tell her I was joking. I still feel really bad about that one.



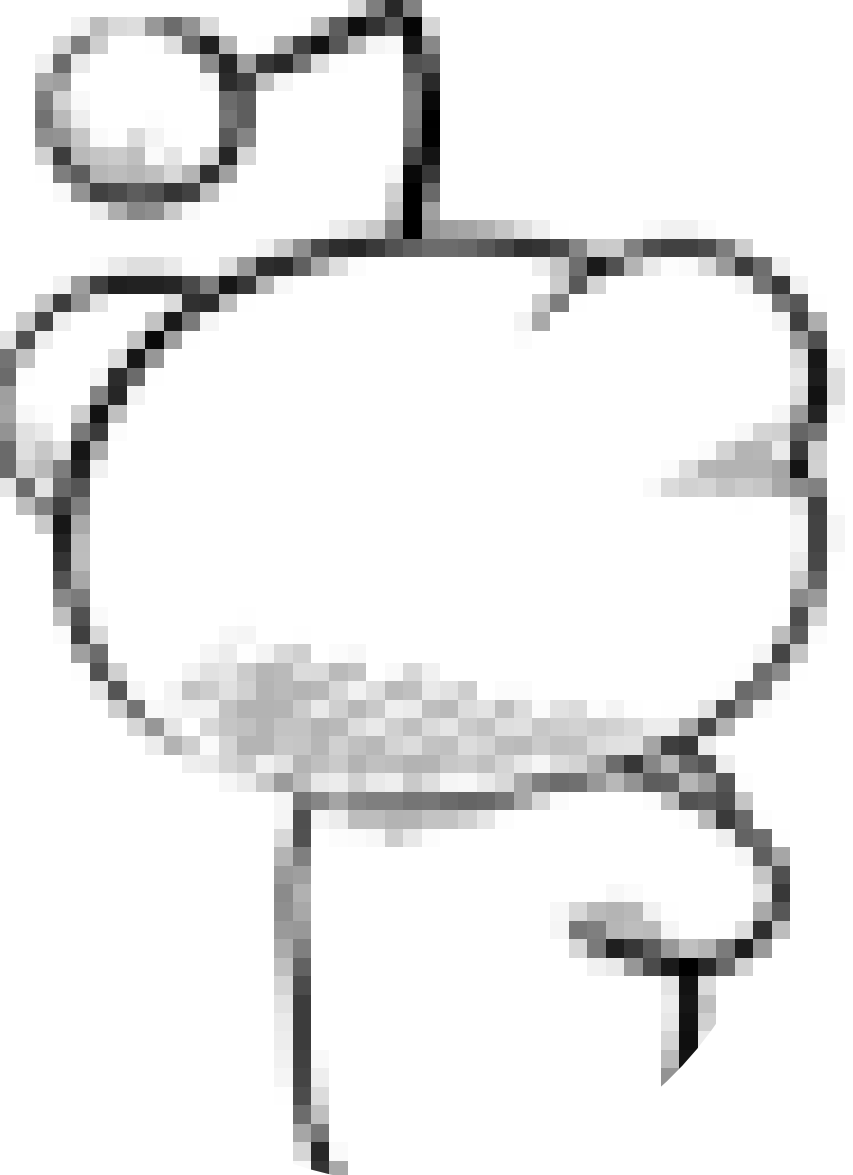
[CooterTang](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Thats actually funny.. It was obviously just an intense emotional reaction on her part but.. Its not like you went and got tested on ur own at 10 and was breaking the news to her, LoL.



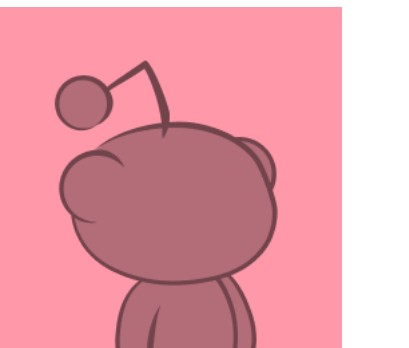
[⊕ More replies](#)



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• [13y ago](#)

Why are you all telling stories of your children to dr_handjob??????



[shujinkou](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"We're not going to eat these ducks, we're going to eat their children" Not technically said to me, said to his brother.



[ticktockreborn](#)
• 13y ago

My Grandma died before my little cousin was born but she was named after my Grandma. When my cousin was about 3, after my uncle had put her to bed they could hear her talking. At first they just left it but after a few weeks of this my uncle asked why she always talked. She said "Well I'm trying to sleep but Grandma won't leave me alone - she's always wanting to talk to me". Probably just her over-active imagination but it definitely creeped my uncle out.



[JB0nd007](#)
• 13y ago

I am not a parent, but I did heard a girl say something to her mom.

She said "mom when you die, who is going to take care of me?" She was about 6. Her face was very serious.



[allyouneedisredbull](#)
• 13y ago

From my childhood; I had a lot of fits when i was younger and would often say strange stuff whilst it happened. According to my dad i once walked downstairs started rummaging through the kitchen drawers. He came in and asked what i was doing and i told him i wanted to play the game with the knives.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

whispers I'm gonna stab your eyes out with a spoon, then eat them.



[Yourface111](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My gf's 2 year old nephew gets up at night, sits in the corner and talks to the 'pirate.' Scares the shit out of her.





[xubax](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son was wondering when I'd die so he'd get my money and could get a stretch hummer. I'm pretty sure he's not a psychopath, but sometimes stuff like this gives me pause.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

My eight year old little brother "sleep walks" sometimes. He gets out of his bed and comes into the living room to talk with my mom and I. One night, he came out, sat on the far end of the couch, said "they're coming" and stared at me for what I seriously think was two or three minutes. My mom had to call his name several times to get him to snap out of it and go back to bed. He doesn't remember any of it.





[SuperJo](#)
• [13y ago](#)

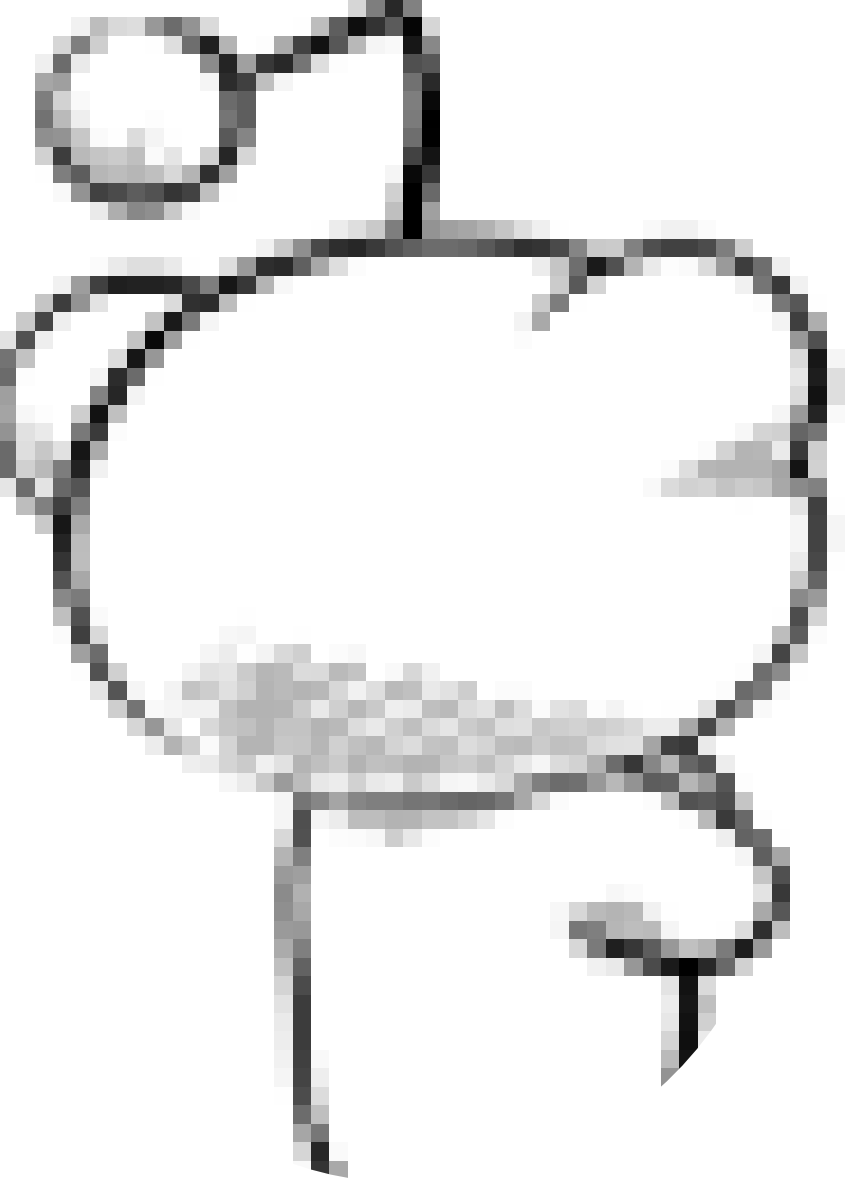
My two year old says "I kiilll you!" repeatedly. We haven't figured it out yet.

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

⚙





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• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but when I was in kindergarten I was bullied quite a bit. I had just seen the movie "Willow" and decided that the best course of action was to scream at the bully, "I'm gonna cut off your head and stick it on a pig pole."

Needless to say, my parents were called and my teacher thought I was going to grow up to be a serial killer. My parents just laughed when they heard what I said, knowing where I heard it.





[Wazowski](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was putting my five-year-old to bed, and we were talking about action movies and monster special effects. He's always bragging to his dad how he's "not afraid of anything" and the action movie monsters don't bother him in the slightest or give him nightmares.

Then he relents for a moment, and admits there's *one* thing that scares him. But it's kind of a secret, and he doesn't really like to talk about it. I prod him a little bit, and he agrees to share what it is he's afraid of.

He leans over, and after a moment or two he whispers so quietly in my ear I could barely hear his little voice... "death."



[skeptical03](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was little I was terribly afraid of motorcycles and used to insit that I had died not too long ago in am accident and that it wasn't fair that my boyfriend died first.





[EvilDasNad](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My wife still likes to remind me of this one: I once sat up in bed, looked straight at her and said, "I'm going to fucking kill you", all calm as could be. Lay back down after that. She said it terrified the shit out of her, and she couldn't sleep the rest of the night.



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

[r/nosleep](#) and [r/creepy](#) have NOTHING compared to this thread.









[pingucat](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

this thread is so terrifying

[⊕ More replies](#)



[caboose11](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I'll give one for what a close friend of the family's son said to my parents while being babysat.

He was about 2-3, his little brother was maybe 4 months old. He went up to the crib with a pillow, said "Cover the baby's mouth" and started to put the pillow over his brother's face.

They were separated and my parents decided to each watch one.





[azGRIMES](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm very afraid to have kids now out of fear that they will murder me.







[ihasask](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

God



[DHSVlip](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

[r/nosleep](#)



[brilligIthinknot](#)

[13y ago](#)

Dad, I got arrested.



[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

F*** this fart thread! Well, I didn't plan on sleeping tonight anyway...

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[FakeEyes22](#)

• [13y ago](#)

At age 4, daughter drew a picture of 2 girls and showed it to me on the drive home from school.

"Cute! That's you and which friend?"

"That is my sister. She died."

She was an only child.

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[Lotrent](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Well, this is actually what I said as a kid. My parents told me that when I was a toddler I had an imaginary friend of sorts. And that I would look off into space, and discuss talking to him with them. When they asked me what his name was, I would always say "Krist". They thought it was a mispronunciation of "Christ", and it's always been creepy.

 Reply  Share



[Winter_S](#)
• [13y ago](#)

A couple of years back, I started sleepwalking. One night, I ran downstairs whilst I was sleepwalking and shouted "Get him off me! He's in the office!" and then ran upstairs and went back to bed.

I have no idea how much I must have scared/confused the shit out my parents.





[esmifra](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I love how this turned into a ghost stories thread really fast:)



[Lupuscanis](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not me, but my friend's parents.

They were taking a home video of her and cutely asked "What's your name, honey?"

Sarah responded with a poor understanding of pronouns: "We are Carah!!"





[Elmekia](#)
• [13y ago](#)

when i was around 6 years old my parents moved into a 2 bedroom ground level apt with me, and one of the rooms near the window that was connected with a small grass area with a rather large spot where nothing would grow.

The room was unnaturally cold so somehow i ended up getting the room, except that while in it i'd wake up randomly and scream/have fits, one night however i had a dream, where a small child was outside the window, with his hands up against the glass, looking in on me, then i went to school the next day, to a school i did not know... and when school ended i was kidnapped by a man, taken into the car, and then buried out back in that spot . . . there were other parts but i can't remember them anymore...

needless to say, we moved soon after that

tl;dr: told parents about being buried in the back yard, turns out someone was

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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)



When I was about 3 I was at my Grandma's house looking at some pictures in history books with her and mum. (Note we're Australian so they were all Aussie history). One of the pictures showed a farmer and a woman standing beside their half built shed, he was leaning on an axe and she stood in the background. I looked at the picture for a long time and eventually giggled a bit, said 'I remember this!' and turned the page. Mum still says it's one of the creepier things I've said as they questioned me about it at the time and I told them about my 'life' at the farm.

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[joewilk](#)
• [13y ago](#)

girlfriends mom told me a story about when my girlfirmed was about two and a half, maybe three. She was telling Katie about her Grandfather, and how he died before she was born. katie went on to describe how she had met him and spent lots of time with him before she was born, went on to describe his voice and how it sounded strange (he was deaf), personality, and pretty precise details about him to her mother. There still is no explanation of this, how she knew, she was too young to really be able to retain any of the information, but her mom says that she described him perfectly, and he had in fact died about twenty years before she was born. kind of cool, kind of creepy - makes me wonder what happens when people pass, and the existence of souls as well as how they are carried on through life/lives.





[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply



[izzylandia](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Came home at 3 am from work. My 3 year old was in the dark pointing to the ceiling saying "do you see it? It's over there " I immediately turned the light on. Turns out y husband heard her too he was just to scared to move haha





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but I remember once as a kid my cousin growing increasingly hysterical in the back room about the "pig faces" in the second-story window that nobody else could see.





[TrashHumpster](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was like 4 or 5 I apparently walked in on my parents having sex and yelled at my dad "Stop beating my Mom!". Thank god I don't remember any of it.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but once when I was around 6-8 I was at a summer camp. The camp had a lot of older kids and college councilors, being a young kid I ended up hanging around with them as much as they found tolerable. I naturally picked up and emulated lot of their jokes and sayings. This led to an awkward and confusing moment when I looked at one of the adult christian councilors and said, "The party is in my pants and you're invited!" followed by my own childish giggle while completely letting the actual meaning swoop over my head. I got a stern talking to, as if a kid like me would actually understand it, and nobody even asked where I picked it up.

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply





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• [13y ago](#)

My cousin is four year olds, and at Christmas I was with him and his mom, standing in my aunt's living room. I was talking to his mom as he runs around us in circles, pretending to be a plane. In the middle of us talking, he stops, turns around and starts staring at the wall that's a few feet from us. "Holden, what are you looking at sweetie?" -No response- "Holden?" His head whips around towards us. "Who's that girl?" My aunt and I look at each other strangely and she asks: "What girl?" "The one right there." And he points at the wall. There is no window, painting, photo or anything. It is just a blank wall. My aunt is from Cuba and has all these weird superstitions and is really freaked. "Holden there's no girl there." "Yes there is. Right there." "What is the girl wearing?" "What girl?".....he then ran off and continued pretending to be an airplane, totally freaked us out. He's not the kind of kid to lie or mess with us like that..





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

My little brother, about 8 at the time, also suffered from night terrors. One night he woke us screaming bloody murder, so me and my family rushed to his room. Everybody asked him if he was ok, but when i asked "what happened" he replied, in a dark condemning voice "...you know". It still gets me to this day



[Badgersfromhell](#)

• [13y ago](#)

ITT: Stories that will convince you to never have children.





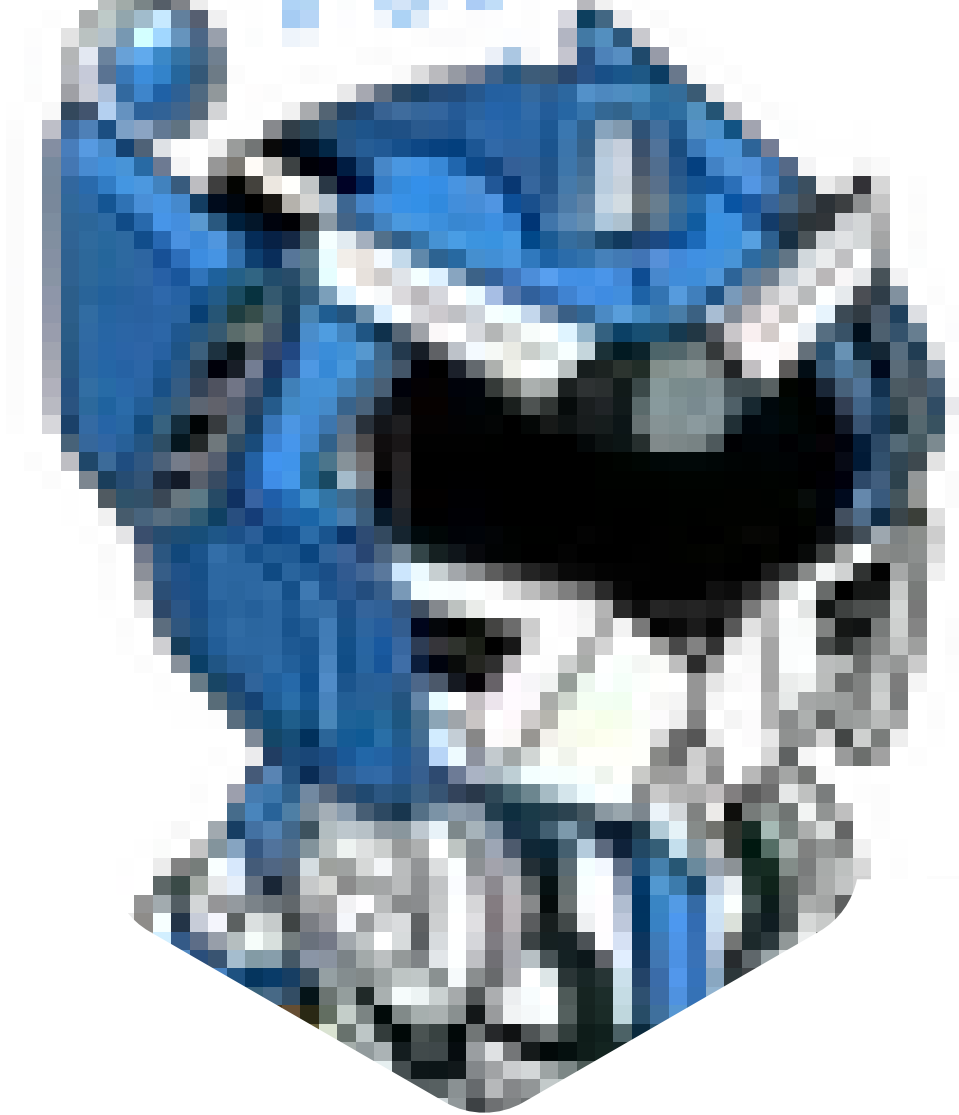
[KINGJAYROD](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Yesterday my MIL, who is visiting, came down stairs to tell me that my daughter had asked her if it was her was talking to her in the closet. Obviously it wasn't, which left us a little scared.







[shaed9681](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Me to my son: do you like your teacher? Son: yes Me: does your teacher have any children? Son: she used to Me: what happened? Son: he's dead

My son was 4.

Also he keeps waking up crying saying he doesn't want me to get old. Can't even explain it in terms that make him feel a lot better without getting those weird "thinking about death" chills :(

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[PapaJammies](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My sister used to have an imaginary friend. One day, she said it got hit by a car, went into the back bay, and drowned. Haven't had that imaginary friend since.

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jogabonito360
• 13y ago

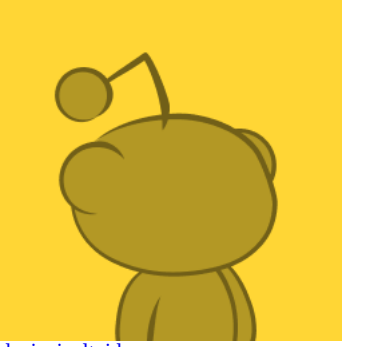
At church when I was 9, I asked my mom how to spell suicide.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

"Stop showing people your dick!" - I eventually figured out he was trying to say DECK. We just finished a new deck in the backyard and I showed some friends. Relief! I thought I was going to have to start wearing underwear.





[davinci_altoids](#)

• 13y ago

not my child, but when my little brother was 1 we took a family trip to our great-great-grandmother's old house. she's buried there, on the property. my brother was a very happy baby, never really cried much, loved to laugh. but that day, as soon as we stepped into the old house, my brother just started whining. he buried his face in my mom's neck and when the usual tricks failed to appease him, he straight up started to cry. it wasn't a temper tantrum cry, but a legit i'm-sad-and-scared sort of crying. we had no choice but to leave, at which point he instantly went back to normal. mom's still convinced babies can see things we can't. i'm still trying to figure this one out. maybe he had a stomachache...

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[zomigod](#)

• 13y ago

I got one. I was trying to put my 3 year old son to bed one night in his room - lights off, nightlight on. He says, "Daddy, whats that?" and points to an empty wall. I say, "Nothing." He then says, "Daddy, whats that!?" points to a corner of the same wall. I say, "Nothing." I'm a little worried, looking around. He then says, "Daddy, whats THAT!?" and points to his window, blinds down but open I cant see anything in our dark back yard but I'm like "fuck this shit." I dropped him into his bed and bolted for the door.

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[metrognome64](#)

• 13y ago

Conversation I had with my 3 year old son a few weeks ago about spiders. I am not afraid of spiders, but my husband doesn't like them.

Son: Mom, I like baby spiders.

Me: You do? Why's that, bud?

Son: Because they are really small, so they can't bite and you can have lots of them crawling all over you.

Me: ... Maybe don't tell your dad that.



[Ltravis](#)

• 13y ago

When I was like, 17, I was babysitting my cousins. During dinner, the older one (~4 at the time) turns his head towards me, tilts his head down, eyes looking right into mine, and he says "SIX. SIX. SIX." He turned and looked at his sister, then finished eating. Decided in that moment that I would never babysit them ever again.





[Creeperstar](#)
• 13y ago

My 10.5 month-old is still feeling out sounds, though he does say Da da, ma ma and ba ba. Occasionally he will start start talking to himself and say "ma ma ma" in a very throaty, Linda Blair in The Exorcist, voice and then laugh like he's grunting. Creeps the shit out of the wife when she's home alone.



[someastronautfood](#)
• 13y ago

I have a creepy story.

When we were kids, my older sister (around 7yrs old at the time) would tell my parents she saw a little boy in our kitchen. She would see him and talk to him around the house and was able to describe him with great detail.

I remember one week being especially different in that at night, we would be awoken by sounds of smashing silverware and plates falling to the floor. My dad would check the entire house and they'd be nothing. There weren't even plates on the counter! The sound was super fucking loud like if someone got the drawer of silverware and dropped it on the marble floor. SUPER loud.

WELL, the last time I heard of my sister talk about him was one night when we were home alone (parents were at a BBQ) and we fell asleep watching television. When I woke up, my sister had fallen asleep with a spiral and I noticed the window was open and it was really cold. I got the spiral and I saw she had written about a page and a half of a really, really dark poem and used older English words like "hath" and "thy" and "wence", which there is no way she knew those words at the time in her life. To top it all off, the television was on some religious channel talking about saints etc. Weirdest and creepiest memory of my childhood.



[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

My father-in-law was in the hospital dying when we found out my wife was pregnant. She was able to tell her dad that she was pregnant, and his eyes got wide, which was more movement than he had made in a long time. Her dad passed away a month into the pregnancy.

Now three years later, my son is sitting on the floor playing and having a conversation with himself. I said, "Hey buddy, who are you talking to?" He says, "My friend, Julian." That's my father-in-law's name.

My wife and I just looked at each other in awe. Although we've shown Nate pictures of his grandfather, we've only referred to him as "Grammy's husband" or "Mommy's daddy." We have never called him by name, and to our knowledge, our son has never known anyone named Julian.

Even more creepy, I said, "Where is Julian?" And my son pointed to the chair that my wife's dad used to sit in at his house before he passed away.



[Nastehs](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I know someone who works at Brookgreen Gardens in South Carolina. A kid told him after using the restroom that a 'lady in red' was in there in a nurse outfit

The building was a hospital... Way back before WWI

He would also see strange 'nurse like' women in the top floor window at night. I don't know if I believe in ghosts or not but that place is scary as fuck at night because it's so old

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[OneeLove](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

not a parent, but was babysitting my cousin. i was in the kitchen.. he was in the living room playing. suddenly i hear "hi whats your name?" *45 second silence* "i like your name, my names bobby." 0_o

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[TheShrike](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I haven't got any kids myself, but I remember babysitting my little brother alone at home the first time. At two am his night terrors woke him up and I creeped upstairs to ask him what was wrong "I hear footsteps in the snow." Dunno if you've ever seen the disconnect of a person speaking while having a night terror, but its pretty damn creepy.

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• [13y ago](#)

My coworker: my two year old daughter would look at my mother in laws wall and say "get off the wall, uyy" and point to the wall. I would leave before night time ever since

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[imcaptainkirk](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My brother had multiple dreams on consecutive dreams where he burned people in a box. He was five years old.

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• [13y ago](#)

About a month ago my three-year-old daughter came crying into my room at two in the morning saying that there were "eyes" in her room.

She slept in my bed that night, and I may have refused to check for eyes in her room until the next day. Still gives me the heebie jeebies when I think about it!

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• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a mother yet, but my friends daughter went up to the observatory where my husband works and upon looking at the Cigar Nebula, she said "One day, in our nation, we will live there." She was three at the time.

(Not creepy, just sorta cute)

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[naebnav](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My grandpa had been sick with cancer when I was in middle school and my mom and younger brother, who was five at the time, went to stay with him for several weeks. He and my brother bonded in the short time they were there. He passed later that winter and we went to his wake. My brother stayed by the open casket for most of the night chatting away with my grandpa's body, reaching out and patting his arm. Then he left to find my mother, who was on the side crying. My brother told my mom, "It's ok, Grandpa says it's going to be ok." It freaked my mom out but I think it made her feel better too. He has no recollection of what he said or why but it makes for fun conversation at reunions.

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[funkyG](#)
• 13y ago

My 3 yr old step daughter about our dog:

Her: "I love Charlie, I'm going to make him my husband" Me: "Oh that's nice" Her: "Yep, he's going to be my virgin husband!"

She then smiles, nods at me and walks away.

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[buttbutts](#)
• 13y ago

I came to this thread looking for anecdotes about kids being crazy, but I'm leaving convinced that kids are in-tune with the supernatural or some shit.





[andrew704](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"What's that drawing of, son?" "You daddy ... When you're dead."

3 years old...







[Ritalabella](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I work at a daycare and one of the kids had a plastic knife. I think I said something like: "I'm gonna eat you." to joke and then she said "No, because I'm gonna cut your throat open."

That was the creepiest thing they ever said to me...





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I don't know if mine can compare to some of these gems, but my niece once woke me up really late while babysitting. She was crying super hard, so I went in and she kept saying "That wasn't mommy!" over and over again for about 5 minutes. Then passed out. That same night I heard odd banging/ruffling INSIDE the back storage room (its 3am). Once I got the guts to grab a steel pipe from the basement, I whipped open the blinds on the door only to find two HUGE raccoons hanging out chewin' on shoes. I was so relieved. They were kinda really cute.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I was in the kitchen peeling the skin off a cantaloupe. My 5 year old daughter says, "Hey, that's a lot of skin you've got there. Maybe I can have a skin collection some day."





[DJGSnax](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My four year old daughter:

Daughter: The mommy dragon went to the dragon store and she brought back dragon munch. Then she took it home and fed it to her babies.

Mom: Yummy dragon munch!

Daughter: Yeah. Dragon munch is blood from animals!





[thain1982](#)
• [13y ago](#)

TIL a lot more parents are creeped out by imaginary friends than they were when I was a kid.

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)
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[⊕ More replies](#)



[bow-chicka-wow-wow](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Mummy, the doctor is fisting me!!!

I think she meant fixing... I think :/





[dabearcat](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my child but my little brother. "We're going to die in a hundred and sixteen days!" It wouldn't really have bothered me if it weren't so specific.



[sump38](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Alright, after reading this thread i guess i won't be sleeping tonight.



[whalemango](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I know nobody's going to believe this, but we let my 5 year old baby brother watch the first Lord of the Rings movie, and he laughed every time an orc was killed. When one of them got their head cut off, he said, "They're cute when they're dead." We all got chills.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I used to live with someone who had a child. She used to talk about an old lady in the house that "went to heaven"... Maybe it was the weed but that freaked my shit out

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[bramdizle](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My little brother used to go into a nearly trance like state when he would find these strange prickly nuts that fell off the trees. When cut in half they vaguely resembled a pig's nose. He would hold it up dance from foot to foot and go "pig's nose pig's nose hu hi hu pig's nose pig's nose hu hi hu." He was a weird kid.





[sweetjane](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mom tells a story that a couple days after I was born, my 3 year old brother poured ketchup on me and told her "she's dead you can play with me now."



[Mare Tini](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not really creepy but pretty funny. My son was about 13 when he said, "The 70s were the golden age of porn."





[Keara Fevhn](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My sister once threw a fit over not being able to wear her Halloween costume early. When my mom, pregnant at the time, said "no" for the fifth time, my sister walked over, put her hand on my mother's stomach, and whispered in a low voice, "Say yes, or I'll kill your baby." My sister was five at the time.





[BluRover](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I don't remember any of this, but apparently as a young kid I would tell my mother of adventures I had with the little girl who lived in our house and would ask if she knew who she was. She thought I was just talking about an imaginary friend, but I adamantly defended her existence and would give these crazy detailed descriptions of her.

She ended up confiding in my dad over how much it freaked her out, as she had miscarried her pregnancy before I was born, and my descriptions of the girl would have put her as the age said miscarried child would have been if they weren't miscarried.

Shit freaks me the hell out.





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• [13y ago](#)

There's a black cloud in my room and it talks to me.



[Chipsmannen](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This is more what I did to my mom as a child. I saw The Sixth Sense when I was like 10, I don't remember why I watched a thriller at that age, but it happened. The movie made it very hard for me sleeping for about one year where I would have "hallucinations" about seeing my mother, dead, walking around in the apartment, not saying anything (like the old woman with slit her wrists in the movie).

I then proceed to run like a branded cow towards my mothers bed, wake her up and tell her about my "very real dead mother walking around the apartment", I did this on and off for about six months. My mother told me last year when I brought up the whole ordeal to kind of laugh about it, that after I few times of me waking her up at night, she would have trouble sleeping to because she couldn't stop thinking about a dead dopleganger of herself walking around aimlessly around the apartment.

I'm sorry mom ..





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

My four year old brother was hitting my mom, to make him stop I lightly hit him on the back. He looks at me walks away and 20 seconds later comes up to me with my nerf revolver, points it at my face, loads it and shoots, the thing jammed though. Still very creepy.



[redna88](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was 5-6 I used to sleep walk at night, once I woke up in the middle of the night pulled a chair next to the third floor window and stared intently at the street idk how I managed not to fall. Another time my mom woke up to see me staring at her wide eyes and everything. I used to get scared of myself I swore I was the antichrist!





[sarasmilin](#)
• 13y ago

Bestie's 7yo, blank stare, cold as ice, "I'm going to kill you in your dreams." ... *what??* "does that frighten you?"



[lmike215](#)
• 13y ago

When I was around 10, I usually slept walked at least once per week. One night, I woke up because I felt an inhuman presence in the room, coming out of my closet. I screamed and ran to my parents room, and my mom brought me back. I told her that there was someone there. She checked, but I kept on saying that there was someone there. I slept with them that night.





[timmermania](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mom told me that one time when I was about 5 or 6, I went into her room in the middle of the night and said, "Mom, Wonder Woman is in my room." She took me back to my room and asked me to show her. I threw a random book on the floor and said, "See." I don't remember it, but she still chuckles about it.



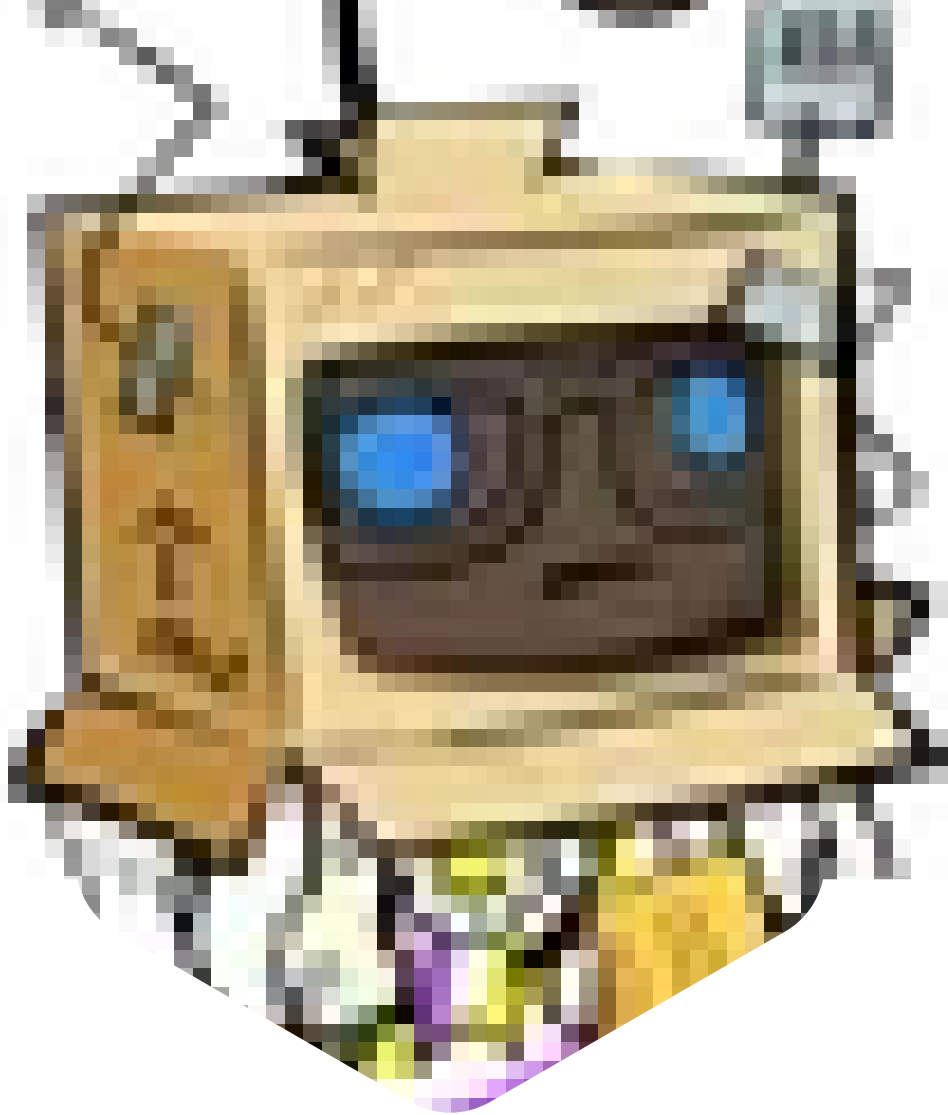
[EverAccelerating](#)
• [13y ago](#)

In this thread, I learned that most of your kids are cursed. I no longer want to have kids.









[Tacotuesdayftw](#)
• 13y ago

A good friend of mine in high school told stories about the things he used to see as a kid. He scared the crap out of his parents because he wasn't imagining them exactly, he has a disorder where he hallucinates every now and again. He told stories how he saw spiders begin to crawl out of light fixtures and swarm his home, and even freakier was he frequently went to sleep (not sure how) with dead children just staring at him at the foot of his bed. He told this to a bunch of grown high school boys and we couldn't sleep that night.



[HolyFragGrenade](#)
• 13y ago

Was hanging out with my 3yo nephew when he turns to me, stares me right in the eyes and whispers, "I'm gonna kill you and hide the body."





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I should not have visited this post before bed. fuck.





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• [13y ago](#)

My friend's daughter (about 5 at the time) told another little girl at preschool that her daddy would "Burn burn burn in Hell and gnash his teeth in torment for all eternity" because she saw him smoking a cigarette in the parking lot. My friend was going to a fire and brimstone Pentecostal kind of church at the time and this made her reconsider.





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• [13y ago](#)

This thread is just full of reasons not to have kids.



[parallelamm](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I lived in an above garage apartment for a while which means I was within very close distance of the owners. A lot of weird things kept happening over a series of months so when I bumped into the land lady, I jokingly asked her, "Is this place haunted?". She told me to hold on and she called her 3 year old son over to tell me about his "friend". Apparently, a young girl that he described as a little bit older than him lived under the cement of the garage floor. She "comes out at night" to visit him and he said she would go up to our apartment. That shit freaked me the hell out.. I did not sleep well. The main house was apparently built in the mid 1800's and the garage was build about 60 to 70 years later.





[bigninja27](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"When you die, how much money will I get"

Something 9yr old bigninja27 said to my father. I'm now 21 and my dad still won't let it go. Although, in my defense, he was explaining to me what life insurance was.

[+ 1 more reply](#)
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[necronic](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Apparently when I was like a toddler I went through a phase where I was transfixed by death (I wasn't killing things or anything like that, but apparently I was fascinated by cemeteries, ghosts, etc). My parents apparently were quite disturbed by this since neither of my siblings went through this phase nor held any interest in death so they sent me to a child psychologist to see if there was anything mentally wrong with me (fortunately there wasn't).

Apparently, according to my mom, while we were at the psychologist and while the psychologist was talking to me about my fascination with death and dying I non-chalantly told her "My mom is going to die and I'm going to die three weeks later."



Although I don't have any memory of going through this phase or talking to a psychologist, I was pretty creeped out when my mom told me that I actually would say something like this so matter of factly.

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[p2p_editor](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Daughter said "It would be better if I died instead of you, because you and Mama could have another baby."

And then me remembering when I said basically the *exact* same thing to my own mom, when I was just about my daughter's age. Weird...

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[sqishyfreash](#)
• [13y ago](#)



key some of the stuff i'm reading is STILL happening to me today! a few weeks ago my family was just sitting around doing their normal thing when we hear some thing big fall down the steps when we looked nothing was there and my dad yells "DID YOU HEAR THAT VOICE!" later my aunt was telling me that our dead grampa always fell down stairs when he was alive. A few months prior to this We visited my dads family in saint Louis, his uncle was big into ghosts and told us that when he dies he'll be messing with us constantly. 3 weeks later he died and then all this stuff started happening. we had ghost spooky thing happen before (I.E call from dead grampa, me seeing dead dog when i was 2,beds making themselves, etc) but its just the whole messing with us thing right after he died.



[tciottoni](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was a child of 6 years old and had recently seen the Disney animated movie TARZAN in theatres. One night (Raging thunderstorm btw) I was having an exceptionally terrifying nightmare about the movie, based off the scene where it's raining with all the baboons and Tarzan & Jane are in the tree, touching hands.

ANYWAYS, in my nightmare the evil demonic baboons were after me, as well as a devil version of that hunter. I don't remember waking up, but I remember running up to my parents' room screaming "The rain makes them come, the DEMONS. The DEVIL. They're in my room! Mom, DAD, HELP." I can remember the look on their faces to this day.

EDIT: Just realized i'm not a parent, and this is MY creepy story.



[popczar](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Getting to this pretty late, and I'm not a parent, but here is mine. I used to spend a lot of my weekends hanging out with coworkers at our manager's house. It was a nice summer night and everyone was outside, but I opted to watch some cartoons with her son who was 2. The boy looks at the top of the stairs and casually says, "Daddy here." The odd thing was daddy died about a year earlier. We promptly went outside after that. I never witnessed any of it, but apparently "Daddy" shows up a lot at night.

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[Atheni](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I don't know, but my mom said that onetime she came into my room while I was sleeping and I looked at her straight in the eye and said "I'M FILING CHILDREN RIGHT NOW!"

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[postumust](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Mommy, am I real?

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[johnsmith2212](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was little I believed my mom was a normal human being by day, and a witch by night. One night I had a dream that she did not transform back to a human being, when I woke up I was convinced my mom was still in her "witch" mode and was out to put a spell on me.

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• [13y ago](#)

A mother came through my line with her toddler and new baby. While I was ringing her up, the toddler said to her mother: "Mommy, I hate the baby. When is the baby going to die?"

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[DrSlickDaddy](#)
• 13y ago

Not something my kids did (not that I have kids) but something *I* myself did. The story goes that one day my dad was picking me up from the day care I was at and as I got into the backseat of the car I said to him "Who's that man sitting in the front seat?" He asked me what I was talking about and I then repeated the question. Then apparently I just said "nevermind" and stared aimlessly out the window. I don't remember this at all but my father swears that it happened





[technicolordreams](#)
• 13y ago

Old GF's son while walking at night. "Can we go in now, the shadow people are out."



[MrSammyFisk](#)
• 13y ago

I'm not a parent, but I have an uncle story to tell. When my niece was about two or three, my family was seated around the dining room table eating supper. Out of nowhere, my niece sets down her spoon from her pears, looks at us, and raises her hand. She turns her palm towards her; shows us her index, middle, and ring fingers; and whispers, "No mercy."

She then goes back to eating her pears.





[000katie](#)
• 13y ago

When my niece was younger, she was sitting on the bed with my sister helping her fold laundry. She got up, put her arm around her mom, pointed at the blank wall and said "Say cheese Mommy! They want to take our picture!" ::shudder::



[EvilOtto Jr](#)
• 13y ago

My friend's kid was about 18 months old when she started making these demon noises. Imagine what grumbly, backwards German sounds like. You're sitting next to this in a dark car. Not pleasant.





[penguinator101](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a child (I'm talking like 2 or 3) my older sister told me how there was a man I would talk to her about that I would refer to as "Uggie Man". I remember a few instances of encountering Uggie. Sometimes, I would welcome him with a smile and feel happy when I would feel his presence. Other times though, I cannot describe the fear that would fill me. It was just sheer terror. My most memorable encounter with him is whenever I was still in a crib, so like 2. I distinctly remember lying there in the dark with only a street lamp outside causing a faint glow through my window shades. Suddenly, and perfectly quiet, a hulking black figure shot up from the right side of my crib and bent over above me. The shadow just stood above me, a couple of feet away from my face. I immediately began screaming bloody murder for my mother to come save me. As soon as she ran into my room, the figure simply vanished. Fucking shit I still get goose bumps just talking about it.







[deimios](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

My 3 year old said in a voice not unlike the creepy voice the boy makes in the shining, randomly and unprovoked "I need children"





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

All these posts only convince me more that I never want to have kids... EVER.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I'm Christian, so it was super weird when my ex-boyfriend's son said to me from the backseat of the car, "Jesus isn't coming back, throw_throw_throw_7."



[howgauche](#)

• [13y ago](#)

One day when I was little, I was playing outside and decided to tie an earthworm to the trailer hitch of my parents' car with a piece of string. I tied it so tight around the worm that it basically cut the poor thing in half and left it dangling like a hanging victim. My mom noticed it later and asked me why I did it, to which I seriously replied, "He was a very bad worm and needed to be punished."

Happy to say I'm not a serial killer today!





[toogoodtobetrue](#)
• 13y ago

So...how many of you guys have been tested for schizophrenia? Any family members that have been tested? Because fuck if I'm not kinda hoping you haven't yet.

⊕ 2 more replies
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[deleted]
• 13y ago

I tend to my 4 year old on my days off during the week instead of her daycare provider. We take a nap before picking up her sister from school. I am at my desk in the bedroom while she is in my bed playing with one of her many babies. I finish what I was working on and ask her if she is ready for our nap. While still playing with her babies, she pauses, looks directly in my eyes, and nonchalantly explains not now because the devil is in our room. Little shit robbed me of my afternoon day off nap!





[MiniMoomers](#)
• 13y ago

My 3 year old niece told my sister as they were heading to bed, "you can call me little G if you want." Then as she was brushing her teeth she was talking to herself... when my sister asked what she was saying my niece turned and faced her dead on and said in a whisper voice, "sometimes little G is bad..." then turned slowly back to facing the mirror.



[ShenronAlt](#)
• 13y ago

Around 9 or less, not sure.

My Grandfather was really sick in the hospital for a while, but it looked like he was getting better.

In the middle of the night I woke up (didn't have a nightmare/dream or anything I can remember) and just let out a huge scream. My Mother came into my room to calm me down, didn't take more than 30 sec to fall back asleep.

Woke up in the morning to her crying, standing over me. They didn't tell me until a few months had passed, but he died that day. According to the hospital it was about the same time when I let out the scream. My Mother looked at the clock before going back to bed. Creepy (and sad)!





[leeryujin](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was asked. "How do you get rid of a body?"

When I did not answer, the child asked Siri "Best way to get rid of body?"

No idea why five year old would ask such a thing....



[ribbitboing](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I work in a preschool. One day I was wearing a scarf, and a little boy told me he could see my neck. I jokingly tried to cover it up better but he said "it's okay, I like your neck." Creepy vampire kid.





[bookemdano63](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was getting ready for a run and I asked my 5 year old daughter if she was going to go running with me when she grew up and she looked confused and finally said "no, you'll be dead by then".

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[TheWitchBaby](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my cousin and I were really little, we would go into the corner and whisper. My grandma asked one day what we were whispering about and we told her "Talking to Papa." Our grandpa had been dead for about four years at that point.

We did it on and off for about two years, each time my grandma would freak out when she caught us.

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[tophmctoph](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent but mine told me about the time they caught me when I was a child I threw all my diapers on the floor, chanted and hopped around them while dumping all the baby powder onto them and then pee'd all over the pile of baby powder and diapers.

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[Deadinthehead](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a youngin, I abruptly turns to my father and asked:

"Dad! when are you going to die?"

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[emmOne](#)
• 13y ago

Disclaimer: not a parent. Coming in for a landing on a very turbulent flight:

Kid in middle seat: "We die." Me: "?!?!?" Parent: "That's right! We fly!" Kid in middle seat: "We die. We die."

Repeat about 20 times.. Spoiler alert: we did not die.





[jwatzman](#)
• [13y ago](#)

After reading through the shit in this thread, I'm not sure I ever want to have children. They are fucking terrifying.



[Voodooimaxx](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Your soul is mine!!!

(He was about 7 - too much Mortal Kombat.)





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• [13y ago](#)

Not my child but my nephew

I was watching him one day and I told him I had to change so he had to leave my room for a couple minuets, he said "no, I want to watch" I just stared for a bit...he was 4



[voucher420](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was at a party & a little girl came up to me, about five years old & said "I like pooh". I asked her what she said "I like playing with pooh". I blew it off, figuring she was just being weird. She goes on telling everyone at the party that she loves pooh. It wasn't until she said it in front of her mother that I finally got what she was saying. She didn't like pooh as in poop, she liked pooh bear. In hindsight, playing with pooh wasn't so bad





[Dr_Nik](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"I call them baby hot dogs because they look like babies without arms or legs or a head."



[scrognog_gutentag](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"Hurt. Mommy."





[knarfdotca](#)
• 13y ago

"If you die, can I have your Laptop?" I was going for Kidney Cancer surgery 2 days later. I lived and I am all better now.



[littlered999](#)
• 13y ago

Recently my four year old twin daughters were sitting at a table together eating some raisins. I could hear them making little people with their raisins, and the raisin people were having adorable little conversations with each other. I looked over and asked why they had thrown a bunch of the raisins into the floor. One of my daughters looked at me and said "Those guys are dead!"





[SeldonsHari](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was tobogganing with my 5 year old and 3 year old and they were fighting over who's turn it was. My 3 year old got to go first and the 5 year old said "I hope his sled goes in the river"





[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user





[AKBx007](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'd say that's a perfect time to start jingling the keys.





[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

Thank goodness I'm the first person to live in this house...



[THEJinx](#)
• [13y ago](#)

THEN WHO WAS PHONE!?!

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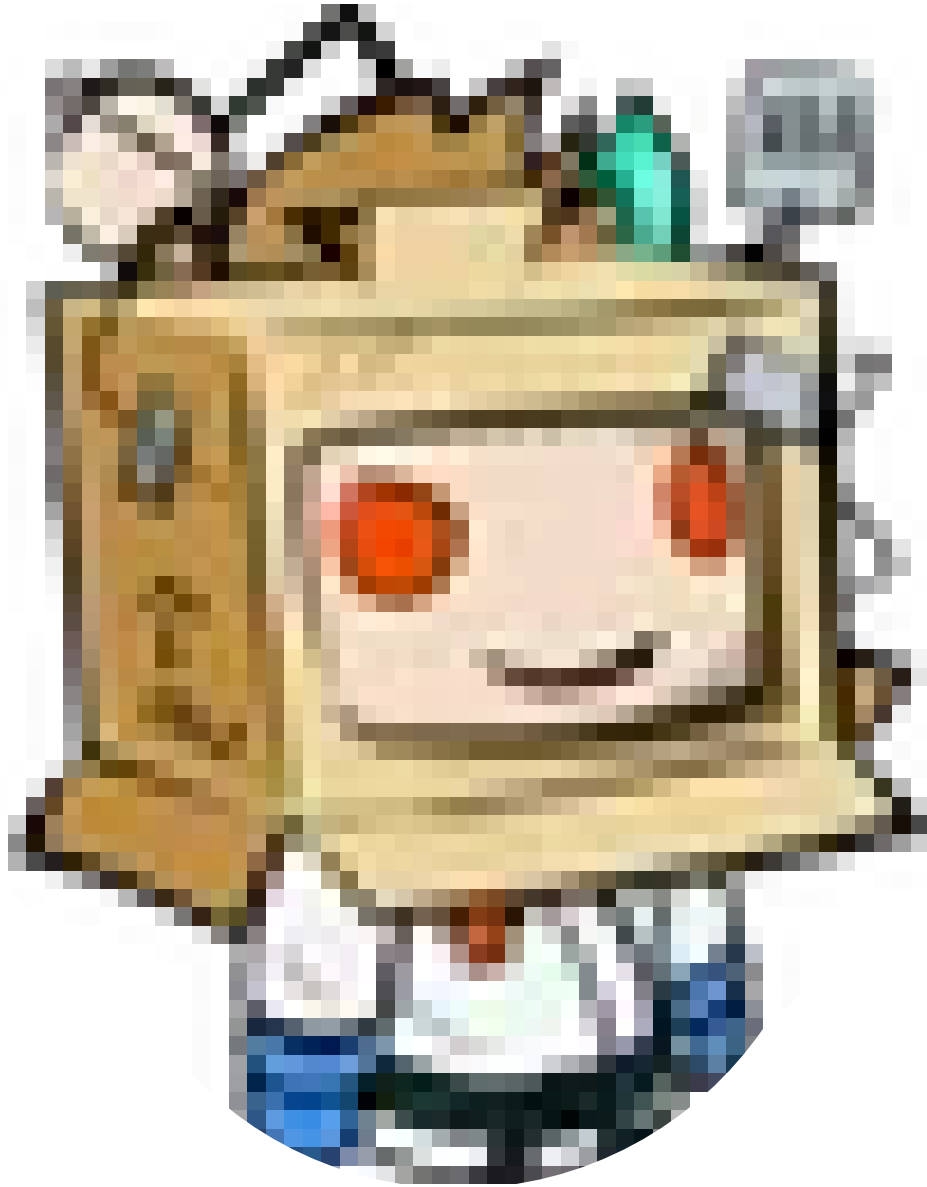
[kkrusky](#)

• [13y ago](#)

when I was little my mom was driving me home from some store and I was in my car seat rambling on not making much sense then I got serious and said "man take (my name)" I said it over and over. My mom asked me who and I didn't say anymore. When I started school I had major anxiety issues and didn't want to be away from my parents at all. Thinking something shitty happened to me in a past life :(

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[Calvin0433](#)
• 13y ago

I thought this post would make me laugh while I was taking a shit. I'm kinda disappointed and I just opened my door so I wouldn't be so scared.

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• [13y ago](#)

Not my child, but working with a student at school:

I was working with him on an assignment and ask him a question. He doesn't respond for 30 seconds and then looks into my eyes and curiously/innocently asks, "do you want to die?" Shit still freaks me out.

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[Drusylla](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my youngest at the time was 3, she snuck up behind me while I was looking at an SG set. She said "Her boobs are nice. But not as nice as yours." And walked off. I was like WTF.

Same kid when she was 2 took one of her blimp toys she got from, I think Burger King, and used it as a gun for a mafia style hit on one of our friends. She walked up to said friend, pointed the blimp at him, pushed the button so it made noise, dropped the toy, and ran off.

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[vtaznj](#)
• 13y ago

My friend let's her kids watch horror movies. He said to his mother "be my victim".

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[skrulls](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a young child my imaginary friend was the ghost of my cat, who was hit by a car when I was two.

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[IsThatuJohnWayne](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was at a neighbors house and his youngest son would always yell that's my toy, mine. When he asked who he was talking to, his son said the little boy in my room always wants my toys. The same kid would look out the screen door and say there's people fighting outside. Both of these things happened on several occasions.



[dogs_playing_poker](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I had my niece tell me I should wear her panties once it was odd.

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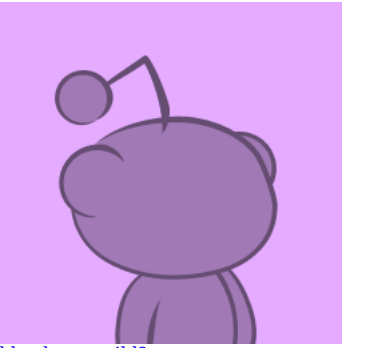
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[Jaguartactics](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"Red Rum"



[blondegonewild9](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent but I am a nanny and the little girl was looking up at the ceiling talking to nothing and when I asked who she was talking to she said her "friend"





[kabloona](#)
• 13y ago

"Do shooting stars shoot people?" - why my son was reluctant to step outside to see a meteor shower.



[benkr16](#)
• 13y ago

My wife came home the other day from her friends house, which is down the street. She has a little boy who is about 4... Anyway, she walked into her friends house (her friend was getting dressed at the time in her room) and saw the little boy walking out of his room and he said, "did you see him?" My wife says "who?" Because she knows the husband was out of town playing softball. He said "his name is "other daddy"". My wife tripped out and asked the little boy which way he went, and he pointed to the garage door. My wife said her heart was beating really really hard and she felt sick, but she went in there to look, but found nobody. She asked the little boy more about him. He said he plays with him in his room when no one else is there....my wife asked her friend about it later, and she told her that it was his imaginary friend. Which is weird, as I would assume a kid would have a kid imaginary friend.

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[MuggaMuggaa](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 2 year old daughter bit my wife. Then turned and with a huge smile on her face said "Yummy Bacon".

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[THEJinx](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Long Pig...

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[DirtyOldTownMan](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My mom told me that I looked at her dead in the eye at four years old and said: "Mommy, I like to poop in the bathtub, and sometimes I put my finger in my bum and feel the poop before it comes out." I was cool.



[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I am 14 years older than my little sister. On my 16th birthday party my friend picked up my sister and said "I hear you sing all the time." and the two year old says "We don't sing here..." In the most creepy voice ever! My friend left the party shortly after that.

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[ben531](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I don't feel comfortable sharing this with dr_handjob

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[Soteriophobic](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I found a note from my then 4 year old daughter that said something like I love you, I have to kill you. I think I saved it.

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[Leighbert](#)
• 13y ago

My friend's 5 yr old son was playing with his mom, my friend, on their couch in the living room. They are a close family and cuddle and snuggle all the time. She was kissing his cheeks when he stopped her and asked her to open her mouth. This weird and imaginative child said he wished he could be really small so he could "come inside her mouth". Needless to say she'll have to explain that one when he's older.



[RakbonerSucks](#)
• 13y ago

reaching arm into sink, towards garbage disposal "God will give me new fingers"

Then I had to explain that god wouldn't give him new fingers

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply ☼



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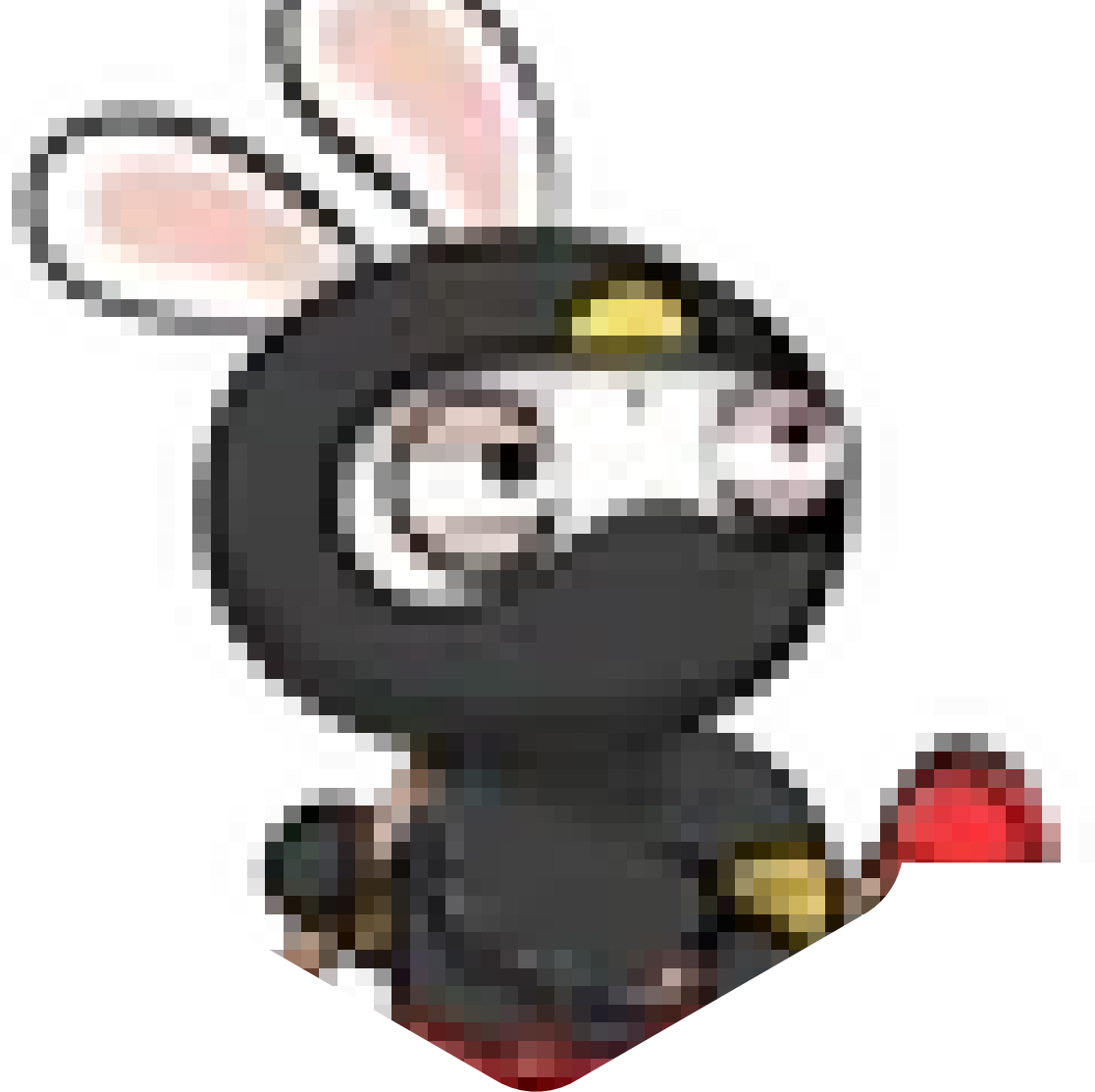
[Tigger tigr0u](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Holy shit I never knew kids were so creepy!!!! (And also, why the fuck did I read that before going to bed??)









[BearcatChemist](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

TIL I don't want to have children anymore.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

ITT: freaked out parents leaving out that they punched their kid in the face.





[olddalan](#)
• [13y ago](#)

If you're thinking about having kids, don't read this





[QuadCoreMoSuckra](#)

• 13y ago

Not a parent.

But as a child, I was very much into police officers and firemen and the hubbub... Much like any other young boy.

We were out of town at my grandparents house and my mom and I went to Walmart. And then... I saw the tape. My mom bought me the VHS of Super Troopers back in ~2001-02. This puts me at age 7. I begged for it, mostly because it looked funny with the troopers om the front. I thought it was going to be something like Cops.

I watched it unattended in my uncle's old room, sitting on the floor and braking my neck staring up at the tube. I ended up watching the whole thing in one sitting, seeing and hearing everything... Marijuana, Farva naked, the heavy groping scenes, etc.

One scene in particular caught my eye. The scene in Ramathorn's house with the Germans from the traffic stop. Thorny was my favorite trooper and I distinctly remember him asking "Who wants a mustache ride!?" and the Germans flipping out. I went out to my grandrents living room and smacked my hands together and rubbed them just like Thorny did in the movie asking, "Who wants a mustache ride?!"

In front of my grandparents, parents, and my great aunt... My grandma dropped her glass of sweet tea and my mom looked at me with the most angry look I can ever remember her giving me.

In short, a childhood combination of Super Troopers and the plethora of RoboCop movies lead me to chase my peers around the playground as the robot supercop Alex Murphy in a Vermont State Police car. However, that's another post.



[tiefsa](#)

• 13y ago

We just had a new baby in the family. The four year old didn't like the baby, nor did he like that mom nursed this baby. In Wal-Mart he busted out this song and sang it for 30 minutes straight to mom and dad.

"I don't like Mom's boobs. I don't like her boobs" x 1,000









[Kateysomething](#)

• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

My 2 year old told me 'John [blank]' was in the hallway. That being the name of a 2nd cousin of mine that died years before she was born and I had DEFINITELY never mentioned in her presence (and had probably not even thought about in 5 years).

Edit: the [blank] being the last name of aforementioned cousin.

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[FluffyMatress](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

My daughter is three years old. the other day she told me a nightmare she had. she said, " Mommy we were at the park, and you HAD a Zombie baby in your tummy!" I was like..."what? Really," and she was like," Yeah, and it ate out of your tummy and crawled upto your neck and ATE YOU!!!! And Yellow milk was coming out of your BOOBIES!!!!!!" Yeah...fuckin' creepy.

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[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

"I'm going to cunt punt you momma"

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[idontcare88](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I picked up my older brother at the airport, who was meeting his 3-year-old niece (my daughter) for the first time. She was in her carseat behind us. When my brother turned around in his seat and said "Hello, nice to meet you", she responded "I want to take a knife and stick it in a man's belly until he dies". My brother, who had a warped sense of humor already, thought I set her up to it, but I swear I don't know where she came up with that! We didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

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[smileygrenade_](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent- but my sister, back when she was about 4-5 years old, used to sleep walk with her eyes open and just stand at the top of the stairs for hours just looking down bellow totally emotionless and unblinking.

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[mbrooke94](#)
• 13y ago

Little brother told my mom that she was going to die on Wednesday.

[🗨 Reply](#) [↗ Share](#)





[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply





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• [13y ago](#)

After reading all of these comments I've completely forgotten what link I click on to get here haha

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[KoreyYrval](#)
• 13y ago

My son explained to me that in no uncertain terms would he want to be taken by the monsters in his room at night. This was because they eat children by turning them inside out with their tongue. Go ahead and try to sleep after that.

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[TheMuze](#)
• 13y ago

My 5 year old son told me one night before bed.

"Dad I know what I want to be when I grow up"

So I said what.

"I want to invent a machine to keep you alive forever, but don't worry we will need to test it on animals first to make sure it works and doesn't kill you"

Tears were shed slightly afterwards :)

 Reply 





[8GRAPEsofWrath](#)
• [13y ago](#)

No hilarious dialogue here, but I used to bang my forehead against things in the middle of sleeping. Every once in a while I will wake up doing it now, I usually just keep doing it for a bit because it's calming.

Anyway, I was spending the night at my cousin's house one night around the age of 8 or 9. We slept in a red metal framed bunk bed, with me sleeping on bottom. I was sleeping like normal when all of a sudden my uncle wakes me up in a panic,

"Are you ok?!"

My two cousins, aunt, and uncle are all standing over me as I'm laying belly down in the bed gripping the metal bed frame. They were all staring at me like I was crazed or something. Turns out I had been hammering my head against the bed frame for a while and eventually woke everyone in the house up.



[andWonderland](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 3-5 I started crying and told my parents that are dog Isabel was gonna die tomorrow.. the dog passed away the very next day. I remember this as clear as day

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[thepiedpiper72](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 3 year old was mad at me and said "Mama, I am going to kill you like I kill a spider...squish you with my shoe until you are dead."

For some reason my greatest fear is that my kids will grow up to be serial killers or something...this comment does NOT calm my fears!!

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• [13y ago](#)

"How old do we have to be to get a phone and drive", asks my 6 year old. I told her 15. So do you mean you have to get dead before I get a phone, cuz I reeaallyy want to have my own phone." I'm sure she was going to murder my husband and me for a cell phone.

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[Spartans16](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Firstly. Reddit your children are creepy as hell Secondly, where do children get these ideas and words? I'm open to the idea of paranormal but would prefer a scientific reason

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[KwesiStyle](#)
• 13y ago

What is science but the study of reality? I think we should give up the word paranormal and instead use the phrase "shit science has yet to figure out." You know, like stars and gravity back in medieval times. I think sometimes when we say "I would prefer a scientific reason" we actually mean, "I would prefer a reason that would fit in with the limited scientific knowledge of the Universe that we have today, and not something that may not be verified until the far future." Human knowledge is limited, and just because we cannot presently explain something scientifically does not mean that that phenomena is ultimately outside natural law. I appreciate skepticism, but the reality is a lot of the times we just don't really know one way or the other and saying "real" or "imaginary" affirmatively with no qualifiers is bullshit either way.

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[⊕ 1 more reply](#) [⊗](#)
[⊕ More replies](#) [⊕ More replies](#)



[for once](#)
• 13y ago

I am a nanny for a 2 year old boy. His mom is 4 months pregnant. He keeps telling us that the baby is crying and will pat his mom's belly saying, "It's ok." and "Stop crying baby." Really weird.



[spanishDan24](#)

• [13y ago](#)

It's funny how this is asked by Dr. Handjob

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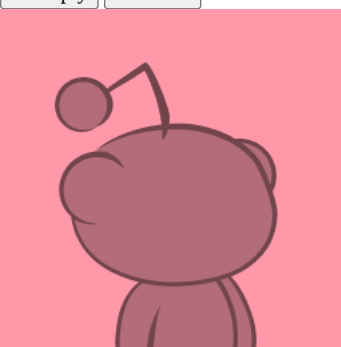


[RottingZombies](#)

• [13y ago](#)

my daughter who's 3.5 constantly talks about when she was maimo's (she calls my mum maimo) mum. she will also talk about when she had different parents, and she lived in a different house. she also talks about when maimo was in her tummy, and that she was the boss when maimo was a little girn, and she was naughty. my grandmother died when i was 10 or so.

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[greenman42](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My friend's sister was tucking her son in one night and he said "I'm going to make you suffer." "You're going to make me suffer?" she replied. "Yeah! Like toast."

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[BlurryMango](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Reading these comments has confirmed to me that I'm not having kids.

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• [13y ago](#)

After my ex-wife (very fucking stupidly in my opinion) told my (at the time) 3-year-old daughters that their grandmother was murdered, every time they hear about somebody being gone or such, they ask if a bad guy killed them too, like grandma.

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[mattinacube](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm in bed all alone and need to stop reading some of these

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⚙

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[Bbyxdoll](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My little brother told my dad at the dinner table yesterday "if you let me have dessert i wont do anything to you in your sleep"

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[cuteblackchic](#)

• [13y ago](#)

OMGosh! My 3 year old daughter just came to me and said: "mom, we saw Roger die in the park" me: Who's Roger? daughter: my friend, we buried him in the park...

What makes this even creepier for me is that, this comment from my daughter came 2 minutes AFTER i clicked off this thread...

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[livejuice85](#)
• 13y ago

My 6 year old had a nightmare one night, and came crawling into bed with me. After a little while, she fell back asleep. I continued reading, and about 15 minutes later, she sat straight up in bed, turned to me and whispered, "mommy, they won't be quiet. Tell them to stop." Needless to say, didn't sleep at all that night.



[daketrugs](#)
• 13y ago

my friend's kid- "know why i like to kill cops the most!!?" super excited. he plays a lot of grand theft auto and killing cops makes you get more wanted stars than killing a regular civilian, so you can run from more cops of course.



[Knuckle_dick](#)
• 13y ago

Three year old told me yesterday that she wished that she was as evil as Darth Vader so that she could choke people that she doesn't like.





[Kurg](#)
• [13y ago](#)

my dad, brother (10 years my junior) , my sister (12 years my junior) and i were getting out of the family van after having just arrived at the mall. the last one of us out of the van was my sister, she was bout 7 at the time says quite matter-a-fact-ly "I hope everyone in the world burns." we all just really stood there after that for a bit, she seemed puzzled as to why we didn't just go on with our day and head into the mall already.



[Shexerz](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Why am I reading this shit in the dark.





[Aneciasama](#)
• 13y ago

When my oldest was 5 and my 2nd was 1, eldest one vividly described a dream she had. In it, my younger daughter was brutally nailed up inside our TV armoire, dead, and she opened up the door and found her.

The details she gave to describe the dream was creepy enough. The fact that she still brings it up once in a while ("mommy do you remember me telling you about that dream where...*insert gory detail?*"). She is 11 now, so for 6 years I've had to randomly hear about this one dream.

Tl;dr 6 years ago my child had a gory dream in which her little sister was found brutally murdered, and she still occasionally talks about it.

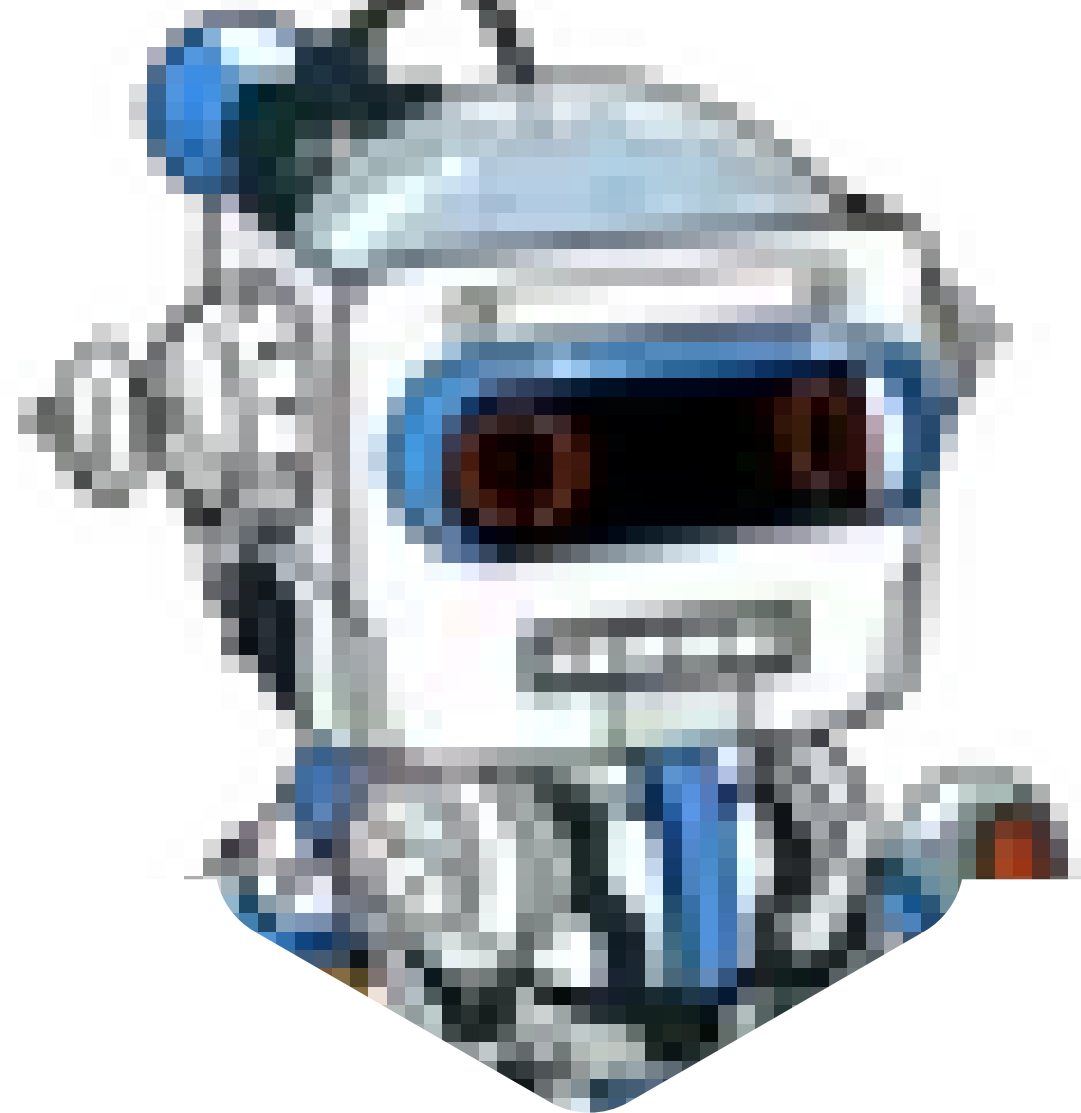
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[InanimateCarbonRod18](#)

• 13y ago

Thanks reddit, now I'll never sleep again.



[Drissles](#)

• 13y ago

When I was 9, I told my 2 year old brother the dog shit on the lawn was chocolate. I thought it was hilarious until my mother came unglued.

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[maieshaa](#)
• 13y ago

I farted in front of my sister, she's 10. and she replies to me, "EW! I heard your queef! I heard it come from your vagina"

..... Public schools

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[alyssamontana](#)
• 13y ago

Little kids say and do the creepiest shit sometimes... I have four little sisters that have thoroughly creeped me out before too. Why did I read this right before bed...haha

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[the_norsk_son](#)
• [13y ago](#)

TIL the prime age to have a paranormal experience is between 3 and 7.

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• [13y ago](#)

TIL I never want children.

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[Jcraft596](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Tl;dr GHOSTS ghosts everywhere.

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[sethbob](#)
• 13y ago

My boss' daughter of 4 came up to me once and said, "I have a secret." So I bent over so she could tell me the secret. The secret was, "I'm going to cut your neck off."

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[entrepreneurdude](#)
• 13y ago

The creepiest thing ever is having the username "Dr Handjob"

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[Frankencutie](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Well this one is odd, but it's not spooky, it's more like comic relief. This happened when I was about 4, I don't remember it, my mother likes to tell the story.

Around age 4, my older brother's favorite TV show was The Flip Wilson show (comedy/variety show, early 70s). At the time the only TV I liked was cartoons, so I used to sit on the living room floor just playing with my blocks or whatever while he watched his show.

One night our family was returning from a visit on a long train trip, and the train got stalled on the track in the middle of nowhere, power out, completely dark. We were stuck there in the dark for ages.

Suddenly I jumped out of my seat and began marching up and down the aisle of the car, reciting Flip Wilson routines, word for word, mimicking his inflections, the works. I did routine after routine, keeping the passengers entertained. Finally the power came back on and the train started running again, and I just went and sat down, didn't mention it again.

I guess kids' brains can passively absorb amazing amounts of information early on. Somebody alert the public schools about this.

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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)



since my twin brother and I were about 3, we've been going to the same island off the coast of Spain three or four times a year (my dad fricking loves this island). Anyway, when were about 5 or 6 he took our mother and us up to this really old convent on top of the tallest mountain on the island as a sort of something-to-do excursion. This place was really old, at least a few hundred years and because it was a working convent, there were nuns all over the place. Everything was going fine until 5-6 year old me, for no reason whatsoever suddenly becomes aware of her own mortality and starts crying. According to my parents, I was literally wailing like a wounded animal and begging my Dad not to let me die ever because I didn't want to go to Hell. He's a hardcore Atheist and freaked the fuck out. Apparently everyone (including the nuns) were staring and in the end he took me to confession (much to his chagrin) in the hopes it would calm me down a bit. It did for a little while but my parents still tell me about all the times I would bring up my death/their deaths/my brother's death/friends, family and strangers deaths, usually in public.

TL;DR- My inner child is obsessed with her own and everyone else's death.

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[womperstomp](#)
• 13y ago

the only one i can remember about my weird family is the time i was sat in my brothers room (they share bedrooms), i was sat watching something with the older brother while the younger (11 years old) was asleep. half an hour went by, my little brother leans upwards to like a sitting position looks at me for ages, i was freaking out, but my other brother just said, " its the magic, go back to sleep" like it was nothing pretty much the exorcist

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[warcomet](#)
• 13y ago

I wanna see Bill Cosby host this series..hahahaha :D

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[persephx](#)
• 13y ago

I had a number of experiences myself as a kid which were absolutely freaky. These both happened when I was about 10.

When I lived in my old house, i had put my school shoes next to my bed a bit apart from each other. Turned the light out, was about to fall asleep when i heard an almighty clap. Turn the light back on and my shoes were perfectly together. Scared the shit out of me.

Then, that same year, I was about to fall asleep when i heard my dad calling to me from the other side of the house. I could hear him calling my name, telling me to get up and come and see him. I nearly shit myself, waited a few minutes, screamed like a maniac until my dad came in the room and asked why he was calling for me to get out of bed. His response was 'I wasn't calling for you. I was watching TV. Don't be stupid.' Walks out of the room, and leaves me freaked out. Needless to say I didnt sleep very well that night.

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[PatrickRsGhost](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This supposedly happened when I was about 4. Shortly after my mom remarried to my adopted dad, one night I had sleepwalked into the living room, sat down in my chair, and just stared at him, very deeply. It was like I was staring through him, instead of at him. I then just laughed at him in a maniacal manner. He jerked me awake, but I couldn't remember what had happened. He quickly walked me back to bed.

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[leiaazae](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My 4 year old son asked me to switch the TV on. Because his "best friend" wants to watch TV. I asked, "What friend?" He replied, "There, at the sofa". He smiled and waved at the empty sofa.

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[Roquen](#)

• [13y ago](#)

tucking my 2 year old girl into bed, just before she lay down she pulled me close and whispered into my ear " the aliens are coming".



[terrain72](#)

• [13y ago](#)

when our new house was being built, my ex & i moved for a couple of months into a unit that gave me the heebie jeebies from day one. cold, shivery kind of place, with a horrible sense of nostalgia. weird feeling. anyway one saturday I was out shopping in town, when my boy, about 5 at the time, comes into the lounge and says to her..."daddy's in bed". she tells him, no darling, daddy's in town. "oh" says my 5 yr old..."then who's the man in daddy's bed?" I hated that unit.





[Ctrl-F5](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was awoken in middle of the night by my sleep walking 4 year old daughter tapping my shoulder. I turned over only to see her silhouette from the hall light. She then quietly whispered 'follow me' and with her index finger beckoned me to follow. She then walked off back to her room and into bed, still asleep. Scared the life out of me, something straight from a horror movie.



[yxorsm](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My big sis has a four year old girl and is 5 months pregnant with a boy. Her daughter was wondering how the baby got in the belly, and my sister told her that she would explain that when she got older, because it was difficult to understand. My niece seemed to accept this for an answer, but a few hours later in the car, she says to my sister, "Mom? What if we eat the baby, but without chewing?"





[NetWt4Lbs](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

we live in an apartment in a 115(approximate) year old house, which is about average for my area, I think the oldest house in my area is 160 years old.. '

anyway, my three year old will say 'shes upstairs mommy, that girl is upstairs. shes flying mommy'

when we moved in we scrubbed from top to bottom, even vacuuming and cleaning out the basement in the attic, we found an old vanity desk with a tag from the 50s or 60s, like movers would have put on it, there were pretty frilly butterfly curtains and pink papered walls, like a young girl had the place set up to be her own little reading/private spot. my husband absolutely HATES the attic, it makes him uncomfortable.. we also found an old tintype (old timey photograph) of a baby with no name or date...

my kids, all three will run around patting their hands in the air like they are petting a dog, and giggle and act like they're playing tag with a dog.

they also pet the air at about cat height. we have never had a dog or a cat as a family, and they arent around animals very much

when i lived in another apartment with an old boyfriend the house was...oh at the least it was 150 years old, and it was a duplex.

the basement was creepy as fuck, there was a random door in the middle, that went to an empty room (the basements ran side by side, and the door was splitting our half, in half...) anyway when i went down the door would rattle, and id get a general feeling of being watched even though no one was in there (I checked!!) and when I brought the dog down he would bark and growl at the door (the wiring was all new, none was exposed in the basement)

there was also a weird recess to the left of the stairs that I hated and wouldnt go into, it creeped me out.



[PowerPuffGrrrl](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I babysit these two kids (a brother and a sister) regularly. They rarely fight, but when they do, shit gets weird. Last time, the older one refused to share her sticker book with her brother, and he tried grabbing it from her. Furious, she started screaming hysterically (really long screams without breathing) and scratching her brother's face. Seriously overwhelmed, I was trying everything I could to get her to stop. However, it was as if she couldn't hear me at all. It also seemed that she couldn't feel my touch... After nearly five minutes, she just lay down on the floor, completely motionless, still totally unresponsive. Then, she got up really strangely (without using her hands), and doing something that was a lot like a tribal dance. She also chanted in the most growly voice I have ever heard, slowly and quietly and then faster and louder, "yes... yes... elephants would kill him! yes. yes... ELEPHANTS WOULD KILL HIM!" She then collapsed again and woke up after about half an hour of me hysterically calling my mom and FREAKING OUT, with absolutely no recollection of what she did. WTFEEEEEE

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[palmd](#)

• [13y ago](#)

8yr old girl: "daddy, how big is yours?"

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[frenchmeister](#)
• 13y ago

Before I was even born, one of my brothers started complaining to my mom that his imaginary friend Bolio was keeping him up all night and not letting him get any sleep. He'd never mentioned Bolio before, so my mom asked him to describe him. He said all he ever saw of Bolio was his tail, which had a triangle on the end (ie a cartoon devil tail). My brother slept on the bottom bunk and Bolio would drape his tail over from the top bunk and swish it in my brother's face all night long, smacking him and keeping him awake.

Since she was right in the middle of reading "The Amityville Horror" at the time, my mother was reasonably disturbed.

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[Soulsculpta](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

When I was a kid, I used to keep asking my Mum where my big brother was and when told I hadn't got one, I'd ask why didn't I have a brother when clearly I should have...

Also used to speak in a strong American accent...

I'm apparently an only child and very definitely Scottish...but with a very eerie connection to parts of America that make nooooo sense. Used to get memories that weren't mine...Never had any connection to my birth name either...

There was an older brother called Mitchell. Then quadruplet Twins called Michael, Jonathan and Andrew Anderson...I even know their faces...a couple of other siblings but don't know their names for some reason. Nor of Parents. The Dad does look like a thin version of my Dad. West coast...San Diego and L.A. And I've never ever been to either of those places.

Never figured out what was going on...Creeped my Mother out no end and has frustrated me to the ends of the Earth. Only thing I can think of is that it's because my Dad's adopted...and it's weird stuff from Dad's real family.

Edit: fourth quad was me...didn't know name...all I knew was that I wasn't what my parents had called me...

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 2 more replies

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[ashybuggy86](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Isn't exactly creepy but just today my two year old tell me as I was on fb eeeew mommy look at that ugly skank. not sure where it came from but I certainly had a good chuckle. even if I did have to tell her it was bad.



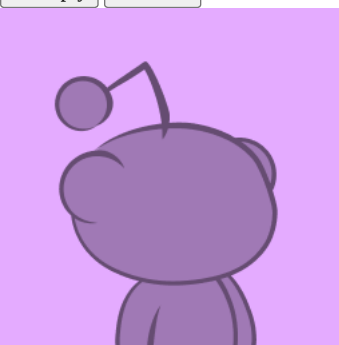




[WhenWolf](#)
• 13y ago

I used to work at a daycare, working as an art teacher. One day this little 5 year old boy was sitting at the picnic table with some crayons and he was furiously scribbling a sort of whirlpool scribble on his paper. I sat next to him and asked what he was drawing. He never stopped drawing as he responded "the future." I watched him scribble some more and prodded again, "the future's a mess huh?" He nodded, and when I asked where he was in it, he said "I'm not in it." Idk but I was really creeped out!!

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[EVERYNAMEISTAKENWHY](#)
• 13y ago

throwaway because reasons. When I was 7, I was molested. I didn't know how to tell my parents, but I knew something wasn't right, so I would tell them the strange things to get try to get the point across. Things like, "I think that man wants to get me." or "Does it hurt when the things happen?" (I knew about sex, I think that was what I was referencing.) I also had weird dreams after that, just generally about "bad people" (I don't exactly remember, memories are vague) Parents still don't know.

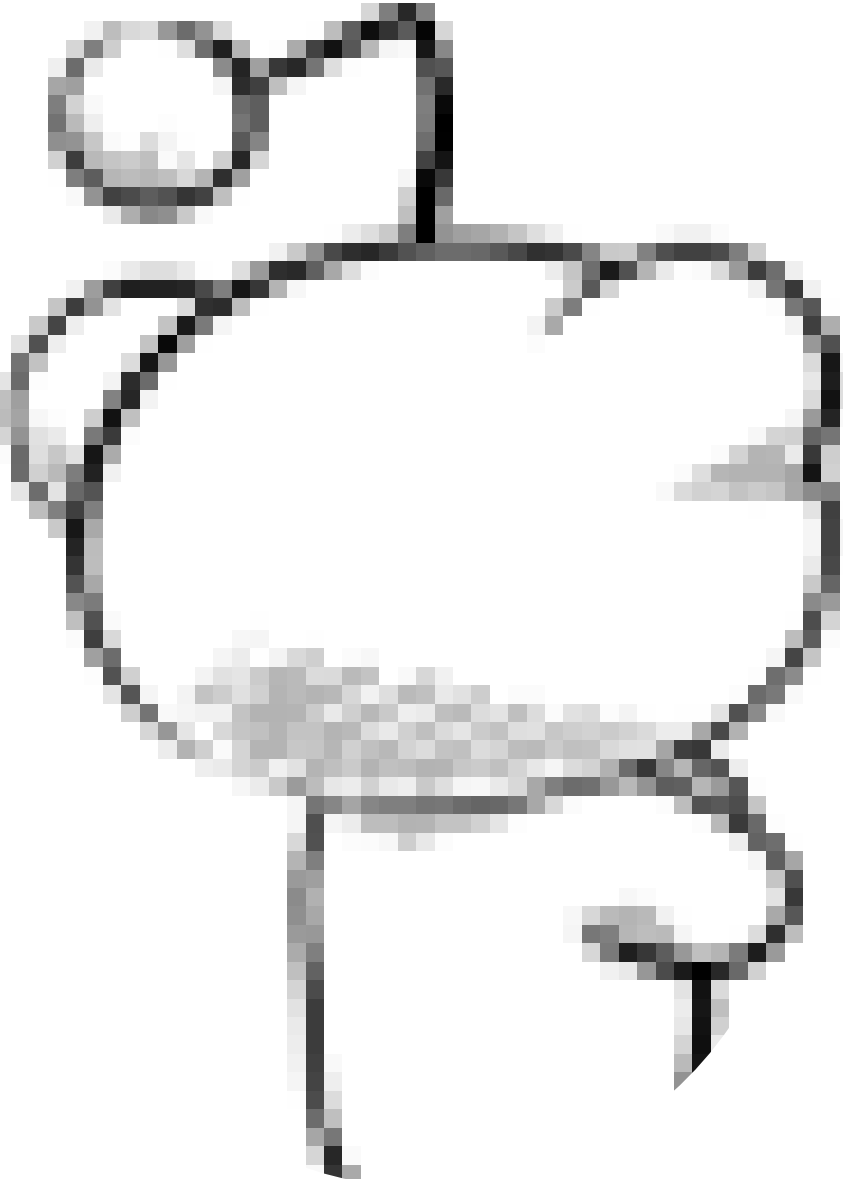
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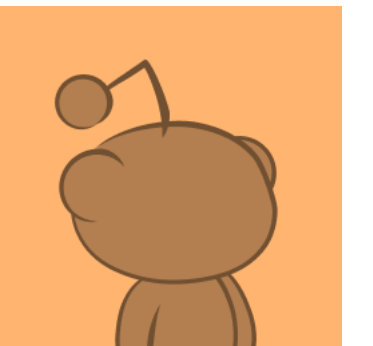


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[cadleeley](#)
• [13y ago](#)

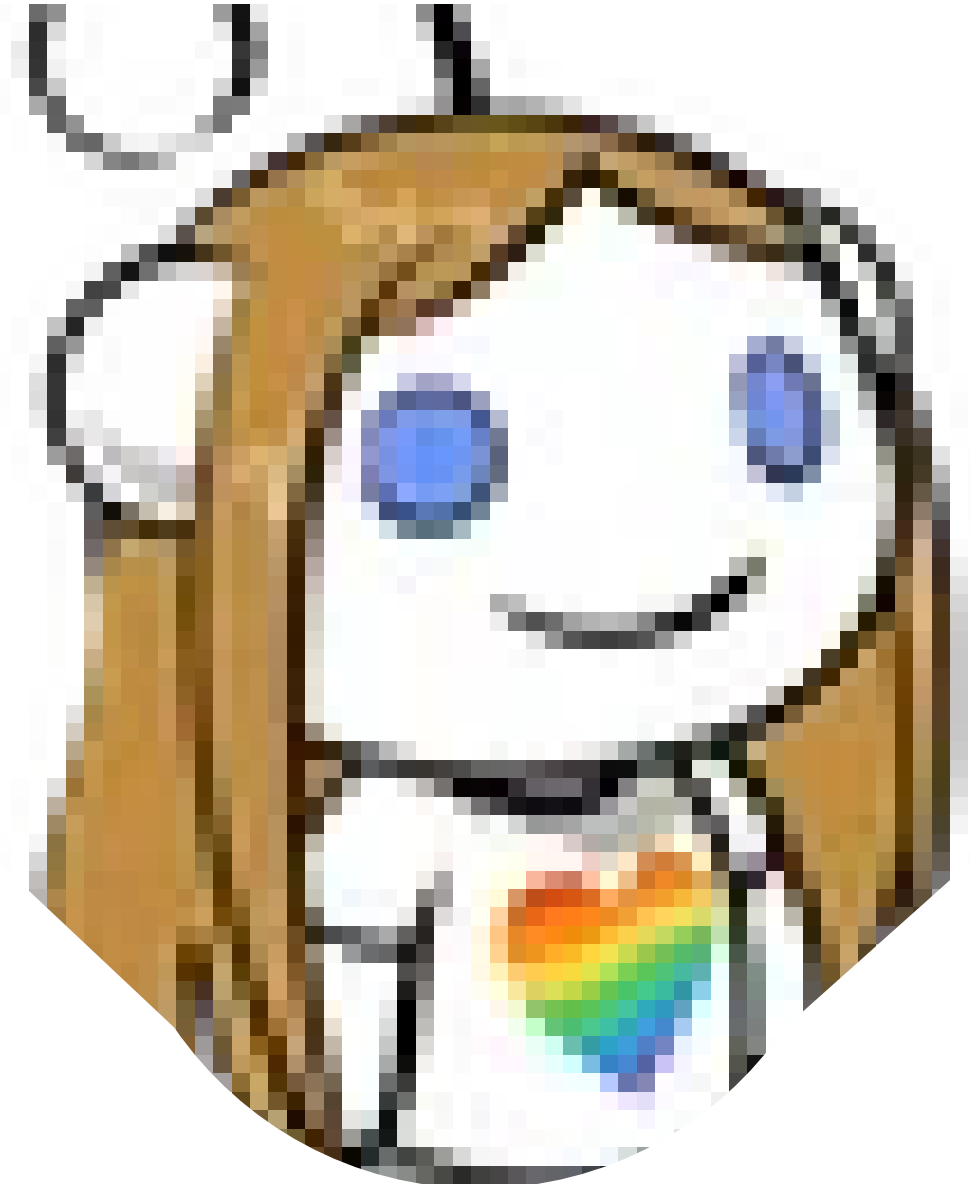
I work with kids in a preschool setting and the kids say all kinds of things when they are mad. One day I was sitting in time out with a little boy and he was mad about it. He looked me in the eye and said: " I wish I had a knife so I could cut you up and see your insides!"



[lalala_lauren](#)
• [13y ago](#)

[So this got made](#)





[mormonfries](#)
• [13y ago](#)

For the record, this is the most fucked-up, creepy thread I have read for a long time. Reddit should write horror.





[stygyan](#)
• 13y ago

Crowdsourced horror?

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[dr-robosaur](#)
• 13y ago

I never told anyone, especially not my parents because I knew it was messed up, but I had these really awful imaginary friends. They were twins, a shy scared boy and a really mean angry girl who would constantly bully him and try to boss me around all the time. I really dont know where I got the backstory, but I knew they died in a fire and were all charred and black even though I couldn't see them. The worst part was they left for a little while and when I was slightly older the girl returned, saying the boy would never come back so I would only have her. Really though, has anyone not had imaginary friends who were super creepy? I've never heard of anyone having anything close to Foster's Home territory.





Momma-Loki
• 13y ago

I developed this ability when I was like thirteen that would trick people into thinking I was awake. I started seeing and hearing stuff (I assume it's paranormal) when I was about eleven, and so I started suffering from insomnia because I was terrified the shadows would come for me in the night. I hated being woken up, because I slept so little. So I would sit up, open my eyes, look at whoever was trying to wake me and have a coherent conversation with them until they left the room. I would never actually be awake, and I have no memory of any of the conversations. My mom tells me they were very convincing, and it was hard to tell if I was actually conscious or not.

Well, my brother liked to come by often (we're not related by blood; our mom's were best friends in high school) and one day my mom came to wake me up, for some-odd reason. She opened my door, said my name and I apparently sat up and said to her, completely dead-pan, "let him in."

Not thirty seconds later, my brother knocked on the door, asking if I wanted to come over.

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kellbell85
• 13y ago



A friends daughter insisted there were witches living in their house and they asked the girl how she knew they were witches the girl replied "because they have no faces"

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[zaviton](#)
• 13y ago

Sort of a shitty story, but here goes. When I was younger I used to always insist that i remembered being born- Specifically, I remembered wishing to be a sparrow but having 'picked too late' after deciding my parents. Also, I used to believe/think (and after reading this, not sure what to think about this) that in a past life I had been a baby/young animal run over by a car. (I remembered the headlights.) I also used to pick up on skills much faster than other kids- skills like writing and drawing, and this caused my grandparents to believe 'i'd been here before'. Doesn't help that I saw that very grandmother's ghost after she passed away(i ran upstairs and was informed everyone upstairs had smelled my grandmother's perfume, despite bacon cooking which should have been an overpowering smell).



[ShayaMary](#)
• 13y ago

There was one time that I was babysitting my Mom's boyfriend's daughter who is 6 and can only speak a few words. She went downstairs into the basement and stood at the bottom of the stairs turned to face the wall. She was smiling, laughing, jumping for joy, covering her eyes - like she was playing peek-a-boo, and waving her hands. I went down there and told her to come upstairs and she refused. It took me at least ten minutes of me standing there telling her to come upstairs, her pointing and saying "he say no", and her throwing fits, I finally got her to come upstairs by telling her we were going to watch Dora. When she was coming upstairs she was waving, and saying, "bye-bye. play later."



[wobniar_wolf](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a toddler, apparently I would talk all the time about my older brother who died. My mother had like, 5 miscarriages before I was born, so it freaked the whole family out.





[Suaria](#)
• 13y ago

So some background information is I had lived in this house since I was a preschooler up until the end of 4th grade when my family moved. My grandpa had built the house so no one had died in the house. I had to go down a hallway to get to the bathroom. In the last few months of living in the house, I would go to the bathroom like every night. But then when I was walking back in the pitch dark, I started seeing a man with a lantern following me back to my room. At first, I thought the man would go away but he didn't. I would race to my room but then the man would run after me. I would then literally stare at my door the whole night scared shitless the man would come after me. I even told my parents and brother and they all told me it was nothing and that I was probably seeing my father since he stays up late. It got the point where I would put a bowl in my room the night before and if I wanted to go to the bathroom, I would just go in the bowl.



[2krazybud](#)
• 13y ago

It was about 2am and my 6 year old daughter woke me up and I thought she was talking in her sleep. Yes, she was: but in something not understandable. I tried to wake her but the talking kept on, so I moved her to the toilet thinking she had to go to the bathroom. I bent down on the floor on my knees and tried to get her out of this, what ever it was. A good 5-10 minutes with no luck, until suddenly her eyes opened wide and positioning her eyes over my shoulders she blurted out "it's behind you". This scared the living daylights out of me and I screamed for my husband to get in to the bathroom with us - right now!! Thankfully it never happened again.

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• [13y ago](#)

Apparently, when I was about three to five years old, I would talk about running with the jaguars as a priest of Xbalanque.

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[anneboleyns](#)

• [13y ago](#)

A few years ago my sister, my mother and I were going through some old drawings and things that my sister and I had made when we were little. We found one that my sister had done when she was about 7. It had two tall grey buildings on it that were smoking and on fire, and an airplane. It was dated September 1991. It really creeped us all out but my sister didn't remember drawing it at all.

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• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but my grandparents told me this.

When I was younger I lived with them because my Dad left and my mother was in a mental hospital. When I moved there I was about 4-5, and I slept walked and talked really badly. One night I sleep-walked into their room and asked them why they wouldn't let me play with the boy in the attic. They ushered me back to bed and I fell back asleep, but they were terrified and checked the attic when I was asleep because my room was the room with the attic in it.

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• [13y ago](#)

When I was very young my first memory was waking up as if I had someone else's mind in my body, fully cognitive and comprehensive thought of where was I and what was going on before I even knew what most of the words i was thinking were..... And to this day I wonder what the hell it meant.

It only lasted a few moments and then I ran off toddler speak running to my parents..... But I never ever forgot it.

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[lyliepie](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 2 and a half (before I was really speaking properly) my mum left me alone in the kitchen for a minute, when she came back I turned to her and said: "Did you see him? The man was a frog and the frog was a man. Did you see him?"

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[theigei](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I don't remember this myself, but my grandmother once told me about this time she babysat me when I was like 4? She was reading or something, hours after she had put me to bed, and suddenly I come into the room saying, "Don't worry nana." Nothing more. She freaked out and put me back to bed. I have never sleepwalked again in my life.



[erzsebel](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My six year old: "Mum, I love you, even if you die."



[Jpatzz](#)
• [13y ago](#)

when my sister was younger around 3, she was in the car driving past the cemetery and said to my mum "that's where you go when you're in the box" she had never been to a funeral or exposed to that stuff.



[muttlery](#)
• [13y ago](#)

my then three year old would come up close to my face, staring at me and whisper a range of horrible things. the worst was 'i am going to cut you up and put you in the rubbish truck' he's five now and is making up for it by telling me he loves me one hundred and forty, eighty five, ninety, one hundred and a thousand.



[kaylagenis](#)
• [13y ago](#)



When I was about 7, I had a phase of sleepwalking. I woke my sister up one night walking round the room crying and moaning "it's lost, it's lost!". My sister tried to wake me and apparently I turned to her, eyes wide open, and touched her face, then dropped to floor and woke myself up as I fell.



[lisarosemary](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When we were kids, we found & nursed two little kittens who'd been abandoned. Sadly, they didn't make it as they were only a couple of weeks old and too young to live without their mother. We gave them an appropriate burial in our back garden. My little 3yo brother was of course fascinated at the thought of once-living things being put in the earth, and wanted to dig them back up to see what had happened. We found him out there stroking a stone he thought was a little skull.

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[Pixelnated](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Once when taking our then 3 year old for a walk around our neighborhood after supper, my daughter stops and points to a densely wooded area and asks us "Who is that man standing over there with Jesus?". I start looking for a possible homeless person an the woods and see nothing so I laugh and ask her to repeat what she said. She does then asks why did his arms just fall off? Needless to say we cut the walk short and went home. Still have no idea what she was talking about

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[pika23](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my cousin was 3...he pretended to have an eraser, and threatened to erase his father's nose and mouth so his father could not breathe.

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[fistagon7](#)
• 13y ago

Once my four year old told my wife that she was going to kill her while holding a toy light saber.



[golfpinotnut](#)
• 13y ago

Glad it wasn't a real light sabre

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[sacraig](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I've learned not to engage a child of five when they are having night terrors and sleepwalking. It's kinda like working on a psych unit (of which I do). Anyway... Many years ago when my son was five he was having these night terrors and sleepwalking which lasted about a year. One night I was downstairs and I heard the floorboards creak on the second floor. I run upstairs and he's in my room completely paranoid, scared, near tears and very much asleep. I'm telling him to go back to bed and that he's safe but he's too scared and telling me that he can't. I asked him why and he begins to look around the room like he's looking for something or someone. I asked him why again and he says, "He told me not to tell you." Now I'm pissed because is someone messing with my kid? I speak sternly and say, "OK who told you not to tell me?" Then he looks around all conspiratorially and whispers, "Sponge Bob." It was back to bed for him. Obviously I still tell that story to this day. Hey, Sponge Bob creeps me out too.



[flogger](#)
• [13y ago](#)

when I was a child both my younger brother and I were considered odd. I saw things and he heard things that no one else recognized, and it was weird as fuck.

case in point, one night after a particularly brutal beating by our mother, I was awoken by a glowing white man. I immediately recognized the man as my paternal grandfather, whom died when I was two and before my brother was even born. I do not know how I recognized him, he looked a lot healthier and happier than he did in our family pictures. he was wearing a grey suit and flat hat and glasses, but was kinda translucent.

anyway gramps waved to me, jumped into a ball of light, and left my room. I recall being more shocked than terrified and fell back to sleep (which in hindsight is a big deal, as I've suffered from chronic insomnia since I was fairly young).

here's the kicker; the next day my brother (whom also had the shit knocked out of him by mommy dearest) told her about a voice that'd whispered he was "a good boy". now THAT terrified me, because my mother used to call us bad children/girl/boy when she beat us.

to this day I don't know what really happened. I told our father years after we moved in with him and he got very quiet and sad.



[PandasEatRamen](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

A few years ago I was babysitting my cousins since my aunt got stuck on the late shift. They were 4 and 8. I was around 17 or 18. So I just got them out of the bath and ready for bed. Headed back down the hallway and to the living room so they could watch cartoons before bed. I see the 4 year old out of the corner of my eye looking into the pitch black bedroom, smiling and waving. I suddenly got chills and asked what he was doing. "Waving" To who? "I dunno." I made him go back and sit on the couch, I still had the shivers several hours later and every time I passed the room I refused to look inside since it was bad enough we had to sleep in that room after that.

Once when I was little I was at my grandma's. I remember on one occasion asking her if I could have her house when she died. On another I remember telling her a man walked past the front window and around the side of the house. She went out to look and there was nobody. They lived out in the boonies.

Edit: I also remember a time that my aunt told us about, her oldest son was 4 (same kid and aunt from the first story). She picked him up from our house after we babysat him and took him home. He sat on the couch asleep and started reaching out, she began putting his arms back down and he started reaching out again. She asked "What are you reaching for?" He replied back "Dat Ghost."

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[softlunge](#)
• 13y ago

This isn't a story about me, it's about a little girl I babysit sometimes. I was over at her house babysitting her when all of a sudden she started whispering to herself in the other language her family also speaks. She turned to me and told me "he's here" with a completely straight face. Now, she's only 4 years old so i didn't understand how she would be playing a joke on me. She began to crawl around on the floor as if she was possessed and then stopped immediately and got up and walked into the kitchen. I thought maybe she was getting a drink or something, then I heard the most blood curdling scream and ran into the kitchen. She was standing there looking as if she had seen a ghost, and stared down the hallway pointing at the doorway and whispered "he's here".

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[ihavetogotospacenow](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a little kid, from when I could talk until I was about 7, I would tell my Mom every night "Don't forget to lock all the windows and doors so that the butchers can't get in and get all of us."

I meant burglars, but having your child tell you to lock up so the *butchers* don't get in must have been extremely terrifying...

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[jifitz77](#)
• 13y ago

My two year old daughter has been talking about a man in our house for a while. Her top three comments:

1. "Mom, who is that man that is in the wall?"
2. "I am going to get up at night, go downstairs and go outside all by myself." I asked her why she thought she could do that, "The man told me to," she said.
3. We are lying in bed and she says "Knock knock. Who's there? The man" and then whispering and pointing right above us "The man is right here."

Scared the shit out of me everytime!



[Gcb13](#)
• 13y ago

It was about 11 years ago now, I was 12 (now 23) and I was a friends house. My friend and his brother about 2 years younger than us were sitting in they're play room watching TV. It was about 11pm and they're little brother who was about 3-4 at the time came to the door, looked at us for about 30 seconds, then runs away giggling. We just thought it was strange cause he had been asleep for ages. Few minutes later he came back, but this time he was peaking around the corner. We didn't acknowledge him so he would go away. He steps around the corner with a knife, screams at the top his lungs, stops looks at my mate and says how did you escape his death. The runs at him swinging the knife! Never been so scared in my life.





[OogleBoogley](#)

• 13y ago

As a kid: for a long time, every time I would go to my best friend's house there would be this terrifying presence that would scare us so bad we would cry and run inside the house. We told her parents, but they didn't think anything of it. This presence would slither under the trampoline, snap branches in the trees, or just stand there and stare at us until we got that cold sinking feeling and stopped playing to give each other a look and run inside. One night four of us kids were in their camper hanging out when that devastating chill ran over and we all went silent before the door suddenly flung open with such force it rocked the camper. We all screamed, her brother checked on it and nothing was there. None of us slept that night. Finally one night we were sitting in the dining room after dinner and chatting and the subject of this Stranger Ghost (that's what we started calling him) came up and out of curiosity her dad asked what he looked like. My best friend, myself, her brother and our other best friend started describing him: middle aged, balding on top, brown leather bomber jacket, dirty jeans, construction boots. Before then we had never talked about his appearance but everyone who'd experienced him said that's how they saw him. Her dad looked slightly rattled but passed it off.

Then one night toward midnight, she was sleeping in her room when she suddenly got that feeling again. Before then he had only been around outside the house, never inside. She heard her dad in the kitchen and went out to tell him she didn't feel safe because she thought it was in the house. I don't think her dad slept well that night.



[Soulsculpta](#)

• 13y ago

Dad knows more than he's telling...





[barbarian4LIFE](#)

• 13y ago

I was living with my sister and her husband and watching their 2 kids for them and my niece, who was two and a half years-old at the time, suddenly was scared to go in her room. She said she was scared of "the man in the wall." I checked her room and didn't see anything. This went on for a few days.



[puffyface82](#)

• 13y ago

My younger sister used to come into my room in the middle of the night and crawl in to bed with me because she said 'there were too many people in her room'

Now when she drinks sometimes she'll have conversations with what she claims to be ghosts, but she never remembers in the morning.



[LacedSerpent](#)

• 13y ago

I can't remember this, it was related to me by my mother and father. When I was 3ish I was living with my parents and my great grandmother (which is still alive btw) and just minding my own business playing with my toys in the living room, when suddenly I picked them up and went to my bedroom. When my mother came to see what I was doing, I asked her "is the old woman gone?" "what woman?" "the old one wearing glasses". My great grandmother didn't wear glasses, but apparently before us, there was an old woman who lived there.



[veganbbq](#)

• 13y ago

when my cousin was about 4 years old, she had a plethora of imaginary friends; the most frequent friend was named Big Wawa.

one day, a storm was just about to begin and it was very gray outside. as she peered out through the french doors in the den, she said:



storm's coming...wawa's coming."



[epreis2](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This morning my son asked my wife, in all seriousness, if she was a zombie. He had a dream that she was a zombie and she was eating his head. He was shaking scared.



[acci0glee](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent but one afternoon was babysitting two girls (one is 2, the other is 5) and the mother of the girls has all of their toys and costumes and stuff in the basement so we were to hang out there. I'm already a chicken so I wanted to turn the TV on and they were like "No, mr. Stinky doesn't like that." And I kind of shrugged it off and asked them what they wanted to do.

A bit later, I took a seat on the couch by the tv and they both stood in front of me and said "Don't sit there!" frantically. I just looked at them and entertained their panic and promptly asked "Why not?" and one of them replied "Mr. Stinky sits there." So, I moved over. This was the second time they had brought this "Mr. Stinky" up so I asked who he was.

"He's the man who sits on the couch at night." The older one answered. At this point I was getting a little more freaked out so, I just stayed silent. And then the younger one says "He sits on the couch and night and makes it stinky. I see him when I put away my books!" and at this point I was like ***** help me. And then the older one piped up "Bailey (the dog) doesn't like him. She barks at him a lot."

The last part continues to freak me out because I babysit for this family often and the dog generally stays downstairs and when I babysit at night we stay upstairs. When I'm up there when the girls have gone to bed I sometimes hear the dog bark and it freaks me out to this day.



[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I walked past a kid yesterday and he randomly said to me "I like cricket" i replied "thats cool little dude" just before he ran off he blerted out "except I hate when I get hit in the face with balls"



[motherGlubber](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I don't have any children, but I do remember something I said.

When I was around 10-11, someone came over our house, because we thought we had ghosts in our house. (Turns out we had a portal in our house. Idk) Whenever no one was upstairs, we would hear running, banging, and jumping on the bed. The person had said there was an older man, and a boy. It would always stop quickly, but one night I went upstairs to investigate. I saw a little boy, around 8, looking down the stairs. I had never been so terrified in my life. I must of sounded crazy when I told the 'rents, because I said "There's a little boy who's going to rip my head off!" TL;DR: said to my rents "there's a little boy whos gonna rip my head off"

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[Weomur](#)
• 13y ago

I don't have any children, but I remember a few things that I did as a kid. Apparently when I was very young, maybe two or three, my parents were scouting for a new house and took me along. They found a nice little place that was pretty cheap, and while they talked prices they let me roam around the house. When the time came to leave, however, they couldn't find me anywhere. After the third search of the house, my mother, in desperation, opened the walk-in closet on the second floor. Sure enough, there I am. She asked what I was doing there. I told her that the nice man told me to hide in there. When she asked for more details, I told her that there was a nice old couple in the house that told me to hide in the closet so I never had to leave ever again. Suffice to say that we didn't buy the house.

There was also the time that I was taking a bath and became convinced that I had died and turned into a skeleton, but that's a story for another day.



[dougjoe](#)
• 13y ago

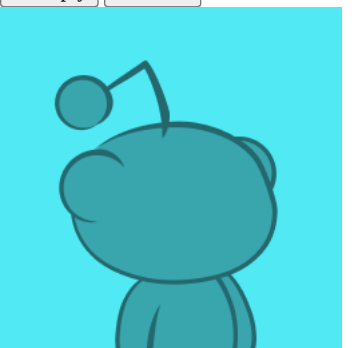
My 8-year-old son approaches my wife (his mother), and says "Can I put a baby in your belly, mom?"



[ShannonMM77](#)
• 13y ago

When my daughter was learning to talk (not quite forming complete sentences) she would become hysterical telling us that her dad was stuck in the road. She was insistent that we should go help him. She kept referring to him as (to the best of our understanding) Raoul. She did this frequently for a few weeks and then let it go. I am a single parent and she only "met" her father a few times before turning 6 months old. His name is Matt.

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[shivaeternal](#)
• 13y ago



My grandfather died in 2004, he passed quite quietly in the hospital with my aunt watching him - he broke a hip and didn't recover from the surgery. I remember waking up around 2:40 am on October 11th and feeling very sad, I was bawling my eyes out for a few minutes and then fell back asleep.

Found out the next morning he had passed and my aunt said that, as he was passing, he kept asking "Where's the baby?" My daughter was just two years old and she was the youngest born at the time so we found it strange since my grandfather had only seen her once when she was about 4 months old.

After the funeral, a few days later (I didn't take my daughter, she stayed home with her father while I traveled), she was searching the house frantically for something. I asked her what she was doing and she stopped digging out all the flashlights under the sink and said in frustration:

"I need the sunlight, grandpa says it's too dark to see."

I felt chills go down my back. I found one of the bigger lights and gave it to her, my eyeballs huge and she flicked it on, pointed it towards the window and said "That way, grandpa."

I still get chills thinking about it.

My grandfather always had those big flashlights with him wherever he went, he liked to carry them and when I was little, he used to say that the bigger flash lights were like the sun, because he'd basically blind me with them.

I never called them that around my daughter and she's certainly never heard my grandfather call it that. Don't screw with ghosts.



[lulabellalula](#)
• 13y ago

nothing he has said, but what he did. There is an old cemetery by our house that we must drive past everyday, only one time did this happen. He was sitting very quietly backward facing in his carseat, so quiet in fact that I thought he had fallen asleep. I stopped at a redlight right next to the cemetery and he immediately started giggling & making noises. I turned around in my seat to look at him and he was waving out the window at the plots. It was daytime, so i looked to the cemetery and there was nobody there. As the light turned green, i started to drive & he continued to laugh & make noises. I look in my rear view mirror & he's now looking at the empty seat behind me & gesturing with his hands, speaking baby blabber & giggling. The hairs on the back of my neck def stood up.

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply 
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[ThatGayWarlock](#)
• 13y ago

This literally just happened, whilst I was reading this shit. My little sister just opened my bedroom door, paddled over and whispered "Muuurrrderrrr" to me in a creepy little voice... then she went down stairs cackling. She's four.

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[AsteriaM15x](#)
• 13y ago



When I was younger I had a "friend" called Michael. One day I was in the bath and Michael was talking to me. My mum asked me to ask Michael where he was from. A few seconds passed and my mum says I responded with "He wasn't born, he was lost"

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[becausepandas](#)
• 13y ago

ITT: Potential [r/nosleep](#) posts.

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[LibraWitch](#)
• 13y ago

I remember this one time I was laying in my bed as a small child. my mom was in the room. I said to her "who's this man smiling?" I clearly remember being a shadow-like figure. a black sillouette. I think till this day it was my grandfather, who died when my father was 19. i was obviously not born yet, but there were pictures of him around the house, and the family used to tell many stories about him.

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[SatBitsUK](#)
• 13y ago

On to tale #2. My family have an history of seeing ghosts but only at the right time and place namely in hospital the day one of my relatives is to die.

I have many examples when all my relatives do this but the latest is when my grandmother died and my mother stayed there in hospital with her for days prior. It was obvious to all that my nan was to die that night so the nurse on duty gave her a morphine overdose to help her pass peacefully.

It was around this time my mother decided to take a walk and in the grief of her own mother about to die she claims she met my grandfather (her own father) who just happened to die a few months prior. He simply told her to not worry when everything would be ok.

As I said this always happens to my family when in hospital their deceased loved one can often turn up to help them cross over. I have never seen this myself (yet) but it helps their grief.

To expand on this story a little more then I was with my grandfather hours before he died of old age where in front of family he said "it felt like he was being called from the other side". He was dead about 12hrs later when he collapse on the living room rug with heart failure.

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[SatBitsUK](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Tale #3 is the most bizarre and is simply what one school friend told me in all honesty one day years ago.

One of the male teacher at school was afraid of ghosts and would freak out even on a ghost joke. My friend not only pointed out what house he lived in but also why he was extra scared of ghosts.

As it seems that his kitchen was haunted and not just by one ghost but by a complete army battalion who on extra rare occasion would march through his kitchen in vast ghostly uniformed numbers.

The more interesting part of this tale is that they marched through his kitchen on their knees when so very long ago when they marched off to battle the road was once lower.



[gggbbbbb](#)
• [13y ago](#)

There are so many comments about children thinking that they had a past life. Is that a common imaginary/psychological thing?

Anyway, when I was 3 my mother was pregnant with my little sister, but way before she started showing (and I think RIGHT after she'd found out, so before she'd told me), I pointed to her flat belly and said "What have you got in there?"

A few weeks later before she knew the sex I correctly stated that I was going to have a sister. Both events freaked my parents out.

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[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

There's been research about past-life memories in children, and it's been a pretty contentious area. For my part I have a strong conviction that children can manifest genuine past-life recollection (then again, I'm planning to become a Buddhist monk, so take me with a grain of salt), and from what little I've read one can generally distinguish past-life recollections from normal imagination because: 1. recollection will be in the past tense rather than present tense, 2. the child will be matter-of-fact in their presentation, rather than with a sense of excitement or exaggeration, and 3. the information that is recounted by the child will be internally consistent over an extended period of time.

I'm sure there are explanations for such recollections that discount the possibility of rebirth, though. [Neutral POV to the rescue!](#)

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[taybless](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This actually happened this weekend... I was visiting family a few days ago, including my little cousin who is three. She wanted me to push her on her new tire swing, so we did that for a while. We were done and started to leave, but she said "Wait! Colton wants to swing." Her parents never mentioned she had an imaginary friend, but I just sat down and played along. I said, "Who's Colton?" She said, "He's my friend." I asked her if he swings a lot, and she said "No, he's a little baby." And about five seconds later, "He's dead." What freaked me out the most was how she said it like she was just stating a fact. I asked what she meant, but she kind of lost interest and ran off. I asked her mom if she knew about Colton, and she said he's a little boy of the same age she plays with...

TDLR; My 3 y/o cousin chills with a baby ghost and/or is a creepy child



[Raibean](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was 6 I had a hit list. The teacher found it and I got suspended.





[Ciderbat](#)
• [13y ago](#)

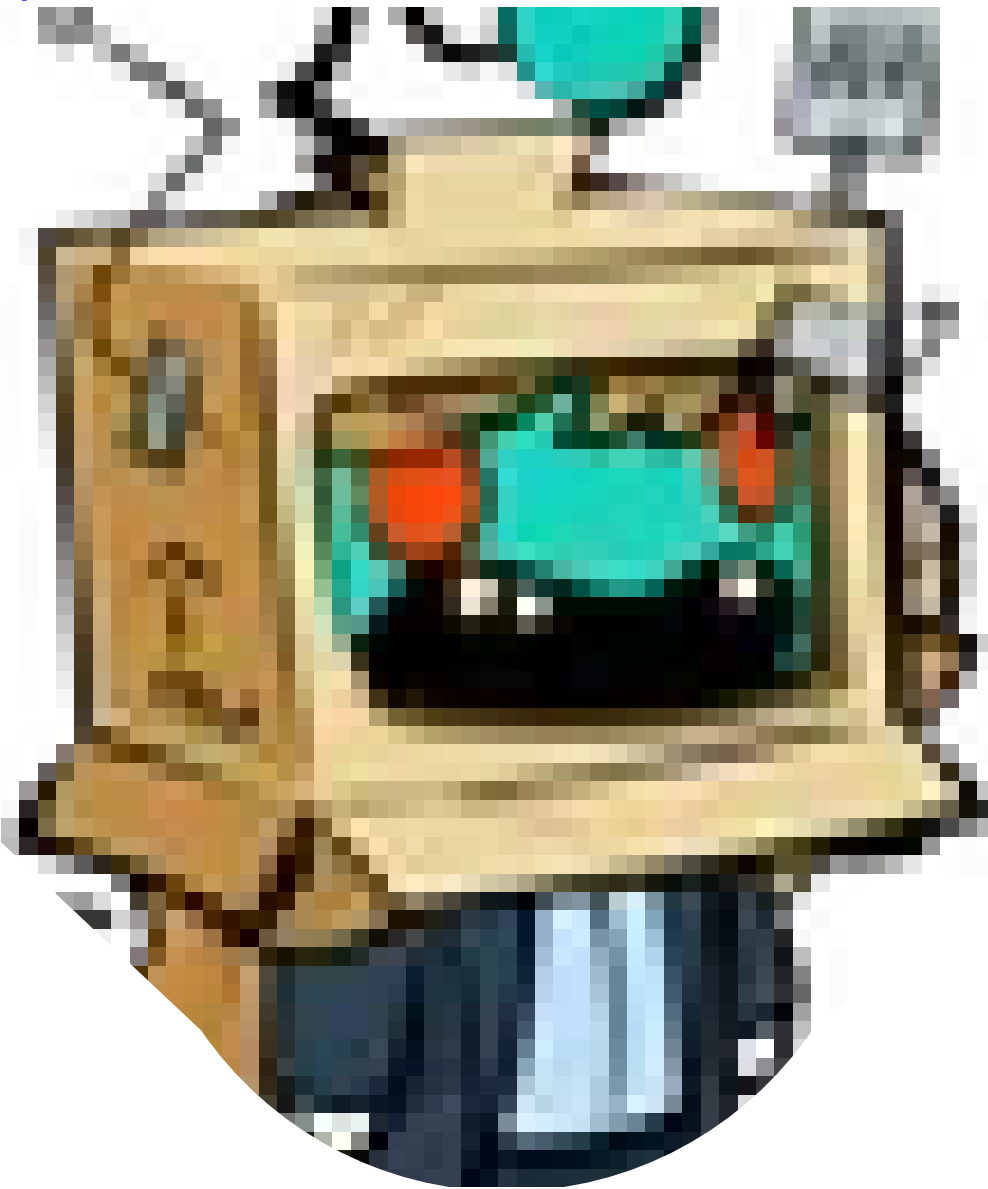
What's wrong with a list of hits? Billboard does it all the time! wakka wakka wakka

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies



[© _More replies](#)



[binkagal](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not my child, but myself when I was about 6 years old. My Nanna had been very ill, but being a kid I had no idea she was dying, or anything about death at all really. One night I had a dream that I was in a supermarket, and my Nanna was there and said goodbye to me. Move forward to the afternoon, and after school Mum broke the news to me that Nanna had died during the previous night. I'm sure she was confused when I told her that I already knew. I don't remember much of my childhood - but I remember that dream and the conversation with Mum very clearly.



[emay666](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My daughter, who is 11 now, never slept well as a baby or even a toddler so she spent a lot of time in my bed. She was an avid sleep walker and talker and on several occasions woke me by yelling in my ear that she loved me in the most terrifying voice I have ever heard. That crazy stalker love was creepy enough, but one night, when she was 3 or 4 years old, after climbing into my bed and getting comfortable she quietly and calmly said "When I murder you I will blame my dad and they will believe me cos I am little, then Oma (Grandma) will have to come live with me because I am too young to look after myself." I didn't go to back to sleep.





[bettytheyeti](#)
• 13y ago

When I was about 8, my sister and I shared a bedroom and had bunk beds. She was on the top bunk, and one night she says

"My friends sleeping under your bed, and she doesn't like you. Goodnight."

Needless to say, I didn't sleep easy that night.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

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[+ 3 more replies](#) 

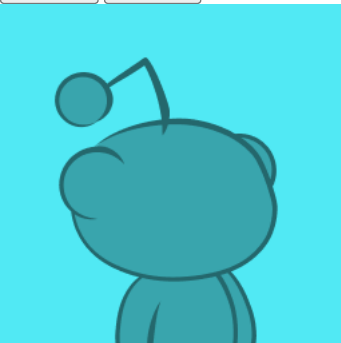




[jpnt06](#)
• [13y ago](#)

One time when my family was visiting Sedona Arizona (allegedly known for psychic happenings) my brother and I were sitting with my parents next to another family - when my brother (about 4 years old at the time) decided to get up and walk over to this family (as my parents were yelling at him to get back over to our table) - he ignored my parents, then gazed up at the family and said "how did your son die?" My parents were obviously distraught and yelled at him. But then the family started crying, and said their son recently died, and they were open to explaining to my brother how it happened. It was definitely surreal.

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[ducksmcgee](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Oh man. My mother has this one story from when I was a kid that she brings up all the time. Apparently, when I was 4, she bought me my first Barbies (three, to be exact - they were on special). She gave them to me, left me alone to play with them for a little while, then came back to check on me. I had apparently dismembered them all and organised the body parts. There was a little pile of heads, a little pile of right arms, a little pile of torsos, etc. The left hands were all missing (I am left-handed). Needless to say, she never bought me any dolls ever again.

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[nightboi](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I have a few. I was tucking in my son, when he was a baby and he kept looking past me in the corner of the room, and says "I don't like that lady." I say "What lady?" and "THAT lady in the corner". There was NOTHING there.

Another time I am reading him Goosebumps he was about 3. On the cover there's an illustration of a knight in armor facing forward and wielding an axe. Debating what I should say about it, since my son was 3, I go with "That guy looks like he's going to hurt someone." And my son responds with "That guy looks like he's gonna KILL someone."

"Another time we are getting out some of his stuffed toys and I pull out a plush Sesame Street Ernie doll from the bin. Making him talk in an Ernie voice, I have him ask my toddler son if he's seen Burt, and my son responds: "He's Dead. Burt's Dead."

EDIT: So I posted before reading the threads then proceeded to read them and I have already read 4 stories exactly like my 1st. now THAT is CREEPY.

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[an9ie](#)
• [13y ago](#)

One night at around 2am I was lying in bed reading about haunted houses on my phone, and freaking myself out, when my 5-month-old baby who was sleeping next to me suddenly gave a demonic chuckle. I nearly wet myself.

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[bearss123](#)
• [13y ago](#)

From the time i was a little kid i used to have these dreams about Stevie Ray Vaughn, in them he was my brother and i would fly to Texas to watch his performances, this happens off and on for years, when i was 23 same thing , but this time the dream is on a runway, at night, with a helicopter with the blades rotating, Stevie is standing in front of it not saying a word, that was the part i thought weird was we were not talking, 2 days later he died in a helicoter crash , haven't seen him since.

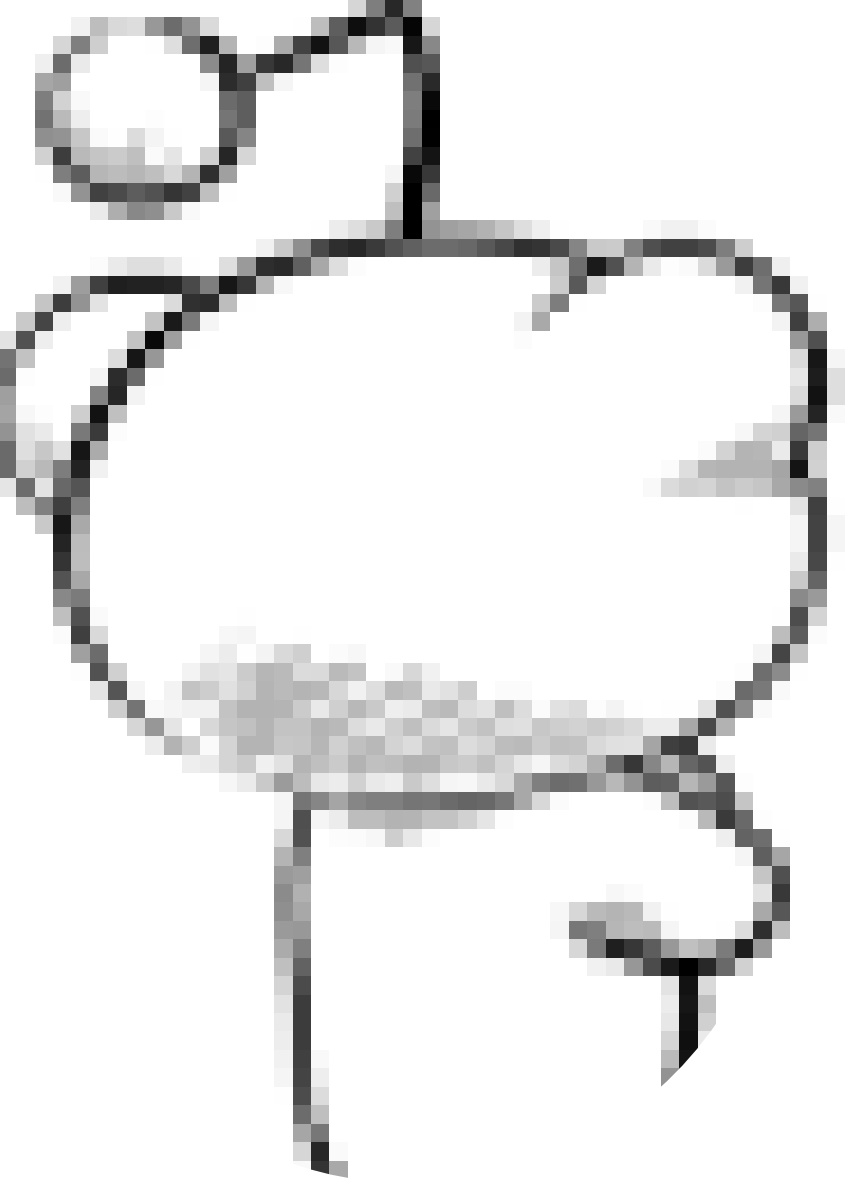
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• [13y ago](#)

One day me and my mom were at the graveyard. I was really curious about that place, I couldn't really understand where I was. I was staring at the pictures of the dead people on the gravestones that we were passing by, and suddenly I asked: "Mom, why isn't there a picture of you too?"

That had to be creepy as hell. P.s. I'm 17 now.





[roseusrex](#)
• 13y ago

My best friend's baby cousin lives with his grandmother. His mother had gotten pregnant again, but it was still pretty early-on. Carter (the kid) and his grandmother were driving somewhere and all of a sudden, he starts screaming at the top of his lungs. His grandmother turns to ask him what's wrong and he keeps saying, "Mommy and my baby brother are in an accident! oh but he's ok though." It was still too soon for them to know that she was having a boy, and she was never in an accident. He also doesn't remember saying it at all, even when his grandmother tried to talk to him moments afterwards.

There was also another incident, but with my little brother, who was 11 at the time. Our great grandmother, who died before him and I both were born, was a very bold French lady. They called her "Grandma Cookie" I never knew much about her, because no one really talked about her, especially my dad, who my brother lives with. He's also 10 years younger than me, so if -i- don't know much about her, he should know even less. OKAY, but yeah. He kept telling my dad that grandma cookie talked too much and begged him to make her be quiet. Apparently she visited him in his sleep and talked his ear off. He didn't even know who she was, and described her to a T.
ooOooOoo



[angeconcon](#)
• 13y ago

As a kid i would have patches of roughly six months of recurring nightmares/terrors/sleepwalking. It started innocent enough, with me waking up at some point and walking continuously into the corner of my room against the walls, which moved onto a nightmare where my Mum pulled up at grans house, mum and sister get out of the car, i wait. Handbrake snaps and i roll down a steep hill and wake up as i crash. Then there was six months where every other night i would wake up and see a swarm of black flies infront of my face, and have to transfer to the parents bedroom. But i think the worst and creepiest of all was something that lasted for over a year, every single night. I would wake up at roughly the same time each night, walk down three flights of stairs and sit and watch the white noise on a large television in my kitchen. My mum would hear the "TSHHHHH" noise and have to come down, turn the tv off, wake me up and send me back to bed.

There were others including my parents catching me one leg over the the banister on a balcony whilst on holiday and on the third floor of a hotel.. I know i didn't say anything per-se but I get the feeling my actions left a creepy enough feeling in the air for my poor mum. My own childhood has stopped me from wanting children

Side note: this is completely irrelevant but still funny, i used to get an overwhelming urge to put things in my mouth i shouldn't have, most common were red ants and the dirt in the crack of pavements.

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[Medilia](#)
• 13y ago

My mum told me that when I was little I would often tell her in the afternoons that I dreamed about that day happening the night before. I would say stuff like "Emily and I had a fight today, but it wasn't the same fight we had in my dream."

I wouldn't have found this at all freaky if not for the fact she told me this back in 2010 when I was in year 11 just in general conversation. I really didn't think about it until this topic came up and I realised that it still happens. The most recent example is the first week I was at my new job back at the start of February I was really paranoid about doing things wrong. On the Thursday night of my first week I dreamed that I went to work and my friend Mark turned up there and because he was there distracting me I stuffed up and I got mad at him and we had a fight.

That day at work Mark sent me a text telling me that due to reasons that I will not discuss here he never wanted me to contact him again or come back around to his house.



The day before I lost this job I dreamed that a car crashed into the building.

It is wierd, like I have abstract dreams regarding certain things in my life. Unfortunately it is the bad things. I suppose it is a warning...

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[Medilia](#)

• [13y ago](#)

OMG totally forgot about this one.

I was a teenager, I think I was 15 at the time.

My boyfriend and I had a horror movie day, I was only scared of one movie and fell asleep fine that night.

But apparently my Dad walked into my room three times that night because my lamp and/or ceiling light kept turning on. Everytime he walked in I was sitting up in my bed with my eyes open just staring forward.

I am thinking that would be really freaky because I had dark hair back then and pale skin.

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[documentingkate](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Late to this thread; still eagerly awaiting the 'creep' my kid will say-she's only 18 months. But when I was a kid-maybe 3, my mom and godmother took me out to lunch. When the waiter approached and asked us what we would look, I apparently turned my head around slowly to face him and said in a low voice, 'I'll take the chicken's neck.' I'm pretty sure they hustled out of there after that.

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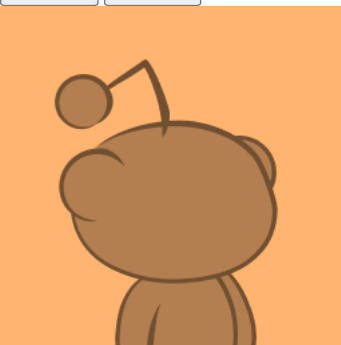




[BELLA1982](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My dad was joking around with all of us kids one day and he tripped my 6 yr old step sister and she fell on the ground. He was laughing and she looked at him with a stoney stare and said "You're going to regret that" haha I have never forgot that face and voice!

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[jtholmer](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm very happy I can't remember anything off cuff my daughter has ever said to me, but my mom told me once when I was maybe 3 or 4 I came in the house with a random wooden plank from the back yard and when she asked me where did it come from, I told her I got it from the box her mother was in... Freaked her right the hell out as her mother had passed about 3 years before and I had no knowledge of anything regarding her burial. She still looks at me crazy about it to this day...

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[Nahthatsnotme](#)
• [13y ago](#)

While I was pregnant with my first and babysitting my cousin's kids the 5 or so year old girl who had a crush on my husband came up to me and said she was going to cut out my baby and kill it. Never been comfortable around her since :/

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• [13y ago](#)

It wasn't so much what he said, but what he did. My two year old nephew wanted to sleep with me one night, so I let him. At first, he laid down and we both went to sleep. I woke up at some point in the night and he was just sitting straight up, staring at a point on the wall. He never moved. I woke up maybe three more times and every time I did, he was still staring at the same spot on the wall.

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[beefinthepale](#)
• 13y ago

When I was about 8 and my sister was 6 she was sleepwalking (the first and only time) she was sitting on a couch sitting very proper and "drinking tea" and talking and laughing to a lady then stopped and looked out to the door way where my mom was standing after my mom asked a few questions My mom managed to coax my sister into going upstairs to her room and going back to bed she complied and doesn't remember the incident. My mom and I get goose bumps every time it comes up.

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[Scorpio919](#)
• 13y ago

In my old house my dad asked my mum a couple of times who the visitor was. "The old man" he would say. Mum just ignored him being silly.

Don't remember this but when I was 5 we all moved into a new house. My mum asks how I like this new house. I reply with "I like it because the old man isn't here watching me."

 Reply 





[djadjective](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son used to sing about poking out eyeballs and eating them.

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[Gddsstia](#)
• 13y ago

When my daughter was about 5 she had a slight fever, and woke up terrified, screaming, when I was comforting her trying to calm her down she was looking past me towards the ceiling screaming that it was going to get me. We slept in my room after that.

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[whateverisnttakenn](#)
• 13y ago

my mom told me about when i was little, i was eating spaghetti and she looked away for a second looked back and i had the bowl on my head and i laughed pointed at nothing and said 'the man!' and was laughing. She said she thought it was her dad

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[saffrontrail](#)
• 13y ago

This afternoon, my 4 and half year old son was rubbing two small wooden toys together and told me "I'm making fire with this. And you are the wood, I shall set you on fire." I just laughed it off and posted this status message on FB as a joke, when a friend pointed me to this thread on Reddit :) [In Hindu tradition, typically wood is placed on the dead body and the funeral pyre is lit by the son]



[princessmomo11](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent but I teach swimming lessons to kids around 3-9 years old. I start every lesson by asking "where would we like to go today?" and the usual responses are "the beach" "the zoo", etc. We base the entire lesson on that theme. This one time I asked a class of four year olds where they wanted to go. Most of them responded in a typical way, but one boy shouted out "we should go to kill ourselves!" Needless to say, we did not do that.





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• [13y ago](#)

My brother, Paul, is three years older than me and when I was little I used to tell my family stories about "when Paul was an old lady."

I also used to talk about when I would be older than Paul, but I'm pretty sure that's just because I didn't understand how birthdays worked.



[creepy_kid](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I used to be a pretty weird kid, probably having something to do with the fact that I have anxiety, but I used to do and say a lot of weird things! I used to be terrified that my dad was going to hell 'cause he wasn't a christian, and I used to have nightmares about going to hell. Occasionally I'd wake up crying. I also used to sleep walk. I had these different monsters for each part of the household, and I made up imaginary friends to guard me, except no one could guard me from the one in the shed, except for his wife, who didn't approve of his hurting humans! I also have this weird thing in the back of my head, I don't know if my brain just made it up, or if it was a real memory, but I have this image of a man standing at the end of the shed, in front of the window. He's all grey and black and I can't make out his face, he looks like he's covered in mud, and he's wearing a wide-brimmed hat. I used to hear footsteps going up and down the garden path that would stop as soon as I looked, as well. I used to be scared of going into the building at the playground across the road because there was a lady with goat eyes in there too, but that may have been from one of my elder siblings terrifying games! Some of my mums friends kids were a bit psycho though, they said they saw angels and demons, but that's just 'cause they were bible thumping pentecostals. Sure scared the shit out of my five year old self though.

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• [13y ago](#)

When my son was 4, he came out of his room and said "mommy, daddy, there's a CLOWN outside my window" Freaked out & laughing, we went to investigate and yanked back the curtains...no clown. Still, we didn't sleep very well that night

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[sunshine8675309](#)

• 13y ago

we had moved to a different house and 2-3 days after we did my 2yr old was walking up the stairs and when I asked her what she was doing she replied with "im going to play with the monkey upstairs" all her toys were still in taped up boxes and there was no way she could have opened it then a few nights later she was laying in bed with me for nap time and said "look mommy theres the monkey and pointed to the doorway I told her that there wasnt a monkey there and she then pointed to the wall and said "there he is!" Freaked me out!

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[Yogsolhoth](#)

• 13y ago

I know I'm really late, and they aren't my kids. But a few days ago I was babysitting my girlfriends nephews and the youngest one slowly turned towards me, opened his eyes wide and said "There's a man in the house and he's gonna step on your neck". The kid is three and a half years old and said it in almost perfect English. His sentences are pretty well structured, but this was eerie. I was pretty spooked for the rest of the day and can't really look at that kid the same anymore

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• [13y ago](#)

My intention was to go to bed over an hour ago. But now that I'm distracted and thinking about weird men crawling around on my floor...

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[sweetbrown-is here](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My mum told me that when I was about 4, whilst she was holding me, I pointed to her cheek and said "Sometimes I wonder what pulling your skin off would be like" before smiling and kissing her on the area I wanted to mutilate.





[szlwzl](#)
• 13y ago

My 3 year old son has been talking about the woman he sees from his bedroom window. Tonight we had "when it's bedtime I see the lady, she's a dark lady"

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[gribythebay](#)
• 13y ago

Don't have any kids but when I was 9 I used sleep walk into my parents bedroom. I have no memory of this but my parents would tell me in the morning about how I would stand on my mom's side of the bed and just repeat the word "Mom" over and over again until she would get up and walk me back to my bed. My parents were superstitious about waking up sleep walkers so they would always just walk me back to bed. I also once remember waking up crying in the living room clutching the carpet, all while my frightened mom was standing next to me. She said I kept mumbling "please don't make me go back" over and over again while I cried and crawled away as if being pulled.

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[InfernoBlaze](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My friend's 9 year old daughter came up to me and said with a smile "Cats taste like chicken and when I eat you, you will taste like chicken too. I will roast you in mummy's fireplace and then chop you up." I am now concern

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• [13y ago](#)

At work a few days ago, I heard this kid screaming a couple aisles away. He was screaming about how badly he wanted to leave the store, and kept telling his mother he loved her - like to bribe her, I guess?

After countless screams of "I want to go hoooooome" and "but, Mommy, I love youuuuuu," he screams, "I DON'T WANNA DIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!"



[charis93](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was about 3 or 4 and my Nan had just passed away, we were on our way to visit her grave which was at my uncle's farm. However I didn't know that she had died. So we are walking along and all of a sudden I stop and just start waving, my mum then asks me what I am waving at. I reply "Nanny, I'm waving at Nanny" and pointed towards where my Nan was buried but you couldn't see it from where we were standing. My mum said the hairs on her neck stood right up.





[jenchast](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was 6 I crawled up behind my granpa an bit him as hard as I could on the leg. I rember wondering wat would happen if I did. But when they ask me why I thought that it was not a good reason so I said "I thought he might taste good. "





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• [13y ago](#)

When my brother was about 5, my mom was babysitting the kid of a friend about the same age. When we woke up, there was flour, broken jars of jelly, and other things from the fridge all strewn about.

When we asked them why they did that, the little girl said "The devil made us do it."



[scpioblack](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I have three stories:

1. Once, when I was about 7 and my sister 5, we were arguing, and she finally broke out with, "Well someday when we all die, me and Mom and Meg are all going to Heaven and you're going to hell!!!"
2. When I was about 12, we had spent the day with my aunt and her 2 year old son, my little cousin. We dropped them off at their house, and when we got home, I got this horrible feeling and kept demanding that Mom call my aunt to make sure everything was okay. A few minutes later we got a call from my Grandma because my cousin had fallen down the stairs and broken his arm.
3. (last one, sorry lol) When I was about 3, we were all on vacation and had been out to dinner. When we got back to the condo, as soon as they opened the front door so we could go in, I rushed past them and to this big mirror at the end of the hall, dropped to my knees and started doing the whole worshipping motion (ya know, lifting the arms up then bending down to the floor), muttering "koala beeeear...koala beeeeeeear..." over and over again. Nobody could figure out where that one came from.





[alianablueshadows](#)
• 13y ago

Had to make a post here after seeing this stuff today, since I talked to my mom and she told me this. When I was younger, around the ages of 2-4, I lived in a tiny apartment with my mother. She was a single mom, and did fairly well juggling me and college, though I did have babysitters during her classes. But almost every night I woke up screaming for my mother. I only remember the fear of a large, deep voiced man, and knowing he would kill me. After a while, the nightmares stopped. They started again though when I was about 8, after my mother and I moved to another state since she got married. I don't remember much about the nightmares this time other than the fear of death. The thing that gets me though is this. My mother says that one night I woke up screaming, and she walked into my room, where I was sobbing in bed, lights blazing and just shaking all over. She came to me and asked me to tell her about the nightmare, since her belief was that if you talk about it you can understand faster that it's not real. I don't remember saying this but she says I opened my mouth to tell her, then went white as a sheet and looked past her at the window and said "If I tell you, the secret man will kill you." and she says that I fell back to sleep but as she went to turn out the lights she saw a large, dark figure standing at my window, then it was gone.



[aloknessmonster](#)
• 13y ago

my cousin around the age of 5 kept telling my grandma she'll slit her throat with a knife and laughed about it..





[MHallman90](#)
• 13y ago

My grandpa, lets call him grandpa L, passed away several years before my sister was born. My grandpa L had a great love for horse and raised them for many years. When my sister was maybe 5 or 6 she was sitting on the front porch playing and we started hearing her talking to someone. Well a couple minutes go by and she finally comes in and runs to her room to grab this big stuffed horse she had. When she came back through the living room my dad asked her what she was doing to which she replied, "Grandpa L is outside and he wants too see my horse." My father never speaks of grandpa at all so when my sister said that it shook him too his core. My sister also seen my other grandpa, grandpa E, one evening. Her and my mom was up late watching tv and my mom heard some odd noises and thought she had seen something. My mom didnt say anything to my sister but just moments later my sister said, "Mom, did you see grandpa E?" My mom just slowly shook her head and said, "yes, I seem him too." I'm not sure but I think my sister was very sensitive to paranormal stuff when she was younger.



[mms410](#)
• 13y ago

I work at a daycare and one of our 3 year old kids is a bit odd. A couple weeks ago we put him in time out for repeatedly running into our shins with the Tonka truck. He just looked up at us, calm as ever, and said, "My shotgun is in my car." My coworker and I stared at each other, a little freaked out, and she muttered under her breath "Please don't remember my name when you get older." That's only one creepy incident with him. He came in one morning in the spring asking about a lady in black who was there the day before. He kept asking, "What was her name?" and we had no idea what he was talking about. There are only six people who work there and he knows all of our names. He even told us exactly where he saw her sitting. The daycare is in a hundred year old house that's obviously seen quite a bit, so I don't know if that contributes to any of the weird stuff that happens.

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[rurorolandyourboat](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

My family likes to remind of when I was two years old, and I had a story that I would always tell

I used to say that they weren't my real parents, that my real parents were called Mr and Mrs Duck, but they were shot dead by the 'bad men' and I crawled away until I chose them to be my new family.

I have no memory of this, but according to my parents, I would talk myself to sleep, having conversations with no one

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[takeittakeitalaway](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

Eldest daughter on newborn sister: "so when are they going back to the hospital?"

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[mommawolfie](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

My maternal grandmother passed away when my eldest son was 3 years old. A little while after he was spending the day with my mother and told her 'Nana is a little baby in someone's tummy now'.

We have never discussed concepts like reincarnation so where a 3 year old would get that idea.... My Mum was pretty freaked out.

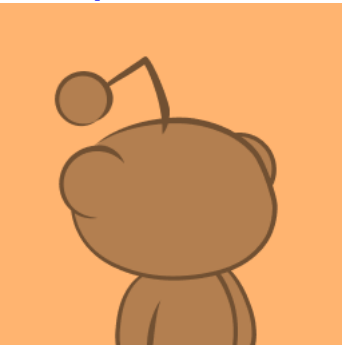
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[floralleti](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but something that happened to me when I was younger. I know I was at my grandparents house, and I remember going into their upstairs bathroom, and seeing a lady? I wanted to talk to her but my Nan always took me back downstairs before I could. I must have been about 3 or 4. Another thing when I was about 7, I went in the front door of my house, and looked up the stairs (the stairs were in front of the door) and I saw a dark figure at the top of the stairs, quite tall, but like a silhouette. I told my dad but he told me it was my imagination.

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[⊕ More replies](#)



[7kk77kk777](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but I remember from the ages of about 4 till around 10. I would tell my parents I was a mistake and my life was doomed, I would go on to tell them I would die before I was 20. I would say I would grow up to develop illness things that would make me in a lot of constant pain and make me want to die and even if I lived past 20 i would die on cancer (didn't know until last year but cancer has killed that last 3 or so generations of my family on both sides). In one of our houses 2 little boys would haunt my dreams and i would sleep walk nearly every night (but only in that house), My parents told me a few years later that in that house one day I was playing in my room when they both heard me screaming, like I had been hurt, they ran into my room and saw me sitting on the floor, like nothing had happened, I dont remember the incident at all.



[SwitcherOccifer](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Growing up In NYC as Irish-Americans, and my Brother-in-law being Puerto Rican, It's easy to assume that he and my sister are raising their kids Catholic. On day, when my nephew was around 2 years old, they were in church. My sister had to take him to the "Family room" at the back of the church to change his wet diaper. The room has a clear view of the interior of the church and is wired for sound so parents can still see and hear the service. While my nephew was getting changed, he looked up at the wall and saw a small crucifix hanging over the changing table. Without looking away, he points his chin at my sister and whispers "Hey, look, Mommy! They got the bad guy!" The other two mothers as well as my sister were mortified, but the older woman, likely a grandmother chuckled out loud. Probably more at the young mother's reactions.

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)





[kittykat606](#)

• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

When I was a kid, one night I had this awful dream that I went into my mother's room and saw this horrid black shadow moving across her wall. She was sat there and said "I've had an accident" I ran to my room screaming & woke up. For months I would not go near her room and used to run down stairs screaming that something was in my bedroom with me at night and I could hear noises and crying in hers when I was alone playing upstairs. I told my mum who acted like I was just being a kid though she looked freaked out. I would sit all night in the garden glaring at her window and cry at bedtime. Many years later when we moved she told me an old woman had apparently died in her room before we moved in. Nice. I've done things like this my whole life even went crazy out of the blue that I needed to see my dad before I was 21 and running out of time though I'd not seen him in 10 years. I wrote him an urgent letter. I found myself sat the night I posted it with terrible stomach cramps.(he died that same night from a stomach ulcer) I called a month later after getting his number to eb told he'd died.



[kittykat606](#)

• [13y_ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Another one, this is my brother. According to my mother before I was born when my brother was a baby she lost her father.(my brother was 6 months old) He used to pick my brother up from his crib and he used to put his hands up and giggle. One night she heard giggling in her apartment and went to check on my brother. She found him sat upright in his crib in the dark holding his arms up and giggling.

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[thekidneversleeps](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

So my parents tell me I used to be an avid sleepwalker.

One night, I walked into their room and stood at the foot of their bed. My mum says when she woke up, I turned towards her and just stood facing her for a good hour before **laughing** to myself, turning around and returning to my room (so they think)

I remember nothing.

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[Wandmaker07](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My father had dementia and was sent home to die with hospice care. We had to put his hospital bed in the dining room, which is right in the kitchen. The day my father died I was on my way to my Mother's home and my Mom called me freaked out. Her three year old Granddaughter was there and went running into her bedroom and cried "Papa's in the kitchen, come see!" and went running down the hall. She plays with Papa all the time and will ask you if you miss him or do you love him really coyly and then say, ha ha he's right here! Comforting to think he is possibly still near.



[allyj13](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This thread has convinced me not to have kids



[WhiteFuzzyDice](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This is related to scary children. It also happened when I was 7.

Near 6:00 pm, I was riding around my driveway. I circled back around to go inside. When I got to the basement door, I heard a whisper-like voice. I turned around to see a little girl. She was pretty pale and looked like her clothes were old, so I guessed she was homeless. The girl whispered, "You will perish at dawn." After that I rode back quickly to the back of the house and went inside.



[Eyjoy](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was about three, I was playing with a friend of mine and got told off for something or other by my friend's mother. I had recently learned what deafness was and thought the concept was really interesting, so I turned to my friend and said, "I wish your mom was deaf", which made sense to me, since then we wouldn't get into trouble for the things we said. Understandably, everyone present thought I'd said "I wish your mom was dead". It didn't go down so well with my parents.





bubbadoo14

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I am not a parent, I am 14 but while I was reading I decided to ask my Mom if there is anything creepy that I did when I was really young and she said nothing except the floating heads I see (I will explain that later.). Well apparently my Mom tells me ever since I was able to speak I have told her about me seeing floating heads. One day when I was 6 or 7 I woke up and one of the floating heads was in front of me, then something touched me on the shoulder. I freaked out and ran to my mothers room. She tells me that I was shivering from head to toe and was traumatized by that. After that I would never sleep without some light on. Even today I can't sleep without the TV on, unless I am sleeping with my dogs, Cinnamon and Moose. I still see the floating heads when in the dark but I try to get them out of view and ignore them, they don't do anything just really creep me out. For some reason I can never remember what they look like though...

Then there is 2 scary things I remember seeing when I was 7-9, the first thing I remember seeing was once I woke up in the middle of the night and I remember seeing this dark figure just sitting on my dresser. I just tried to act like I was sleeping until I actually fell asleep. Actually I remember before seeing that my Mom was once taking pictures outdoors looking for orbs and on our porch there was this shadowy hand in the picture, sadly I think that picture is long gone as it was years ago and we have gone through about 3 computers thanks to viruses. Now the second one I remember was one time I was in the bathroom taking a piss and right when I flushed in the bathtub next to the toilet a lady rises up like she was just lying on the bathtub. And as that happens I run out screaming. I wouldn't go to the bathroom with out the door open for months. I still remember that the woman had straight long black hair, and was very pale. I would even say she seemed asian.

There is also 2 nightmares I remember as a little kid. One is that my mom was very sick and I went to her room. When I entered there was a wolf in there and also a thunderstorm going on inside the room. The next nightmare I remember was that I was being chased by a shadowy creature in my living room (which was oddly empty) and not being able to scream.

It's weird, it seems things that really scare me I remember except the event with the floating heads. Hell, I remember the 4 times my sister pranked me into watching those screamers (where a face pops out at you and screams) and one commercial that had a screamer at the end that scared the SHIT outta' me!



yaosio

• 13y ago

You need to see a doctor. I am sad to say that seeing floating heads is not normal and can indicate a physical or mental issue with your brain. Also, you always check the bathtub before you do anything, somebody could be hiding back there.



20Questions

• 13y ago

Do you ever see the heads with your dogs present? How do they react?

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[Etherean_Kurokitsune](#)

• 13y ago

So, it's not my son but when I was little, just after my baby sister was born, my mom took me, my brother and sister out to Dairy Queen (it wasn't far from where we lived but we still took the car because we were all very young). Mom parked the car in the lot and walked up to the little outside ordering window where a guy was standing (presumably getting ice cream for himself)...the way I remember this is I can see my mom through the windshield walking up to the window. Then, all of a sudden the car starts rolling backwards and I see my mom and this guy running toward the car and stopping it before anything seriously bad happened. The way my mom described this event to me was that she got out of the parked vehicle, walked up to the window and I knocked the car into neutral and was laughing and clapping while my siblings were crying and then they stopped the car, my siblings then stopped crying and I started.

TTL;DR: When I was about 3 years old I tried to kill myself and both my siblings by knocking the car into neutral in a Dairy Queen parking lot that was on a hill while my mom went to get us ice cream.

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[MarcellaMaza](#)
• 13y ago

When I was about 2 years old, we lived in my grandparents house. I would walk around the house and talk to "The Man." One day, I told my mom that The Man didn't like her. I am now 18 years old and have no recollection of this but what creeps everyone out was that a few years ago my cousin did the same thing when he was about 2. He would tell us that the man would follow him around the house and he would play with the man. He also told us that the man would sometimes help him go to the bathroom. He told his mom, my aunt, that the man liked her. One day, we were on vacation at the beach and a few of the family was sitting in a hot tub outside at night. My cousin told us that Harold, the man, was standing next to the hot tub. Recently, I looked up the history of my grandmas old house and it showed me some of the previous owners. One of the names started with an H and the rest of the letters were replaced by asterics. I spelled it out and Harold fit perfectly.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

That has to be at least the fourth invisible "Harold."

What's up with that?

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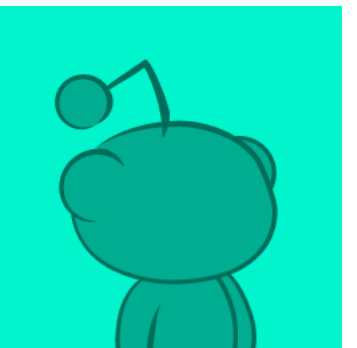


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[Doctor_moose32](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I remember as a kid having dreams of a monster that would possess people when they touched certain things and I would always talk about it. I called the monster Argahbugu



[AutisticSensitive](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was a little kid, I asked my mom to chop me up and eat me so I could go back in her belly.





[Thelittleowl2](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

When I was little, I used to have an imaginary friend named Luke. I really really liked Luke. I even pulled up a chair at the table for him to sit at when we ate breakfast.

Once my cousin from Mexico came to visit us, and she saw me talking with Luke. She then asked what color his eyes were. I replied:

"He doesn't have a face"

My mom will never let me forget that day.



[Seed](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 3 my mum was putting me to bed and I said "goodnight" she said goodnight to me to which I replied "I wasn't talking to you I was talking to the man behind you" there was no one there but I slept with my mum that night



[frenchmeister](#)
• 13y ago

Today my mom was pushing my 3 (almost 4) year old nephew around in his stroller, and whenever she stopped and leaned over the top to talk to him he grabbed her head, pulled it towards him, and said "I want to break your head off grandma! I want to break off your head!"



[IvyGold](#)
• 13y ago

FYI, BuzzFeed set the greatest hits in this thread to pics of adorablr toddlers:

<http://www.buzzfeed.com/mattbellassai/the-creepiest-things-a-child-has-ever-said-to-a-parent>





[Kittykuy](#)
• 13y ago

I was at my new house with my 5 year old and she started walking around. There was a attic so she yelled to me 'Mommy come meet the tall man up here he is dressed very nice. So I go up there there is no one there she said Mommy you should have a dress on he had a black suit and a nice red tie right then and there I freaked and moved back to my old house



[ZekeStaright](#)
• 13y ago

I don't have any kids & haven't had any creepy moments that my mother has told me about, but I've heard a few about my siblings. Before I was born, my mother lived in an apartment with my father & my older sister. The apartment had 2 bedrooms which my parents made into a room for them, a room for her. She would often play with her toys in her room & my mom would come by & ask if she wanted to move into her room to play (so she could watch her & stuff) & my sister would reply that she was playing with her little friends in her room. My mother would then come back with the idea that she could take her friends with her to her room to which my sister replied, "Oh No, They Don't Like You." My mother didn't think much of this, ramblings of a kid & her imaginary friends, so she'd let her play in her room. A few years ago (I believe it was when Don't Be Afraid of the Dark came out which might have brought up what comes next) my sister was talking to my mom when the subject of the apartment came up. She then started talking about the little creatures she used to play with in her room, my mother replied, "Oh, your imaginary friends?" To which my sister replied, "No no, the little creatures who lived under my bed & crawled on the walls at night." My sister is in her 30's when this happened so it's not just the ramblings of a kid & her imaginary friends anymore. My mother asks what she meant. To where my sister replies, "Oh Yeah, they lived under my bed & would ask me to play with them under there, I never did though & then they would crawl on the walls at night. I didn't see them on the walls, but I could hear them. They REALLY didn't like you." My mother was flabbergasted, "You never told me THAT!" "Oh, Yeah, well that's what they did." Another attachment to this story... Before my sister was born, my parents lived in that apartment with my mothers

friend as a roommate & her young (2-3 year old maybe?) son. My parents had their same room & my mother's friend had my sister's room. One morning, my parents were getting ready for the daily grind & my mom decided to check on her friend in order to make sure she was getting up & ready to drop her son off at daycare & go to work. She went to the room which had its door shut & knocked. There was no reply, she then tried speaking through the door to see if her friend or her son were awake, again, no reply. She then tried opening the door to peek in on them, but the door wouldn't budge. The doors didn't have locks on them, but there was a dresser next to the door, my mother thought that her friend pushed the dresser in front of the door so her son wouldn't get up in the middle of the night & wander around or something. After a few minutes of trying to force the door open & banging on it, my father came out asking what all the ruckus was about? My mother explained her theory on the dresser to him & asked if he could get it open. My father was pretty well built & the way the hallway was set-up, even if the dresser was in front of the door, he could have pushed it away. Several hard felt shoves against the door later, my parents started to worry about what was keeping the door shut & why neither my mother's friend or the baby could be heard. They started banging on the door again trying to get some kind of response with no avail. They then went into the kitchen & contemplated calling the fire department & having them chop down the door or something when they heard little feet run across the room to the fridge to where they see the son grab a juice box & run back into the room. My parents then walk into the room where my mother's friend is getting ready & ask her why she put the dresser against the door. Her friend gives her a weird stare & asks what she's talking about. "We've been trying to get in here for the past half hour! Why did you block the door? Didn't you hear us?" "I've been getting ready for the past 20 minutes, I neither pushed the dresser against the door nor heard either of you... I can't even move this dresser." My mom put together that there were creatures living in that room that either liked or wanted kids after the discussion with my sister a few years ago.



[theotherghostgirl](#)
• 13y ago

Still not a parent (not even my weird thing) but I distinctly remember getting chased around by a little kid in preschool with a fake knife



[HallieOMalley](#)

[13y ago](#)

My friend's kid was carrying her stuffed animal by the neck n when she came closer I saw that it was actually one of the pet ducks n it had died. I asked her what happened and she said "It choked". I grabbed it to see what it choked ON n said "I don't see anything bb, did you see it happen? How did it happen?" She grabbed the duck from my hand and said, plain as day "Like this" as she wrang its neck. Then she just dropped it n got on the swings! She was 6.

She had never seen that. These were PET ducks, not food.

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[Unibill](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 6 year old brother had a pretty high fever and at around 2am he ran into my parents room screaming and crying. They asked him what was wrong and he replied with "There's a ball that won't stop bouncing in my room and it won't stop! The guy standing in my room won't stop it and he won't leave!"



[mrtide33](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My friend told me the other day that when he was younger (can't remember, but around 10) His older brother told him that he had sold both their souls to the devil and painstakingly described his visit to hell. This was followed by many instances of his brother having freaky premonitions/control over people. He hasn't talked to his brother in five years



[HRapunzelM](#)
• [13y ago](#)

so what happened since?





[bastthegatekeeper](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My nephew looked at me, giggled, and said "they all fall down. They're all dead!" he is four...



[luckythepanther](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My best friend wins this. When she was a kid, she said something straight out of a horror movie. I'll tell it from her perspective.

"One night when I was a kid, I woke up in the middle of the night and saw something outside my window. I screamed for my parents and ran over to see what it was, and saw a red light in the sky (looking back, it was probably an airplane or something, but I was too young to realize.) About then, my parents came in and asked what is wrong. I turned around, looed at them and said... THE DEVIL IS OUTSIDE MY WINDOW.

By the time they looked out the light was gone, but I definitely gave them a fright. I can't remember what happened afterwards"



[ChandraCorby](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Step-son, autistic and bipolar, said these things regularly over the years; just a small sample:

I want to be Hitler and make everyone love me. I think about stabbing you all the time. I see little kids at the library and I want to take them away and strangle them. I hear voices telling me to run into the road in front of cars. I want to send anthrax to people who are rude to me.

Yes we took him to counselors, called the police on him numerous times, had him on many recommended drugs, and sent him to a boy's home in Texas for a year. But now he's 19 years old and living in the community, in a group home, and he still has violent thoughts about people and gets sent to the mental ward a few times a year. He is not allowed to come to our house and we have an 80 pound German Shepherd who will back us up on that and a shotgun if it comes to that. Sorry he's out there with other people, thinking about stabbing them. This is the mental health care voters have said is good enough. He's your problem now.





[igorimmorta](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Not a parent (yet), but I was a pretty freaky child. Still do some odd things in my sleep, but I wasn't as bad as my oldest sister but that's due to something i'm not gonna talk about. Anyways, I didn't have a full night's sleep until I was 2 years old. Odd yes, creepy, no. When I got to about 2, I began having night terrors. My mom would come into my room and try to wake me up, but nothing worked. Literally nothing. I would always have the same, reoccurring nightmare that got longer and longer each night by just a few seconds. I'll share the details if you want, but the night terrors went on for about 2 years, then stopped and just pure insomnia took its place. Needless to say, I don't sleep well, but I'm not to the creepy part yet. I'm a notorious sleep talker. When I was younger, my sister passed by my bed to go to my dad's room (my parents were seperated and we lived with my dad). I sat up, looked at her, and started singing that "I Love You" song from friggin Barney. On another night, I yelled at my dad "Daddy! What's the green wire for?" His response: "What?" Min: "The green wire?!" What is it for!?" He thought for a moment and finally responded: "It's usually a ground wire, why? Hello? Hello? Oh, dammit he's asleep." Another night, I was up later than anyone because I was just absorbed into his book. All of a sudden, my bathroom light turns on. Now, I can't see the bathroom from where I am, just the light from it being reflected on the kitchen wall. I just think one of my sisters had woken up and went to the bathroom. It was on for minutes, door never shut. Just as I was about to get up and investigate, I heard noises. I suppose you can say it was a language, but none that human vocal chords can reproduce. First it was just one voice. Then it was a second, completely different voice, same language. They started getting louder and louder, then they started laughing hysterically. Needless to say I didn't sleep that night. I'm currently in the Air Force. In basic, I did odd things in my sleep like, getting out of bed, running into it several times, then doing a barrel roll, grabbing the blanket, and sleeping in the fetal position. Or when I started asking one of my flightmates questions about California, which he happens to be from, but I didn't know I' be stationed in the very city I was asking him about. Or when I got out of bed abruptly and started telling one of the guys to get ready cause they'd be here soon. All he said is, "Go back to bed." And I did. My old roommate has told me several times of my sleeptalking escapades. I always need to do something, and on one occasion, I looked and him and started speaking to him in a language he's never heard. Both of us are well versed in foreign language, myself knowing bits of Latin, Swahili, Japanese, Spanish, French, German (a lot), Farsi, Pashto, and just phrases from others. It wasn't any of them. My fiance' recently visited me here. I spent the weekend with her in the hotel, and she has never spent the night with me before. The first night went well cause I passed out drunk, so was she. Second night, I got a little odd and got out of bed, took a piss, and walked back to the bed when she told me to wash my hands, thinking I was awake. I growled at her and washed my hands. 3rd night, I did the same thing except I washed my hands. That morning, she woke up before me and wanted to hold my hand as I slept. As soon as she touched my hand, i turned to her and said in a menacing voice, "FUCK YOU I DON'T LOVE YOU" and turned over. That's the exact opposite of how I feel about her. But every night, I'd fall asleep on the farthest end of the bed cause we both lik to sprawl out, but every morning, she'd wake up to my face right in hers. I'm a strange one. Diagnosed sleep apnea too, so I get to freak people out more when I stop breathing in my sleep. Fun. On a final note, my now 12 y/o brother, then about 3 or 4, was asked by my mom, "Why do you do stuff like this?" in reference to his maniacal behavior. His response: "I'm sorry Mommy. Sometimes my brain gets all wierd and I think I'm a Megazord and want to attack you."

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[SovietBattery](#)

• [13y ago](#)

TIL I never want kids.

 Reply 





[misslissa17](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My professor told us a story about his little girl in class tonight... apparently when she was four or so they were tucking her in and she says, "Daddy, who's that man?" Professor: "What man?" Daughter: "The man in the ghost costume!" After freaking out internally a little, he finally says, "Well maybe it was a good ghost!" She just shakes her head and goes, "That is not a good ghost, Daddy."

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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

I didn't say anything, but it was still creepy.

When I was a kid, apparently I would sleep walk once in a while and just sit on at the top of stairs for a couple of minutes during the night and go back to sleep. Scared the shit out of my grandpa when he was going to the bathroom.

Also I didn't like walk to the bathroom alone in the middle of the night so I would walk to my dad's bed, stand there still, and tried to wake him up. Now I realize I'd be scared shitless if a child did that to me while I was sleeping.

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[dagoff](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

It was said with her eyes. I woke up after a night of sleep to notice my fiance's 5 year old daughter just standing at the foot of my bed, staring at me. I told her she was being a creep and she just laughed and ran away. No idea how long she had been there.





[scout-finch](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Two things, both said by the same kid although he wasn't MY kid. My high school boyfriend had a 6 year old little brother who I think might have been a little...off. His mom watched a lot of horror movies and he usually watched them with her, which started at a young age (4 when I knew him, probably before that).

Once, he took our friends red-tinted glasses and put them on, looked at me, and said, "Bloody..." and then, "...not bloody!" upon taking them off. Another time, he came up to me without any kind of prompt said, "Did you know if I stabbed you, you'd die?"

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[Drezair](#)
• 13y ago

This will probably get lost, our swim team on our christmas training trip would find ways to help the community where we were. We went to St. Petersburg Florida and helped out at the salvation army center. They had abandoned one of their Sally centers and needed it cleaned out. They argued against us going in there and cleaning it out, but we insisted.

We arrive at this abandoned place where kids would stay. Kind of a like a daycare that would take children over night, clothe and feed them if needed. They had abandoned it 3 years prior to us getting there. We walked it and saw they literally stood up and walked out. Clothes were still laid out on the beds for kids to put on. Covers in cribs were pulled back as if the baby had just woken up, meals were still on the table. This is something the Salvation Army center does not do.

We started stripping the place out, piling everything outside the place. The Salvation Army Center said they called some trucks in to take the stuff to be recycled / cleaned and given to other places. Trucks showed up, they are Goodwill trucks. What? This does not happen, ever.

While we were playing these two kids showed up. Apparently they were neighborhood kids that would climb the wall and play in the playground in the center of this complex. They did everything they could to hinder our work. From distracting us, to picking up toys and putting them back were we had found them. Creepily within the same rooms and areas. The older gentlemen that was "overseeing us completely ignored their presence, as if they were even there."

I was taking clothes off a rack in one of the closets and I turn around, one of the kids was behind me staring at me. I stopped for a moment, caught my breath and asked him what he was up too. He shrugged his shoulders and ran off.

All in all, it was just very weird series of events.





[CooterTang](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Sometimes the punchline never comes...

[⊕ More replies](#)



[Awki](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

When I was about 6 or so, I'd used to get up late at night and sit in my closet and talk to Stacy. Stacy was a girl just older than me and would brag about how cool 2nd grade was. I was so jealous. I could never remember going back to bed, just waking up in the morning. Sometimes I had a weird mark on my arm in the shape of the necklace she wore. One day I was in my brothers room (who's two years older than me) and he was changing his shirt and he had that mark. He refused to tell me why



[cris07](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

He's sitting at the kitchen table playing with his hot wheels, I'm in te living room. He says, " there's a face in the window!" I turn around to look and there's nothing there, he says " oh it disappeared when you turned around haha". He's five. My face=oh fuck



[Lilboi407](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Not my child but when my sister was younger around 4 or 5, we were watching a movie with my dad (last house on the left). The guy had raped a girl and the dad found him and split his head with an axe. My sister out of nowhere had the most evil laugh I've heard and said "that's what he gets daddy". The laugh alone kinda freaked me out.





[teh_moth](#)
• 13y ago

nice choice of movie, dad

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[deleted]
• 13y ago

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[njdIII](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Whaaaaat!!! Would of transferred out of state the first time that happened, bigger balls then me

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)
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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

"You don't love me" -- my 3 year old last night as we were trying to get him in bed





[grahamster612](#)
• 13y ago

:(

[⊕ More replies](#)



[ZarxcceHappyLand](#)
• 13y ago

I've never checked behind my back so many times in a thread. Ghost stories man.



[fuzzypyrocat](#)
• 13y ago

my cousin is afraid of the kid saying "redrum" from the Shining, so we taught her daughter to go, "redrum redrum, redrum" in a super creepy low voice"





[Hannahmayidk](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but I've been teaching Sunday school for three-year-olds for about four years now. I've heard a lot of odd things from the students, but this one kid really stood out. He came up to me and started asking random questions like "why is that sky blue?" Basic things like that. Eventually, he slowly got closer to me while asking "teacher..... What would happen if you died?right now?"

I promoted him to the four-year-old class.

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[Pirate2012](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Knowing people around the world are here, I wonder how many are in bed right now , reading from phone , and a little afraid to turn the lights out and sleep. ...

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[bgfunk76](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"That was weird. I just farted out of my pee hole."

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wendyclear86
• 13y ago

My nephew who was 4 at the time told my brother, "Sometimes I feel dead inside."

 Reply  Share



mesropa
• 13y ago

Not my child but my cousins daughter was 8 when she busted this on me. "Some times I feel like a balloon, if you pop me there is nothing inside." She's an atheist and doesn't even know it.

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• [13y ago](#)

Younger brother used to have nightmares all the time, and drew them. That alone was some pretty scary shit, but one day he came to me crying to tell me about it. I told him none of his nightmares were real, and he said in a creepy voice, "yes they are... look behind you..." and burst out crying. I turned around and there was a demon mask hanging on the wall.

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[IGetThis](#)
• [13y ago](#)

What the heck is a demon mask?

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[fourdac](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

When I was a young kid, young enough to be in a car seat, my dad and my grandmother were driving and we came to an intersection at a highway where many years prior my great uncle had been killed by an 18-wheeler hitting him. They started talking about that incident and I said "It's okay, I'm alright now" in a clear, intelligible voice. My grandmother told me recently that she thinks I'm the reincarnation of my late great uncle, and that I have many characteristics that he had.



[Alansfactoftheday](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 16 I was having a dream. It was the standard random dream but during a part if the dream that was set in my (then) part time work place, something strange happened. I was having a part if the dream where I was in work, the charectors in this part were as to be expected, people whom I worked for until this bit...

All of sudden my friends father appeared whom I hadn't seen in about a year. I had not been in touch with him in that time nor had my friend mentioned him. He had recently split up from his wife and was suffering with alcholism. So anyway he appeared standing in the corridor of my work with a pale orange t shirt on. I saw him and said "hi David how are you?" He said "hi Kieran I'm fine thanks I've just come to say goodbye, I just want you to know that I'm well now and feel much better" "Okay David bye then" - I said.

After that the dream carried on as normal. I woke up the next morning and told my mum about the really random part of my dream. I could remember where he was standing, what he was wearing and exactly what he said as clear as day.



Later that morning my brother and I got on the school bus. My friend was not on the bus nor were any of his brothers. When we got to school our head of year came to us and discreetly told us that my friend's dad had died during the night.

It's the creepiest, yet interesting and touching thing that's happened to me. As a rule I don't really believe in ghosts and whatnot however I am a catholic and believe in the afterlife. The stranger experience was when I was next in work and I saw the spot in real life where David came to say goodbye.

I was very close friends with his son at the time but I don't know why it was he chose me, if he did at all that is. Later on during that year I told my friend this story which comforted him.

I would be really interested in any thoughts on this or similar tales. What could have caused it? Was it just a massive coincidence?

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[wa-wonder](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'd just moved into an apartment and the nice lady next door and I were planning to go to dinner, but several months passed and the timing never worked out...one night I dreamed that she said 'it doesn't look like we're ever going to go for dinner, so we should just take the money we were going to spend and buy some turkeys for charity' (it was near Christmas)...she also said 'by the way, I'll never wake you up again by shoo-ing away the deer' (we had deer who would come to our shared yard and she knew that on occasion her yelling at them had woken me up)...

Two days later, she died in her sleep...freaked me out a bit when I remembered the dream and also the fact that our bedrooms shared a wall, so she was literally only a few feet away from me when she passed...but it was comforting to know her soul seemed ready to go, what with tying up even the smallest of loose ends:).

I think often people know on some level they are leaving this plane and make visits/requests/etc before they go (though reading this thread, it would appear obvious just because someone dies, that doesn't necessarily mean they leave this plane...)

[More replies](#)



[yungchumpy](#)
• [13y ago](#)

One time my baby sister was doing something she wasn't supposed to. As a big brother I tell her it is wrong and she can't do that anymore (it's not what you're thinking, pervert). Right when I walk out she does this blood-curdling yell, almost like that type of cry you hear when you're about to die in battle, looking at me with the most demonic face I ever did see. She did not move from that position for a good couple seconds until she stopped screaming. I noped with her for three days. When she stopped screaming (I was in my room by this time) she echoes "YOU DON'T CONTROL ME!" right through the house. She was three and a half

TTL; DR: Sister gets caught being bad and goes all Rambo on me.



[twelvemoustaches](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but I occasionally look after a girl named Annie, & she'll say things like "Eenie Meenie Miney, Burn!" or "You smell like *burning*". She's referred to as "The Dark Child" now.

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[+ 2 more replies](#) 
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[vagina_sprout](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I tucked my 4 year old daughter in bed she looked at me and whispered something that sounded odd...I thought maybe she was praying so I asked her what she said.

She said, temnot or something sounding close. So I asked her again and she repeated it....temnot.

I asked her what that meant to her thinking it was something she picked up at daycare or at the inlaws.

She said temnot whouthinkiam. (T'em not who you think I am). I was like WTF?? I asked her to repeat it and she suddenly got bashful and pulled the blanket over her head. I was trying no to make a huge deal out of it for her sake but I had to ask her again.

She said it again. T'em not who you think I am.



asked, who are you then as if to reason with a 4 year old? She giggled innocently as if I was the one jibbering.

Curious, I prodded her slightly to find out the who/what/where/why kind of dad questions. She never had much to say after that but just responded with more giggles and more pulling the blanket over her face.

Still miffed where she got that from and the wife said she never heard her say that before.



[falsestone](#)
• 13y ago

A little cousin of mine, about one year old at the time, found an old black-and-white photograph. I never saw the photograph, but was told it was some kind of military group, maybe an army squad or something, from ~WWI.

She found this photo, which no one knew anyone in, and would carry it around everywhere, stroking the face of one of the men and kissing him, saying "love you". Only that one man.

Her mom (my aunt) threw the picture away, and after a couple days of looking, the baby gave up.



[megumisparx](#)
• 13y ago

Not my kid, but my youngest cousin (she was 4 at the time): after my grandmother died, she asked why she couldn't see her. Her mom (my aunt) told her it was because grandma had gone to heaven, and you can only go to heaven when you die. She then proceeded to tell my aunt that her dad could just shoot them with his gun, and they could then die and go to heaven to see grandma.

o_____O;; That explanation was fun.



[Cerberus T001](#)

• [13y ago](#)

not my kid, but my cousin told my sister that "your pain makes me happy" this was directed at my sister.

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[DarkRend](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

With the wild imagination I had, I managed to creep out my aunt. I was around 4, my aunt took me with her so she could go shopping, the whole day I was "acting up". It started to get dark and stormy, so my aunt wanted to get home faster than the speed limit allowed. I stared straight out the window, and said "My ghost friend says you should slow down." ~45 seconds later, there was a car that got in an accident on the side of the road. She slowed down.

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• [13y ago](#)

Welp, no reason to ever have a child. They just bring freaky, paranormal shit into your house.

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[josiahpapaya](#)
• 13y ago

My mother always tells this story of how she took me to the hospital once. While we were in the waiting room, I was asking things like, "Mommy, what's *THAT*?!", pointing to tables and chairs, etc. Everyone in the waiting room was watching me with their "awww" faces and smiling.
Finally I point at a door and say, "Mommy, what's in *THERE*?". She just shrugged and said she didn't know.
I did my *Scream* face, slapping my cheeks and ran behind some stranger and screamed, *YOU'RE NOT GONNA LOCK ME IN THERE, ARE YOU MOMMY!?*. shit got real awkward in that waiting room after that.



[summer340](#)
• 13y ago

I don't have any kids, but when I was first moved into a new home at the age of 3 and a half. We moved all our packed boxes in the house but only had our beds set up in our bedroom so, the house was basically empty. I was only 3 and didn't not care about anything but to play with my dolls. The night my mom tucked me into bed, I was falling asleep and until I hear a wind inside my room. The windows were shut and there weren't any fans in the house. I hear a deep creepy man voice right next to my ear whisper "Why are you here?" I pulled the blankets over my head in hopes that it would go away. After that night I had nightmares of my parents murdering me everynight. It still scares me until this day.

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[ferociousfuntube](#)
• 13y ago

When I was little I always played with fire. my mom actually considered having me locked up because she thought I would burn the house down.

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[nSaneMadness](#)
• 13y ago

Congrats... You have ALL effectively scared me about having a child one day.

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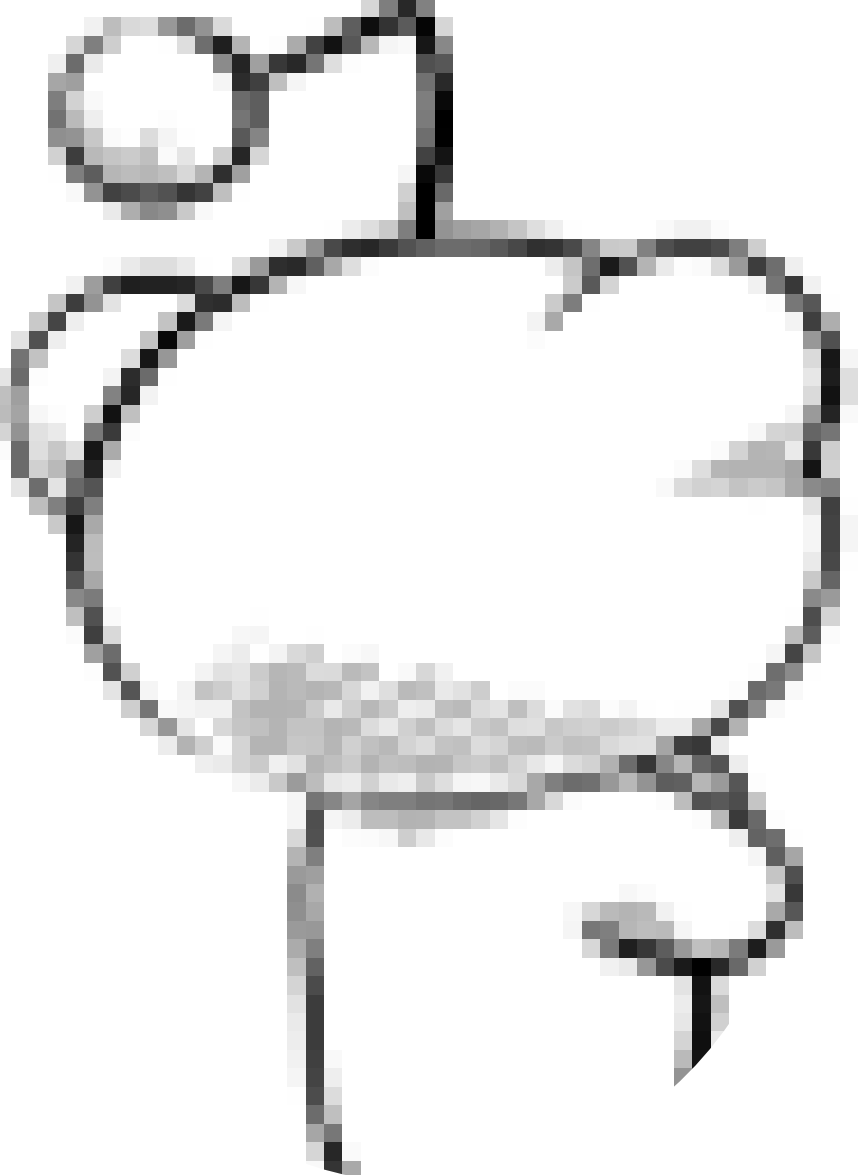
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• [13y ago](#)

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[Zebidee](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Interesting that this AskReddit is now headline news in Australia on the NineMSN homepage. I've seen a lot of Reddit content there (there is also the policeman photobomb today), but never an AskReddit posted as news. I think we've come full circle.

<http://news.ninemsn.com.au/world/2013/04/29/07/49/parents-share-creepiest-things-children-say>





[explodingzebras](#)
• [13y ago](#)

The [Telegraph](#) too

[⊕ More replies](#)



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• [13y ago](#)

my stor isnt creepy or scary,but we new this older man and treated him like a grandfather ,big mick was his name ,my youngest child 5 bonded with him ,one afternoon big mick was parked in the street talking to my boyfriends mum ,we pulled over to say hi,young tyler was in the back seat never usually bothered with any thing ,when he said mum,mum can i get out ,why i say ,tyler says mum i have to give big mick a hug ,ok if you want ,he climbs out runs up to big mick sitting in his car climbs on his lap ,throws his little arms round his next and hugs him for minutes ,climbs down and runs back to the car upset ,a bit concerned i ask whats wrong ,tyler says i had too mum ,hes going soon ?the next morning i take tylers brother and sister to school ,i notice big micks front light is still on ,thinking i would stop on the way home to check if everything is ok,before i do that i get a call to say mick had died early that morning ..i was devastated but also warmed by my young sons heartfelt hug the day before and im sure mick was too .





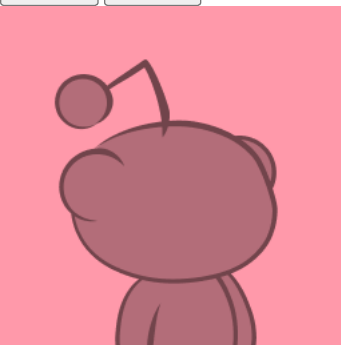
[Glad-hes-older-now](#)

• 13y ago

My son Zish at the time half asked, half stated, 'You cant see that girl that comes into our lounge room can you mum?' We had a few kids that used to come over so I was a bit confused. He said 'no, you cant see her coz I cant either, but what made me sure is that she uses the wall instead of the door.' I contemplated how I was going to parent this kind of issue. But dismissed it, it was too hard for me, but over the next few weeks I got met with comments like - 'Mum, can you get the girl some dinner too?', and then one day weeks later just as i was about getting to accept it, he got angry with me and said 'I'd made the girl leave, she wasnt going to visit him anymore because I didn't like it.' When I asked why an invisible friend not coming over anymore was a problem he said 'she was really nice to him coz she didnt have a body anymore she couldnt do stuff, just like him coz he was a kid and some physical stuff was hard for him to master, and he was worried she would be lonely coz not many people could see her.' He also asked me days later to try and find her and invite her back, letting her know it was okay with me. I really wanted to help but frankly it was freaking me out really bad. You know something is wrong when you want to go and watch supernatural movies as research for parenting! I try to be open minded but im glad its over.

 Reply

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[ApproachingMars](#)

• 13y ago

When I was reading this thread to my dad he said "You know what the creepiest thing for me was? [Your brother], when he was little, said he had an itch and asked me to scratch his butt. So I scratched his butt cheek. He responded, 'No! In the hole!'"

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• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Ya, this is definitely not the thread to read at 3:45 AM ;-; Oh god why

Edit 1: After continuing reading, I'm scared to turn around. Feel like something is standing over my shoulder watching my every move :(

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[ezak99](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I have two- neither of them are my children as I'm only 18 but still.

1. The day of September 11, I woke up at 4 am EST and walked into my parent's bedroom. I climbed into the bed, completely ignoring my dad, and said, "I'm sorry mommy, I love you." then kissed her on the cheek and walked back to my room. I didn't even pay attention to my dad. The night before I had only said goodnight to my mother, still ignoring my dad. That day during the 9/11 attacks, my father died while at work in the WTC.
2. My aunt was pregnant about 7 years ago and had a daughter named Katie (Kathleen) who died in the NICU. Two years ago, they had twins (a boy and a girl.) The boys name is Alex and the girl is Meghan. Alex, however, INSISTS on calling Meghan Katie or Kathleen. When we asked him to draw a picture of the family, he drew my aunt, uncle, and himself then he drew a baby with a pink dress and blonde hair (meghan has brown hair). When we asked why he drew Meghan with blonde hair, he said simply, "who's Meghan? That's my twin sister Katie, she has blonde hair." He just completely dismisses his actual sister and replaces her with a sister he never knew he had...

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[matorral](#)
• 13y ago

Since I can remember I liked to draw a lot as a child, my parents would bring me a lot of used-paper from their offices so that I could draw in them and recycle at the same time. They would also bring those kinds of papers that were attached to the next for a special printer with holes on the sides and I made really long stories in those. I would draw anywhere, anytime and just imagine stories. My dad loved to creep up on me because I wouldn't share my work with him.

Creepy part is one day as a story unfolded on my drawings, my characters who were jungle animals were taken prisoners by one animal. This character started torturing them (all of this i drew with my skills of that time) and suddenly is started to feel way too excited.

I decided I liked this and continued this for many days until I experienced my first orgasm. Of course I had no idea what this meant, but since it felt so good, drawing about torture became a part of me.

Of course, now I have a fetish with torture, but I have always felt terrible about it. As we all, I have experienced accidents and suffered pain and I could never inflict suffering to anyone. But inside my head I do so many creepy things. It scares me.

I never threw away my drawings, I just secretly started storing those in the highest part of my closet until I noticed it was really getting full. I was paranoid my mother would find out about it, so i started destroying little by little ripping the papers to tiny bits until i finished...

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[leafyx](#)
• 13y ago

You're not alone.

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[TheLoneSandwich](#)
• 13y ago

When I was 10, I had a sleepover at my freind Gavin's house. I remember that at 1:00 in the morning we couldnt fall asleep so we watched Signs. After that we heard a soft crying noise. We turned around and his little sister was staring at us she was holding the samurai sword that was on his top shelf IN FRONT OF US. How she got it, I dunno. But she had in in her mouth and said, "I saw the whole thing! But don't worry, it's dead now." the scariest part is we could not find his dog for a few days.

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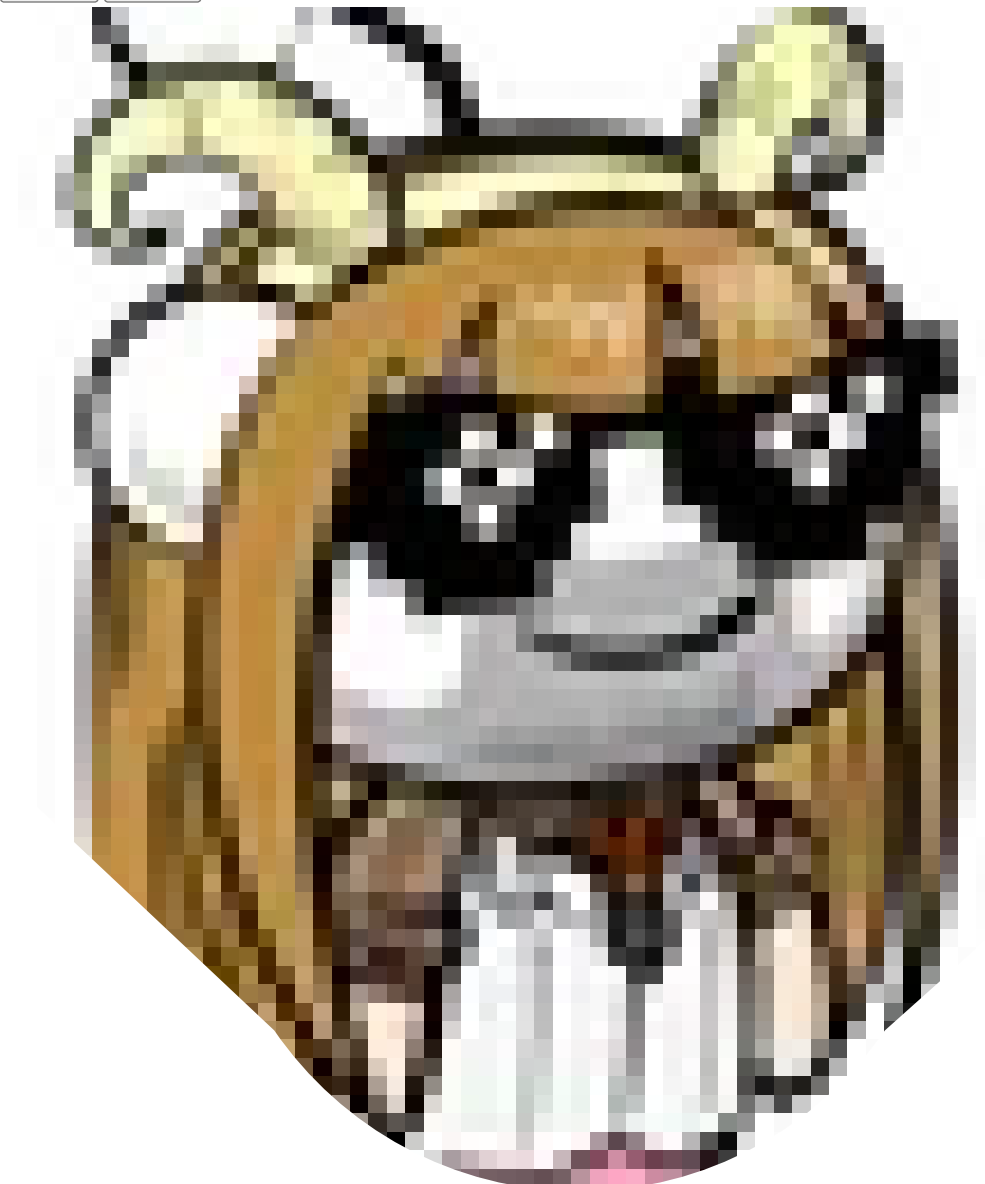
[Hitmanband](#)
• 13y ago

This is a story my mom always told me that I used to do when I was younger.

I used to live in Ontario when I was about 4 and I had a room I would play in. So anyway, my mom would hear crying and come into the room and ask me why I was crying and I would respond, "It's not me crying." And finally she asked, "Who is it crying then." And I responded, "It's my friend." And she asked, "Your friend? Why is he crying?" "He died in fire, he is very burnt up."

Turns out there was a fire years before and a young child died in the house. I don't remember but she swears it's true.

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[shoberpants](#)
• 13y ago

My five year old proclaimed that sometimes, in the middle of the night, he gets out of his bed, looks out the front door, and finds the Ice Cream Truck Driver sitting in our driveway in his ice cream truck.

Reply Share





[soe_amnerys](#)
• 13y ago

Last night my two year-old twins were playing in their room way past their bedtime. I went in to settle them down, and as I was changing my daughter, in the dark room, I heard my son coming up behind me. I turned around and saw him walking on all fours as he said, "Iiiiiii getchu, mama! Iiiiiii getchu!" Much creepier than when I play-chase them around the dining table saying, "I'm gonna get you!" :)



[fartsocks](#)
• 13y ago

I'd be interested to find out how many of these reincarnation/ghost stories come from Americans compared to non-Americans.

If this stuff were real, you'd expect more stories from older countries. The school I went to is over 600 years old, but I don't remember a single ghost story being told by anyone.

⊕ 4 more replies
⊕ 4 more replies ✖
[⊕ More replies](#)



[Letha0al](#)
• 13y ago

I was trying to tuck my son Danny into bed while we were staying at a hotel. He slowly turned to me, waggled one of his little fingers, and said, "Danny isn't here, Mrs. Torrence." And I was all, "What the fuck are you on, son?", but then my husband ran in with an axe and chased us around. Crazy winter.





[Borroz](#)
• 13y ago

I was babysitting my nephew over the weekend and he was 3 at the time. I had just seen Paranormal Activity 2 which revolves around a child so I already had stuff running through my head.

I awoke to a "thunk" on the walkie-talkie and heard him start crying. I took my sweet ass time creeping down the pitch black hallway to find him laying on the floor. I thought about splitting out the front door for a few seconds but man up and put him back in bed. He extends his arms out to me and says "hug?". I decline but he insists so I agree even though I have thoughts of him snapping my neck. As we hug and he rests his head on my shoulder, he whispers in my ear "I love you Alex." I immediately let go, told him to go to sleep, and ran out of the room.

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• [13y ago](#)

That's why I don't dare to watch Paranormal Activity.

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[wholovesbevers](#)

• [13y ago](#)

ITT - People making up stories.

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[shweatyyeti](#)
• 13y ago

When one of my brothers was born, i was in the living room "praying". When I was done I told my mom that I talked to God and he said that they were going to have another baby. My mom laughed, "No honey, we are done having babies." This was her third child and she didnt really want any more kids. 18 months later, my youngest brother was born.

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• [13y ago](#)

Comment removed by moderator



[leafyx](#)
• [13y ago](#)

How is it creepy that you mimicked some swear you'd heard probably dozens of times out in the world? Regardless of what it meant and how it could be applied, this is just coincidence, nothing eerie about it.

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies





[FreshBanana](#)

• [13y ago](#)

ITT: Im not a parent and this isnt even about me, but heres a story.

Welcome to Ask Reddit I guess.

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• [13y ago](#)

I get the feeling that most of these stories are fake or exaggerated...

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[↗ Share](#)





[FuckYou_ImDeadKool](#)
• [13y ago](#)

You obviously have never lived with small children.

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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

I don't have children, so it's creepy when children say anything to me.

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[Grow-a-pare](#)
• [13y ago](#)

After reading this thread, I suddenly do NOT want kids, they're just fucking terrifying.

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[artfuse](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Be me reading an [r/AskReddit](#) thread where people are sharing paranormal experiences.

Be doing this late at night while your boyfriend walks the dogs.

Be interrupted by three quiet knocks on the door.

Be like ...must be my imagination.

Be interrupted by three more quiet knocks on the door, this time reaaaalllly slloooooow knocks.

Be very, very afraid to move.

Be ready to write the whole thing off as your imagination when a voice on the other side of the front door says, "Hello? Is anybody there?"



Be freaking out with the certainty that you are about to die, when the voice on the other side of the door says, "Hello? It's the Simply Thai Restaurant delivery man. Can you open the door?"

Be me, overcome with embarrassment as I sign the receipt for the boyfriend's food and send the poor corporeal delivery guy on his way.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply



[rand0mnewb](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

"We cant eat the babies eyes, if we did she wouldn't be able to see mommy and daddy." Said about newborn, by my 5 year old.

Edit: I verb a word





[jamierc](#)
• 13y ago

Think you might be missing a verb

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[⊕ More replies](#) [⊕ More replies](#)



[drehy112](#)
• 13y ago

My one year old nephew used to like hiding in the toy chest at my house , one day after laughing and playing he went to hide in the box and as usual I has Noo idea where he is , and he starts screaming that there are monsters in the box

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[eve1797](#)
• 13y ago

When my little sister was about 3-4 years old i walked in on her having a convo with her imaginary friend of which was neither a boy or girl. she said, "What do you want to play now?" followed by a long pause, then she said, "oh, i dont wanna play that one how about another one?" O.o

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[vitalmorgans](#)
• 13y ago

Well, when I myself was a kid, around 5y.o., my parents used to take me to visit their friend who was dying of cancer at his home - just a sick old man in bed all the time is how I saw him. So I loved to draw and I drew this man pictures every visit - we visited once a week or fortnight for many months - and I went in to give him the picture when I was done drawing it. The last visit, I drew him a picture but REFUSED, to the point I was bawling my eyes out, to give him the drawing. I wouldn't go in to see him and I had no reason why. He died in the following couple of days. Story always weirds me out.





[Blu Barracuda](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Creepy kids is the worst kind of creepy.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

My daughter was 2 riding in the backseat. In the rear view mirror I see her pushing her head up with her hands, one below each ear.

She said "I want to pull my head off."





[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user



[Timeslider420](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Lolz





[Yummy Chewy Scrumpy](#)
• 13y ago

There was an "alternative fashion" store near the uni I went to. I went in there with a friend to check out the clothing. The woman who owned the store was holding her blonde, diaper wearing child who kept staring at the ceiling and pointing. We were slightly confused by this and she said "Oh don't worry, he's just pointing at the ghosts above your heads. He sees them all the time." She said it in such a matter-of-fact tone that we just kind of stared at each other with wide eyes for a bit. The store is closed down now.





[pizzashades](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"can I watch candle cove?"



[Gustavo0929](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not me but a friend of my little cousin's asked my pregnant aunt if she could punch her unborn child.

WTF

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)



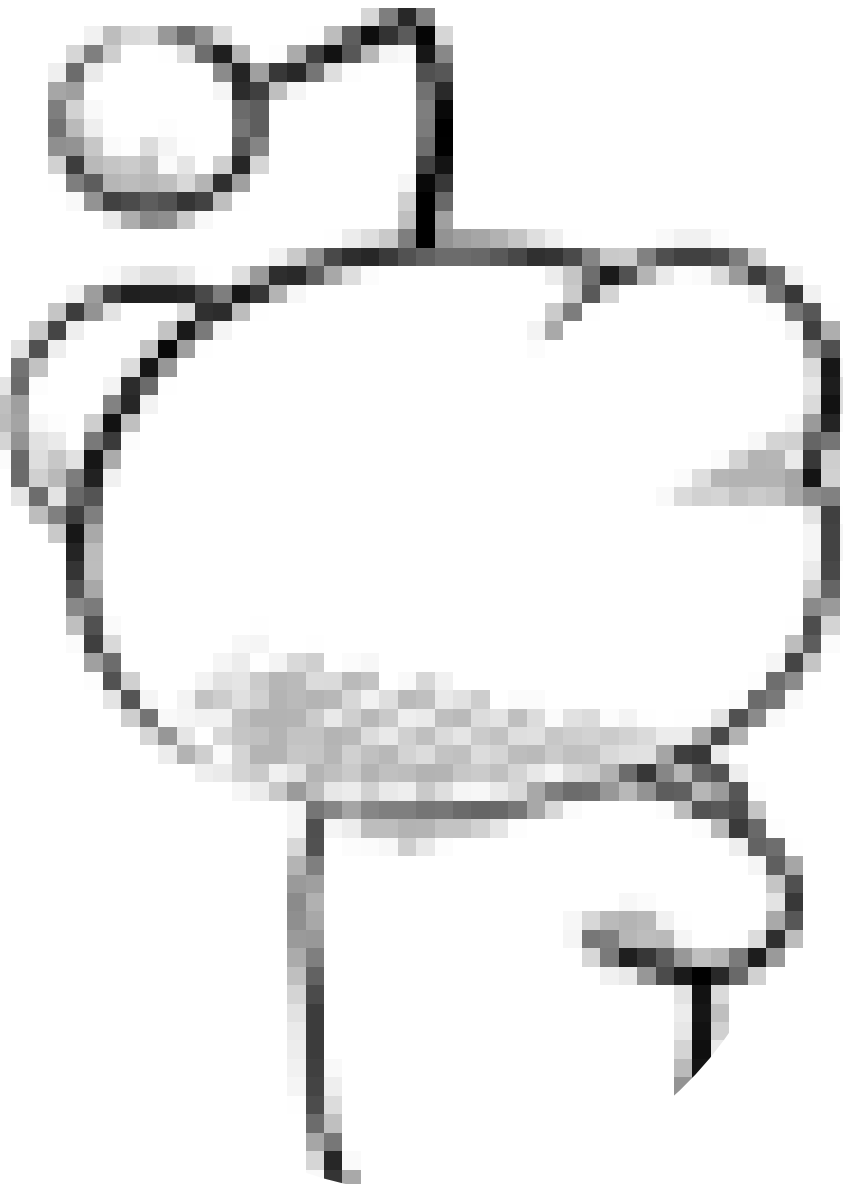
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[Atheist Ex Machina](#)

• 13y ago

I love you Daddy, I hope you wake up.



[RageMojo](#)

• 13y ago

My son has tons of 1:55 scale cars from the movie "Cars" but he also has a bunch of matchbox and hotwheel cars. He was beating the crap out of the hotwheels and I told him to stop and treat his toys better. He stopped and with all seriousness said "why daddy, they don't have eyes and don't talk". We wont be watching "Cars and Cars 2" for a while again.

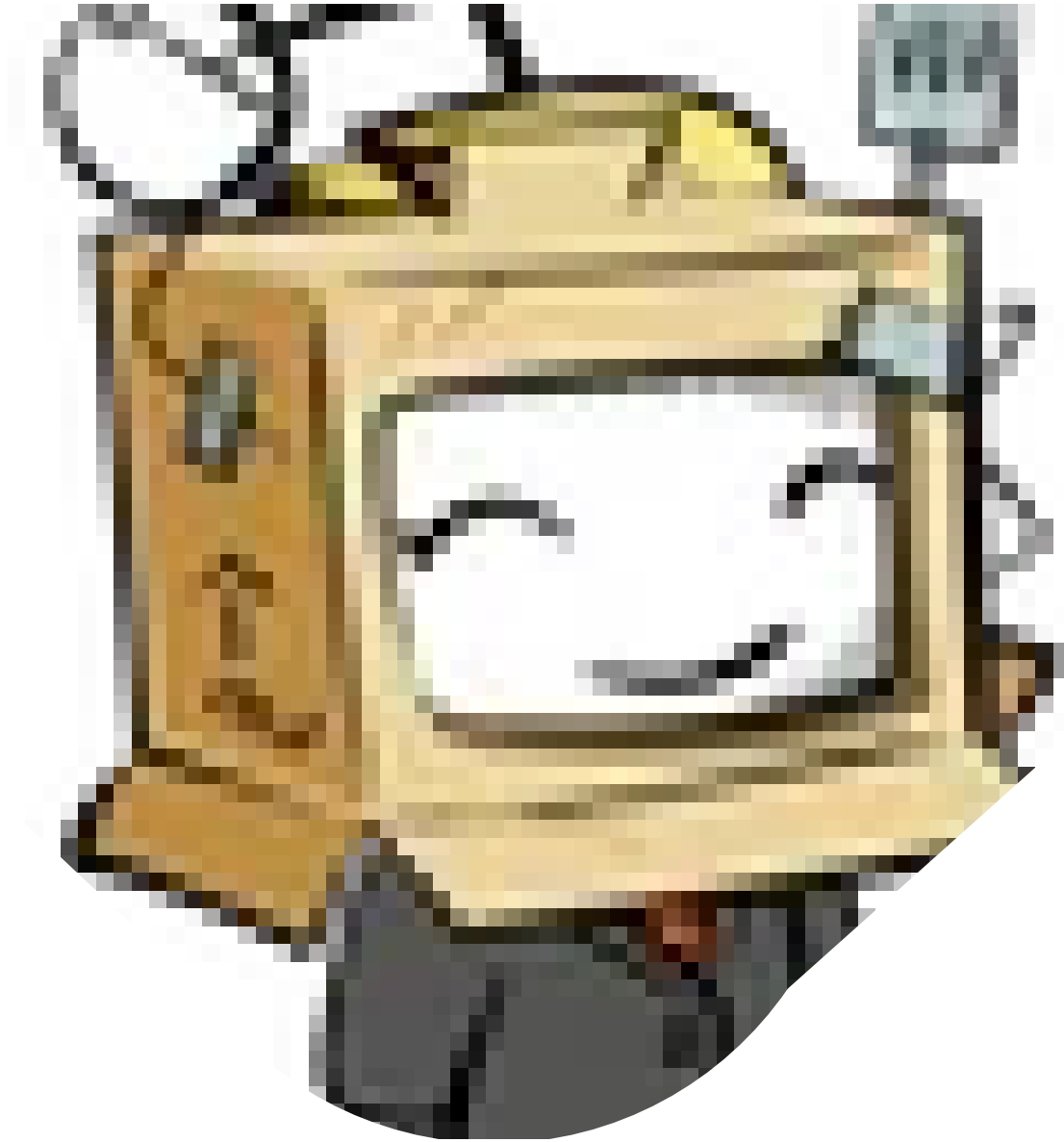


[Klaurtraum](#)

• 13y ago

that speed of light may not be a constant...





[hemlock martini](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was already never having kids before I read this thread. Now I'm thinking about sterilizing an Xacto knife and severing my vas deferens sans local anesthetic, just in case. Thanks, Reddit!





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

"Hey Dad, what is OP thinking posting this again within a week?"

"I dont know kiddo."

Literally scarier than if Carl Smoke-De-Grasse CK died.



[Shredder69](#)

• [13y ago](#)

my little lad stan has done a few creepy things..

one of the first things was when he was around 18 months it so.. he used to wake up in the night and babble nonsense to himself (or so I thought) until one night I found him sitting in his cot chatting to something (or someone) who was at the opposite corner to him - he'd point at whatever and chunner away quite happily.

I actually spoke to a stranger a few years later who reckoned she knew things about me, my family and my house.. being a total sceptic I let her go on.

she told me all about my house and about things that had happened there - things going missing for ages and then turning up in places that you'd look at and see everyday..?



then she started telling me about two sisters who used to live in the house I owned.. that they liked me and my family and often chatted to my little boy who liked them very much also (the stranger knew nothing about me having a son or anything).

then a year or two ago.. I reckon he must've been about three or four me, my girlfriend and stan were sitting on evening watching telly when stan started staring out if the window into the garden.. when I asked him what was up, he asked us.. "who's that little boy in the garden?"

we had a good look but couldn't see anyone. our telly room is all windows on three sides do we have a really great view into the garden - total visibility, and like I say saw absolutely no one!!!

stan was adamant that there was a little boy there though.. I dunno.. strange as fuck!

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[krd510](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Well I babysit and one time she started screaming from her room and I ran in and asked what was wrong. She was sitting bolt upright in bed, clutching her blanket, eyes closed and she turned to me and said "please, tell him to leave!"

She settled down after I told her no one was there and to go back to sleep, then as I sat in the living room reading I realized I hadn't actually looked around her room. I just assumed there wasn't anything there.

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[IRONHain47](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but I was babysitting my little bro, and we went out to play some soccer. We went out there, and as I went to place the ball in the center he says "our minds are becoming one".

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[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

My grandma had a baby girl. When this baby was four she said something along the lines of "Mommy, I won't be here for Christmas anymore." My Grandma asked what she was talking about. She said she's going back to heaven. This was around Thanksgiving time. Then, on Christmas Eve the little girl hugged my grandpa and grandma and said good bye. She squeezed my grandma's neck tight in the hug, then went limp and died.









[scottiea](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Our son asked us if we remembered the day we were born. We told him no, but he said he did.

We asked him what he remembered about the day he was born, and he said something to the effect of "No, not the day I was born, I was there the day mommy was born with Pappy scottiea'swife'sname" (Her pap was an OB and was the doc that pulled her out of her mom (daughter in law of pap doc, not dad of).

Creeped. Me. Out. He kept assuring us that he knew what happened the day she was born and was standing there with everyone.



[rat22](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

and there goes my sleep..



[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Two stories, not really creepy. I was working at a costume store during October and walked past a little girl in an aisle swinging around a plastic scythe shouting "I'll kill them all"!

My friend saw this one overweight lady in McDonalds with here overweight sevenish year old and soon to be overweight infant. The seven year old goes to shit and while he's at it his mom eats a few of his McNuggets (the dumb bitch). The kid gets back and sees what that whore did and yells "Mom! Why did you eat my nuggets!?". She says "You shouldn't have taken so long." "I was washing my hands!" You should have washed them faster." "If you do that again I'll cut you!"

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[Sunshine_68](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My 13 year old daughter just told me "I'm feeling frisky." I paused, giggled and then told her that "frisky" can mean horny. She recanted, said she was just feeling energetic because we finally had a sunny day and she felt like talking a walk or something.

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[Logiconaut](#)
• 13y ago

My 5 year old son woke up crying hysterically in the middle of the night and I rushed in to find out what was wrong. He was curled up against the wall on his bed crying as I came into the room and he looked up as saw me. I ran over and sat down and he crawled over to me and hugged me tight. I asked him "what's going on big guy?" he hugged me and said "she was laughing at me." And pointed to this toy sound machine he had that helped him go to sleep. I had a clear plastic front and the stuff inside was recessed so the front was mostly a dark circle when not lit. "She who?" I said looking at the toy. I don't get freaked out easily so him saying that didn't faze me. "The lady in there, she was laughing at me." I took the toy off its holder and looked into it and said in a loud voice "lady you better stop laughing at my son right now or so help me god if you wake me up again I'm going to find the first god damn priest I can and have you exorcised back you the stone age!" I then asked if he wanted me to take the toy and he said "no, I think she's gone now."



[ChapaStyle](#)
• 13y ago

My son (1) was crying in the middle of the night and woke me from a deep sleep. My wife stays asleep. Disoriented, I walked into his room and picked him up. As my eyes adjust I see his face calm suddenly and his eyes look right past me and at the dark corner.

He points towards the nothingness..

I still get chills from that memory.





[DrBeakerMD](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I... am getting a vasectomy.



[Yannivee](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I am not a parent, but up until the age (maybe) 8 I had this imaginary friend (who's name escapes me.) Who I would only see in our family's van only through the window and we would talk about the universe in what not. One day we where just talking and he tells me: something along the lines of: reassure your mother that the world wont end that god wont allow it yet or: the world wont end because god needs for people to pray for him. So i told her, she says i did that several times after that (saying stuff about the end of the world.)

But bassed upon the comments of this post, i was apparently talking to a dead person...





[THCpositive420](#)
• 13y ago

That he had sliced his dick open, hes 9



[ninjazord](#)
• 13y ago

When my niece was 4/5, she loved drawing as do kids at that age do. One day she was at my mother's over the weekend and she was bent over her drawing as usual. I asked her what she was drawing. She pointed to a drawing of a woman's head with long hair but no body and said it was her friend. From where? "Oh, she always comes to my window at night and we talk sometimes." She stays on the sixth floor of an apartment building. 0.o



[drfeelgood22785](#)
• 13y ago

Not me, but my sister's 6 year old daughter used to get night terrors. One night, my nephew goes into his mom's room and says, "Mom, Layla is having nightmares again." Keep in mind it's 1AM and all the lights are off. So my sis goes into the room and Layla is under her covers crying. "What's wrong Layla?" my sister asked. In a frantic whisper, my niece says "shhhhhhh Mom!" and points to her dark, open closet



[Onie1kinobie](#)
• 13y ago

My two year old eating at dining room table looking out window in front of her. 'Mum, who's that boy out there' 'I don't see anyone' 'Just there' 'There's no one there' Later found out a 6yo child had been killed on the property 90 years beforehand. Apparently she liked watching my daughter through the window.





[castielsbitch](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I would like to thank you all for scaring the shit out of me and putting me off having children.



[richieandcats](#)
• [13y ago](#)

this is about me and it was only a couple years ago when I was about 18. I fell asleep on the couch downstairs and my mom was upstairs in the hallway and looked down the steps and saw me sitting up. she asked me what I was doing and I said, "do you think henry's going to die?" (my dog). and I laid back down. I do weird things when asleep apparently.





[DogLuver10](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Apparently when my sister was first born and my grandmother was taking care of me, we went to the hospital and I looked right up at her and said "Finally, are we giving her back now", I was two....now we're inseparable but jeeze my grandma said she almost smacked me.



[I am me](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Don't worry. That's a totally normal thing for siblings to say.

[⊕ More replies](#)



[thesnail777](#)
• [13y ago](#)

After reading a vast majority of these posts i believe not only should this have gone under [r/nosleep](#) but i will also never procreate!!!



[potatofan1134](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was 3 or 4 we lived in a trailer park and I was playing in a corner and talking to someone my aunt asked who I was talking to and I told her I was playing with Jesus. She got scared and pulled me away from the corner.

Another time when we moved in with my grandpa I was playing in the hallway (but would stay out of the dark side) my ball rolled into the dark and my mom asked why don't you get it i said "cause that man right there pointing at the dark asking why she didn't see him.





[DominicDom](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Well this was terrible to read right before bed

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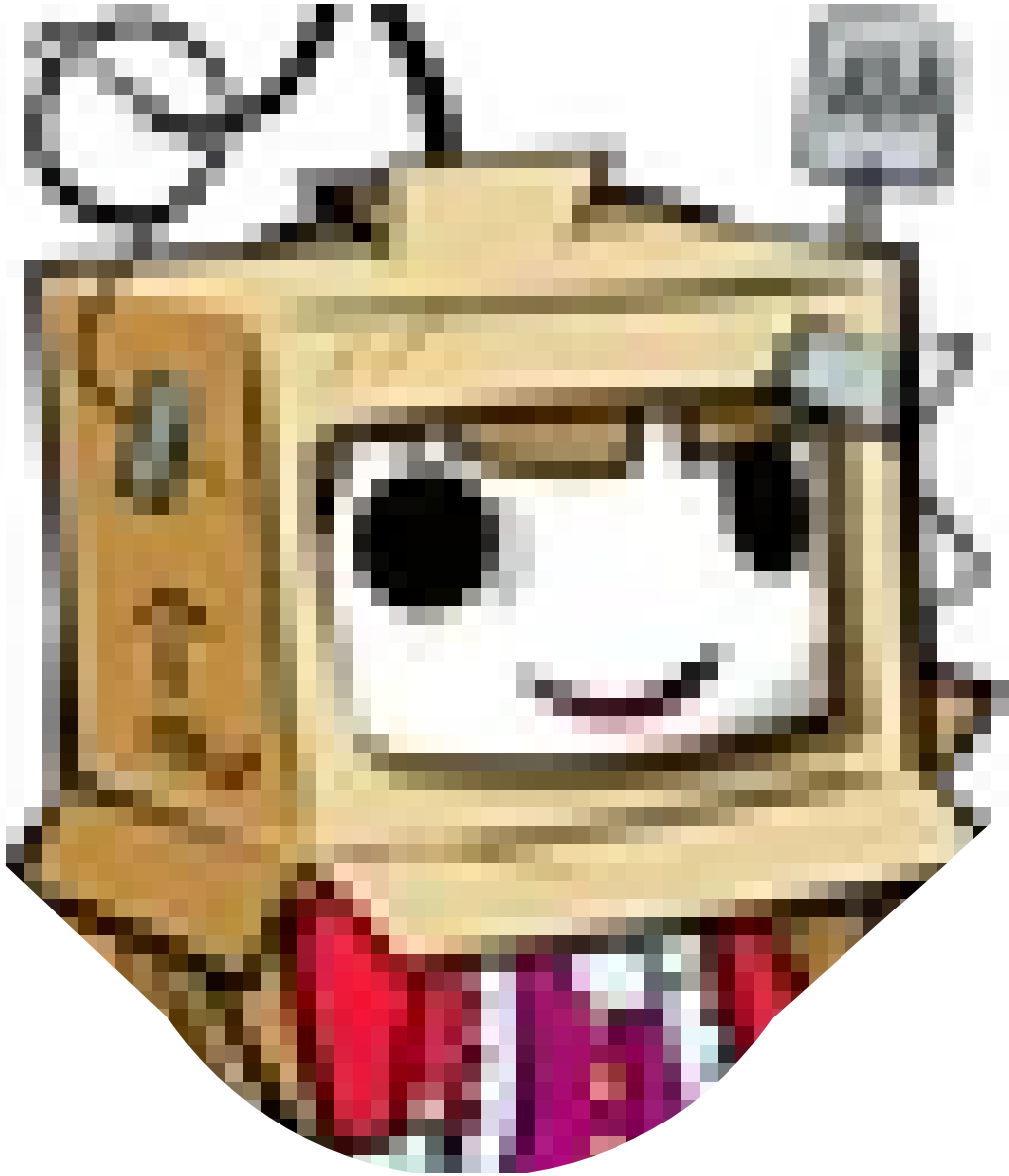


[ePHIXON](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not sure if this fits in the creepy category, but when i was like 5. My parents woke up and noticed i wasn't in bed, they immediately freaked the fuck out as its not normal for a 5 year old not to be in bed. They searched the house for a good 1 hour and after all the efforts they couldn't find me. They thought i was kidnapped or something, and they are crying in the kitchen, while i show up from behind the fridge and say I just wanted to play Hide and Seek.

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[justasmalltowngirl89](#)
• 13y ago

I did stuff like this all the time as a child. I once fell asleep under the coffee table and they couldn't find me (ironically, they lost me because my dad was 'watching me' and took a nap). Another time, I was playing with the cat and chased it underneath our house and accidentally locked myself in. I have no idea how long I was under the house. Also, I would, with rather alarming frequency, take off all my clothes and go prance my 4-year-old self around the neighborhood. It was pretty standard for me to break into the neighbor's back yard to play on their trampoline or go sit at the school bus stop.

And hey, at least you didn't dress up like Batman and poke your mom in the eye like that other kid did!

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[+ More replies](#) [+ More replies](#)



[McBitch](#)
• 13y ago

ITT: Another reason for me not to want kids.

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[BethTheBold](#)
• 13y ago

This is what happened according to my mom.

10 years ago, my brother, his girlfriend, his best friend, and his girlfriend's friend died in a car accident when they were juniors in high school. That week, my aunt (who was staying with us) went upstairs and was about to pass my brother's room to go get something when all of a sudden... she sees him. He was sitting in front of his TV playing video games of some sort. My aunt sees his girlfriend there and his girlfriend says to him, "It's time to go, David."

My brother says, "But I have to watch over and make sure (me and my other brother) are okay." (He used to babysit me and my brother after school.)

His girlfriend says again, "It's okay. They'll be okay."

And then, according to my aunt, there was a bright light, and they were both gone.



[Insilencio](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a little kid I used to watch a lot of Cops because I liked seeing the police chase the bad guys. I clearly remember waking up one night and for some reason, walking into the dark hallway between my room and my parents' room, and singing, "Bad boy, bad



oy...whatcha want? Whatcha gonna do? When Sheriff John Brown come for you?" in this tiny voice that somehow woke up my mom and she was like WAT



[BillyWitchMD](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son said in as frustrated a voice as a 5 year old can muster "I'm just waiting to see God."

During the same car ride he was asking why zombies eat people. I explained again as I have explained before that zombies aren't real. This is what followed: "But zombies could come here, right?"

"No, son, I don't think there will be any zombies here because zombies aren't real."

"Well.....anything could happen...in *this* town."



[Jurasheep](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My little sister just enjoys saying evil things I reckon. Sister: Mom, you're 35 and Dad is 70. (he's 42) Dad:I'm not 70! Sister: I know, I'm joking. You'll be dead by then.

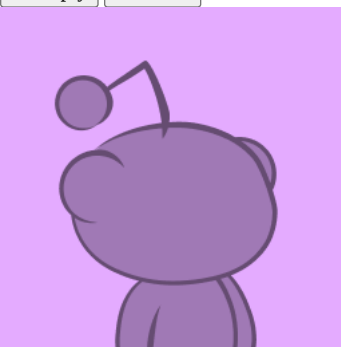




[endwarde](#)
• 13y ago

I have a friend who used to be a kindergarten teacher. In one class she had one little girl who came from a very religious home. The girl was normally very well behaved. One day at recess, my friend walked over to the little religious girl and say that she tearing the wings and legs off of butterflies and some other bugs. Shocked, she asked her why she was doing this. The little girl turned to her with an angry face and said "Don't worry, JESUS will save them!"

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[magnum941](#)
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I remember being in my mothers womb. I wanted to move about, but a sort of voice in my head told me that I was not ready yet. I remember when I was born. I remember crying because I was so cold, and everyone was being loud. I remember being in my crib, and watching my parents sleep at night. I did not wanting to make sounds since I knew that it would wake them up. I remember hating the stupid fuzzy texture of my blanket and how it bothered my eyes. My mom did not believe any of this until I told her vivid details about the hospital and about the crib.

I remember laying in bed when I was around five years old, and a blue/grey woman was standing above me. Watching me. She had absolutely perfect hair, and she was very happy to see me. Around 10 years later I found out that an old woman used to run a hair salon in the house, and she died in the house before we moved in.

I used to tell my dad details about German tanks and how much I hated the Russians.



member feeling a huge wave of sorrow at the exact moment that my dad died, and I somehow knew that he was in a car accident. The police told us the time of death since he was alive in the car for about ten minutes before passing away. I checked my phone, and I had texted my wife "something is horribly wrong" at the same time that he passed away.

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[Herpestidae](#)
• 13y ago

Is it against the rules to write about my *parents* scaring *their* parents?

When my mother was younger, she would often tell *someone* to stop bothering her. On one such occasion, she suddenly jumped up, ran outside, and fell down. When they found her, her skirt was bunched up above her waist, and she was unconscious for three days. When she woke up, she stopped seeing the person she saw.

Now more in line with the thread:

A couple years ago, I want to say 2010, while I was down with my grandmother (mother's side), Aunt A (mother's sister) and her two children (Boy of about 25, Girl of 2) came to visit as well. We basically hopped back and forth between my grandmother's house and my Aunt M's house, because they had the most room. Grandma has a 4-bedroom house, and the back bedroom had two beds. My brother and I shared one bed, while Little Cuz and Grandma took the other. Meanwhile my Aunt A and her husband took one of the front rooms, my cousin took the other. My parents took the bedroom closest to the kitchen. Both of my cousins would get sick and run fevers while at my grandmother's house, and then end up being **completely okay** when we went to my Aunt M's house, so they spent most of their time there. So on their last four nights or so before they were to catch their plane, they stayed with Grandma because her house was closer to the airport. Little Cousin was really freaky sometimes. She'd crawl into people's laps and fall asleep, then after a while, would open her eyes and mumble to them. She did it to me, and her eyes were glassy and out of focus, and I was thoroughly creeped out. At nights, (I'm a light sleeper) I'd occasionally hear her talking to someone

(Note: She's also apparently something of a sleepwalker, and back home in London, she'd go to her mother about a girl named "Jessie" who kept asking her for water.)

Anyway, two nights before they left, little cousin asked my aunt if she could sleep in her brother's room because "the man" in the room Grandma slept in (and my brother and I as well, mind you) kept bothering her. Now, we've all heard the stories of my mother being bothered by "duppies," as they're called in Jamaica, but Grandma was going senile, and she'd started latching on to superstitions a lot, so we kept it hush-hush. So the night she stays with her brother, all of a sudden, Big cousin comes to my room with Little Cousin asleep, tucked under one arm, and deposits her in my bed, tells me to stay quiet. Little Cousin looks up at me and says "Hi Herpestidae" with her sleepy drawl and glass-eyed stare. Then Big Cousin knocks on my parents' door and enters. A few moments later, he and my father head to Big Cousin's room. According to my father, Big Cousin actually saw "the man" as Little Cousin sat up in bed talking to him, and he snatched her up, stuck her with me, and went to my father (he's a Deacon at church) to pray the ghost away.

TL;DR: My mother was apparently sexually assaulted by a ghost, and my little cousin has the 6th sense.



[scraggl](#)
• 13y ago

When I was in grade 3 me and two of my friends got into the make believe fairy stage. We also got into the stage where we found out not everyone was nice with the whole stranger danger thing. I don't remember much but I remember this one day where we were all playing outside with our imaginary friends but when we came in after morning tea we all felt very sick. My mum told me that I told the teacher that the little people were making us sick. We went out to play at lunch but this time we brought this scented rubber as it kept away the evil. We only had one rubber though and had to share it around.

I remember that near the end of the break we thought that there were too many evil things around and one of my friends told me and the other friend to use the rubber because we would all die if we shared it between 3. We did that and after lunch me friend went home. The teacher asked her what was wrong but she couldn't talk. My other friend and I told her she made a sacrifice and all the evil went inside her. We found out she had appendicitis.

It isn't really that scary but it is really weird to me because I actually remember running around at play time with the tiny chocolate scented rubber...

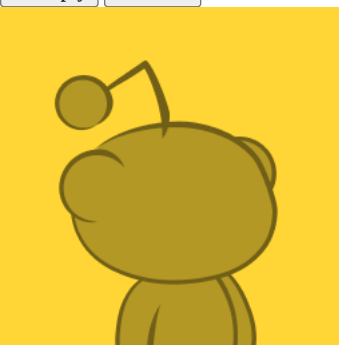
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[pocketfullofgravity](#)
• 13y ago

When I was 5 years old my mom was pregnant and my family didn't know the gender of the baby yet. Everyone was guessing what they thought/hoped it would be and I said "I know it's going to be a girl. I know it!" My mom replied "how do you know?" To which I said "God told me so!" Months later my little sister was born

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[bur2000](#)
• 13y ago

Killjoy: It's 50:50 these prophecies turn out true and those times where an older sibling prophecised wrong are just forgotten and never reported here. All that remains are the "true" ones.



[⊕ More replies](#)



[puggy21099](#)
• 13y ago

Not sure if this is related to but- I remember I had a "dream" once that something was pulling me off of my bed and when I woke up I was in the same position as I was in my dream and couldn't scream or talk.

[I was around 12 or 11]

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[bur2000](#)
• 13y ago

During sleep (or maybe only during dream cycles) you are literally paralysed. You can't move your body. This is to prevent movements during dreaming.

So I think you awoke without the paralyses gone and apparently that's a very unpleasant experience.

This same mechanism causes the dreams where you desperately try to run but can't move. I had these a lot as a child and only later learned the likely cause.

During early stages of sleep you can still move which sometimes causes the jerks that suddenly wake you up. Often the movement is related to something you did in your dream like jumping over something.



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[Netprincess](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My sister's little one from the day she started talking called me Titus.

(Im Female and my real name is nowhere close to sounding like that)

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[CooterTang](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Maybe your sister has called you a tight ass behind your back?

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[sushister](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Ah, the Latin word for boobs!

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ More replies](#)



[vaguenotions](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Apparently 3 year olds are the greatest source of creepy.



[MentalRefuse](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This is not creepy so much as strange, but happened to me this week:

I was laying face down on the floor in my living room, and my two year old son came walking up behind me. He exclaimed "Chuck E. Cheese!" and proceeded to try to shove his plastic toy wrench up my ass. Little rascal.

Edit: Exclamation point. because loud.



[Ephemeral Being](#)

• [13y ago](#)

So, the existence of God is bullshit. But ghosts totally exist.

Reddit, you scare me sometimes.



⊕ 1 more reply

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[Spillomanen](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Oh Jesus Lord the scariest thing just happend to me. Don't have a kid but my gf just scared the living shit out of me.

I was Reading through the comments of this post and decided to go to sleep (Reading on iPhone) when my gf (sleeping beside me) sits up in bed. I ask what's up and she says "is it just the three of us?" And then goes back to sleep.

No one but me and her is in this room





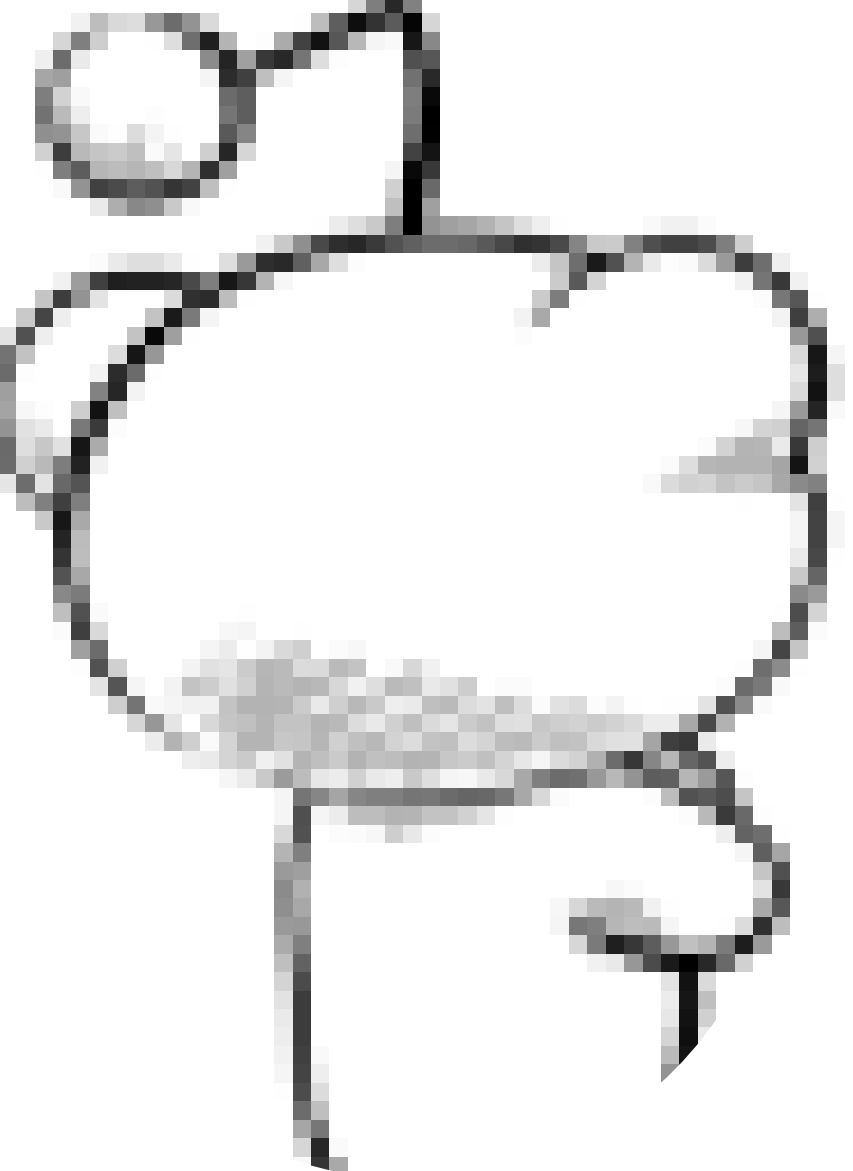


[beta_crater](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Friend, I think that's enough Reddit for you for the day.



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[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

There are way too many stories about past lives here for me to not believe in past lives anymore.





[JonFromSeattle](#)

• [13y ago](#)

5 year old boy in the car: "Daddy you aren't allowed to play games while driving right?" Dad: "Well you need to focus on the road when you're driving." He rolled down the car window and yelled at the car next to us: "Hey lady, stop playing with that toy in your pussy and drive!"



[flashmedallion](#)

• [13y ago](#)

ITT: Atheists tell us about the ghosts they met.

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[+ 2 more replies](#)



[+ More replies](#)



[rend0ggy.](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This is me, okay.



I've always had an amazing ability to tell when people are lying, and there was no shortage of it from my parents and teachers. Okay, so when i was 7 i ask my mum whether my sister (about 4) was actually a human, and she said "yes" (obviously). I went on a rampage and started screaming "Stop lying to me, you're lying to me" over and over again and banging my head against the car door. I can remember it vividly. My sister just stared at me from her car seat and smiled. It was creepy as fuck.

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• [13y ago](#)

Slightly related - I had sleep paralysis once, woke up, couldn't move and had an overwhelming sense of a malevolent presence in the room - I knew about sleep paralysis though, realised what was going on and managed to mentally walk myself out of it. Weird experience!

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[MrSchicklgruber](#)
• [13y ago](#)



My 6 year old son said he wanted to marry his 2 year old sister and make cute babies. :ugh: We don't live in the South and our family tree certainly isn't horizontal....

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[natattackk11](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I remember when I was a kid, and I was staying over at my cousins house and when I fell asleep, I had a really scary nightmare about a clown in horribly disfigured make up who was swinging on the swing set in my cousins backyard, he was holding a knife in his hand and eating a bag of potato chips. I remember him looking up at me and telling me I was next. When I woke up in a panic my cousin was wide awake as well and we described to each other the same dream. If that wasn't creepy enough the next day we went to go play on the swing set and in the ground right next to it, was a empty bag of chips stabbed to the ground with a knife. To this day we have never found an answer.

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[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

"let me tongue-punch your fart-box"

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• [13y ago](#)

ITT: *FUCK THIS THREAD!*

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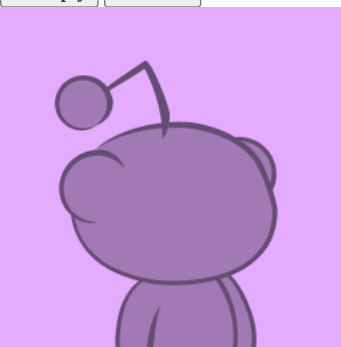


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• [13y ago](#)

When I was really young and still climbed into bed with Mom at night, I went through a phase where I would talk in my sleep. One night I freaked mom out pretty bad by saying "I'm watching you."

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[Thakrawr](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This inst really creepy, but my mother used to run a home day care and we had this maniacal strange little boy who would run around with his fingers in a shape of a gun yelling "I set Jesus on fire! I set Jesus on fire! muhahahahahahahahah." I always got a kick out of it.

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[Badwolf582](#)
• [13y ago](#)

According to my parents i used to sleep with my eyes open and make guttural sounds that sounded like words said really slowly.

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[TDGTOV](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Apparently when I was really young, I would talk about "the other man" inside of my mom's uterus. That would creep the fuck out of me. Also, whenever I would get in trouble, I would just tell me (fairly religious) mom that the devil made me do it, and she always stated at me with this curious look. I remember doing that, and I was just trying to get out if trouble.

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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 8y ago

Comment removed by moderator





[amalie_anomaly](#)
• 13y ago

Best ITT on the thread

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[crusty13](#)
• 13y ago

From what my parents have told me, once when I was 8 they came home from a date night and my siblings had already put me to bed, and they had gone to be themselves. As they walk in through the door to the garage and approach the stairs, they see me standing at the top of the stairs, smiling like I'm having a good dream. They then say my name, trying to get my attention, and I stop smiling and just scream. And I just keep screaming until my dad runs up the stairs, and hugs me trying to wake me up. I quickly wake up after that and they put me back in my bed. They told me the next morning what happened. I've had other sleepwalking episodes since, but nothing as active or as disturbing as that.





[Davetek463](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was at a neighbor's cookout for the 4th of July a few years ago. They were having fireworks, and at one point the large group of kids who were present all began chanting "Fire! Fire! Fire!" Thankfully no one's house was burned down that night.





[MikeOrtiz](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Well, it doesn't really fit with the whole "young child" thing, but my grandfather was ran over a few years back and eventually passed after falling into a coma. Well, this past year his birthday came and I hear something in the back yard around midnight, like I just figured it was cats fighting or birds or maybe even a raccoon or something. I told my mom just in case she let her dog out and she mentioned hearing something as well. So a few minutes later I peek out the window and see something far off by the fence, but it's too dark to really see anything so I just go to sleep. In the morning when I look outside there's a balloon clinging to the fence by its string that says "Happy Birthday" on it.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Not mine, but I saw this on Facebook the other day:

Father: "Wow, [son], you're tall enough to turn on the light now! You're getting so big." Son: "I'm bigger. I can have a knife now... I can be dangerous."





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

My roommates 4 year old told me calmly, "I think I am going to kill you". He often said "I am going to kill you." That never creeped me out, but when he said, "I think..." I felt uneasy.





[trogdor1234](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My Nephew was about 4 or 5. He told my sister that there was a man with a beard in a sleeping bag. They didn't know what he was talking about. There wasn't a man in a sleeping bag on TV or anything. The reason why it was eerie was because the great Uncle he had never met who had a full on mountain man beard and was murdered while he was sleeping in a sleeping bag before he was born.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent but an after school care worker here: a coworker of mine told me about one kid that used to go to where we work. She used to claw her own arms with her own nails while screaming "STOP HURTING ME!!!!" She would also threaten to tell people that workers touched her inappropriately to get her own way.

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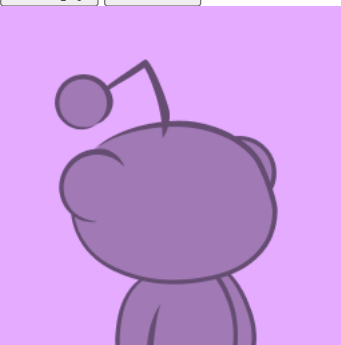


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• [13y ago](#)

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[micebrainsareyummy](#)

• [13y ago](#)

That poor kid was probably abused. I hope your co-worker reported what she said.

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[⊕ More replies](#) [⊕ More replies](#)



[kingeryck](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"I hope you die. "

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• [13y ago](#)

A friend I stayed with had a nephew that was maybe four or five. He had owned a mini doberman puppy and he took it in the tub with him, and apparently it drowned.

One day I was talking to him and he said "Were you sad when I killed my dog?"

Worst. Afternoon. Ever.

Second story: Boyfriend was getting in the bath, and HIS nephew (who is three) came in to see where we went. He pointed at boyfriend's pubes and says "What's that, Levi?"



[micebrainsareyummy.](#)

• [13y ago](#)

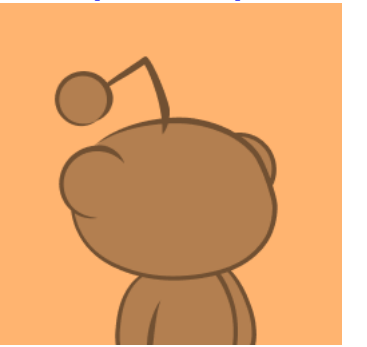
I babysat a little boy who grabbed my boob and asked "whats that?" I told him to ask his mother.

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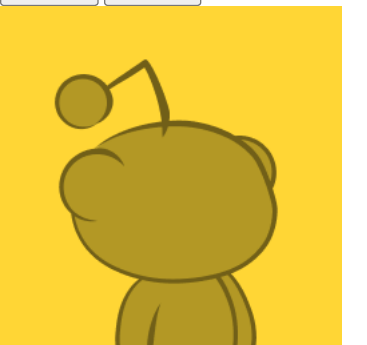
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[bobthechipmonk](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"Mommy, I want to go back in your belly."

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[dirkdirkdirk](#)
• [13y ago](#)

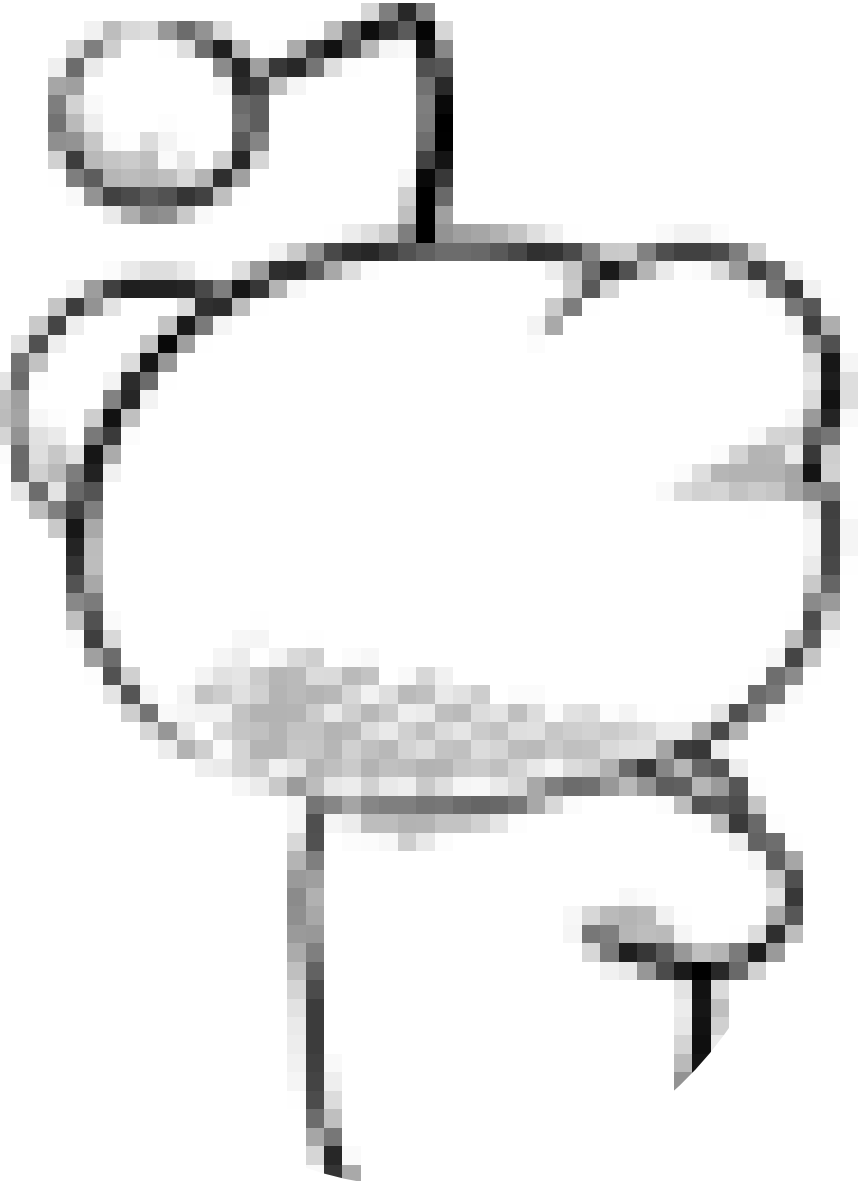
I don't know if this counts but when I was 10 years old, I told my parents that they were going to die soon. I think I freaked them out for a while.

Backstory: I was trying to sleep, but the concept of death kept coming into mind. I got really creeped out scared, so I went downstairs and told my parents that they were going to die soon.

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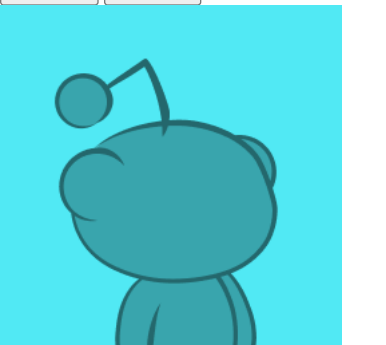


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• [13y ago](#)

I want the blood..

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[irises everywhere](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was changing my two year old daughter's diaper one morning on the floor of her bedroom. Out of no where, she tilts her head way back and looks at her window on the wall behind her and says "I remember this..." she does it over and over. She's only two and didn't talk much at the time, but she clearly had déjà-vu.





[mermaid69lol](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm female. I used to tell my older sister to press on the area just above my pelvic bone because it made it feel like I needed to pee and "kind of tickled."



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

My dad told me that when I was about 3, I used to have a toy phone. One day on a long car journey I had the phone with me, and my dad said I was chatting away with this phone for like 15 - 20 minutes. When I finally put it down my dad asked me who I was talking to, and apparently I said "It was granddad, he told me to tell you everything is fine and he is ok." or something along those lines, I was 3 so I doubt the sentence was as well formed as that.

Either way, my dad's granddad had died not long before that, my dad swears that's who I was talking to. I don't think I even ever met the dude. I don't remember that day at all.





[thirstyfish209](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mom said that in my first time sleep-walking I walked into her room and flicked the lights on and off, over and over again. Scared the shit out of her.



[wolf_firestorm](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I had a 3 year old at the daycare I work at said that he would pee in my eye and then have his daddy kill me.

I told him he needs to calm down after throwing a chair at a student.





[ringenspiel](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Yesterday my three year old said in her most polite voice: "Mommy, please don't eat my pasta. [PAUSE] Or else." while similing sweetly at me.





[WalkonWalrus](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"Lets make mommy dead and put her outside."

That was actually my older bro, when he was about 3 or 4. Parents thought it was hilarious though...

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[nionvox](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my kid, my niece, on seeing her deadbeat father talking to her mother (with me glaring at him, he's an asshole and beat her while she was pregnant. I told him if he touched her again i'd slice off his nuts) She was about 3 at the time.

points to her father "nion, bad man?" *i nod* "Bad man go away forever. You help?"

tl;dr my toddler niece pretty much asked me to erase her biological father from existence

PS: The parents are not a couple, it was a one night stand sorta thing. She has a wonderful stepdaddy now.

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• [13y ago](#)

While playing Goldeneye my little brother (4 or 5 at the time) says "Yeah shoot him in the head! I like to see him BLEEEeeeeeeed!"

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[ORPHANmeat6](#)
• 13y ago

This shit should just go up on [r/nosleep](#)

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[dollyhepatie](#)
• 13y ago

My family is not at all religious, but my mother used to freak out because I would recite quotes from the bible all the time when I first started talking. She thought I was an angel or something but I probably just heard it on TV.

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[insidious_genius](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Walked by the bathroom while my brother was inside, and heard him say in a quiet voice, "Someday, I'll make them all pay."

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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

I live in Florida. My mom said that one winter, when I was 8 years old, I stared out the window for about an hour, then looked at her and said, "Looks like we're going to get some snow this year." She laughed at me because it was about 70 degrees outside. 3 days later it snowed. She told me she was a little scared of me after that. I don't remember that incident, but I vividly remember seeing snow for the first time and building my first snowman. It hasn't snowed here since and no one can remember it ever snowing here before.





[Nicnak1118](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My youngest singing in her sleep: "Happy birthday dear johnny..." We don't know anyone named Johnny. When asked about it the next day she giggled and said, "Oh yeah. Him." giggle giggle...



[HamismyJam](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mothers best friend passed when I was younger, she had cancer. The day she passed I spent an hour in the back yard talking to someone. I went inside and my mother asked who I was talking to. I replied with "aunt Deanna says everything is going to be okay, don't be sad momma." Then my mom got a call saying Deanna had passed.

At our house in Louisiana my brother and I refused to go down our hallway alone, "the man is angry, he doesn't like us being around"

Come to think of it, I creeped my parents out a lot growing up, I was a weird kid.

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[LongRod_VanHugendong](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"You'll never know how high my highs are, and you'll never know how low my lows are."

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[backtothepresent](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"Do you want to die".

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[timlane1us](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My five yr old (playing minecraft) said he locked two sheep behind a gate and they had a baby. he then killed the parents for their wool :(

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[Blazesnake](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I used to sleepwalk as a child, and once my parents found me in the bath screaming "I don't want jam on it" probably a manifestation of my unwillingness to eat things..... such as jam.

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[yakhauler](#)
• 13y ago

"I'll always remember you after you die."



[kendahlslice](#)
• 13y ago

When I was like four my mom and I were at pur cities reservoir and she sat down on a shale outcropping, the kind that has an overhang. I walked up to her pointed and asked, "what's that?" She told me that it was a rock because she couldn't figure out what I was talking about.

I did this like three more times. "What's that?" Finally the last time she stood up to take a real look at whatever I was pointing at. As soon as she stood up the rattlesnake that had been curled up underneath the outcropping started rattling.





[Durrvish](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not to me but from me. When I was young, maybe 2 or 3, I was playing with my dad in the living room. We were enjoying playing with the blocks or whatnot when all the sudden I stop and look past him, over his shoulder, and I said "Dad, who's that?" He turns around to find nobody there.



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

My mom died many years ago. At the time, our neighbor had a 3 year old son, who only knew my mom's nickname (Gum) which is what everyone called her. After my mom passed, our neighbor was incredibly upset but said nothing to the 3 year old regarding my mom being sick or dying. A few days later the boy told our neighbor, "Gum says don't be sad". Tripped my neighbor out, and I am not sure I even believe him (but I don't see why he would lie)





[BootyForBorgore](#)
• [13y ago](#)

From a kids point of view, I remember having fever dreams (still do) but they we're worse back then. And when I awoke, I would be in like half dream state and half in real life. And when it happens my mom would get me water and calm me down. And my mom told me, that one night I started screaming "I. HATE. TURKEY. OKAY? " over and over again. To this day I want to know what the dream is about, but I never remember what it is after 8 years of having the same dream. All I know is, that it's like my biggest fear x100.



[Brocccooli](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I used to sleep walk a lot as a kid. One night my mom woke up, and I was standing at the entrance to the bedroom door, staring in, just crying. Just standing there and crying, really softly, not too loud.

I imagine it was probably creepy as hell.



[jeffbell](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My nephew shouted out "She's naked! And she's dead! Ha Ha Ha Ha"

He was referring to his sister's Barbie doll which had flopped to the floor.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Me: Maelie, do you have friends like mommy does?

Maelie: No. They're all gone.

Me: Where did they go?

Maelie: I blew them all up. They went boom.

She was two and a half. I was scared.



[fartifact](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My parents told me I had an invisible friend named "stranger" who would tell me do things that got me in trouble. Just the name alone was creepy.





[iusedtocare](#)
• 13y ago

I had a violent upbringing, more so than my parents care to admit or remember. When I was about five I told my mother I was goin to beat her and my ~6 month old brother to death with a baseball bat while they were asleep. I dont remember why i was upset but I was very serious and I still remember it. I'm 28 now

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[Wooh_Hoo](#)
• 13y ago

My son who is 9 was sitting in the dining room looking out the window waiting for the school bus. My truck is parked in the front of the house in the driveway. He looks over to me and say there looks like a guy with a blonde mustache with a knife sticking out of his head sitting in your truck. I was thinking WTF!!! So calm as I could stand up and look out the window with him. I didn't see anything like that at all.

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[nicklegam](#)
• 13y ago

When my niece was about 3-4 she used to wake me up with her plastic baseball bat. Awful.

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• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but a tale from my childhood.

My dad had Asbestos cancer when I was young, he died when I was 8. Not long after my mom got a cold, I asked her "Are you going to get sick and die soon"

Yeah, not a ghost story but rather morbid.

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[scottyperry](#)
• 13y ago

My 2.5 year old just started asking us "Why is my bottle hanging out in my butthole?"



[soulruler](#)
• 13y ago

Not very creepy, but the one that perked me up was when I was helping my 3 year old put on her underwear, which is Cinderella underwear and she said,

"Alyssa (one of her classmates) wears Cinderella underwear!"

At that point I just kept wondering, "Okay.. how does she know this? Did it come up in conversation, or did she happen to notice it one time, and if she did notice it, what was the scenario where they got to see each other's underwear..?"





[Ringos ate my baby.](#)

• [13y ago](#)

She woke me at 3 in the morning and said "Mommy, you're going to die in a fire."



[missjeazy.](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I babysit a friend's 5 and 3 year old girls often. Last year they moved into a new house. A couple months ago, they got in a car crash on their new road. The 3 year old told her mom "Maybe we shouldn't have left the old house."





[JimmyStinkfist](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a kid, Me-Krow would come around and talk to me now and then. Mostly stuff that just freaked me out, like he was gonna hang out under my bed. I sort of have a recollection of the times when I was talking to Me-Krow, but I don't actually remember talking to him, just what my parents told me about. My dad said he watched me lying on the floor watching tv and beckon Me-Krow from my room because his show was on. My dad had just changed the channel and Child's Play happened to be on..

Shortly after that, I had strings of nightmares about Chucky that lasted the rest of our time in Texas, my whole time in Kentucky, and finally stopped a few years after I moved to Indiana, when I was like 10.



[sosothrowaway](#)
• 13y ago

"I want to die."

She was 4.





[Whicksta](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"everyone wants to kill, they're just afraid of going to jail" don't know where that came from



[closerview](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My boyfriend's brother is two. We have this ongoing joke that he sees dead people. The other day he looked me in the eyes and said, "Ghost. Gone gone," while waving goodbye.



[noddegamra](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter was playing with her aunt who is younger than her. At one point she took a toy , put it to her throat and whispered "you gotta remember my heart bri".

[⊕ 3 more replies](#)

[⊕ 3 more replies](#)



[⊕ More replies](#)



[oogieboogie1996](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I once had a small child tell me he saw a camel toe. It was fuzzy.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

My mom told me that when I was around 4, we were staying in a hotel together and in the middle of the night she woke up to me talking. Not just pointless 4 year-old babble, but intelligible conversation. When she asked who I was talking to, I told her that I was talking to the angels and that they didn't like when they were interrupted.



[soso78](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My seven yr old son, at the time, asked me if women get boners like boys do. So, I had to explain to him what a vagina is..and had to give a brief discussion about the birds and the bees. He's now 13, and I can't get him to leave it alone, lol.





[brianl289](#)
• 13y ago

My girlfriends little sister was in the back of her moms car in the car seat just giggling and smiling when her mom asked what she was thinking about. She said really quietly with an evil look in her eyes, "I'm going to kill you."

Her mom was pissed but didn't make a big deal of it. The girl grew up to be rather normal (shes 14 now, was very young when this happened). Although, one day she broke a fixture in the house, and when her mom was running to see what had happened she looked at my girlfriends friend and said "I'm going to say it was you."

Surprisingly this girl is a sweet heart now, but what a fucking asshole child.



[MrFunnyShoes](#)
• 13y ago

My 6 year old nephew said to my 6 year old niece, lets get naked and snuggle!

Creepy but hilarious









[JoelyMalookey](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 3 yo daughter asked if we could take a bear's skin off. She and her mother are vegetarians and I am not a hunter so it was weird. Then we had spoken with her a little more. Turns out that she had learned snakes shed their skin and thought bears did it too. Creepy at first adorable later.



[trout9000](#)
• [13y ago](#)

In our old apartment my 3 year old used to get spooked and would stare at empty spaces. She would also mention that she was watching the tall man.

She never was scared, just nervous. And she would like look over your shoulder and you could see the tension on her face.

The tall man. Super creepy.





[IN A TREE](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was 4 I had one of those lego tables. For some reason I wrote down nonsense names on sticky notes and put them on the table; names like: Monashiku and Pradiska. Names that don't mean anything. My little brother was either 2 or 3 at the time and started pulling the off the table. I cried and cried and looked up at my parents and said: "They're dead! They are all dead! They are never coming back!" I was a strange, strange little girl....



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

Not from my child, but one time I was babysitting my little sister and when she found out my parents were not bringing back anything for her she said "I will hurt them." She was 5 at the time.





[keifkommander](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent but whenever I was young I would get night terrors. Apparently I would scream "oh my god" extremely fast and stand still. I try and say oh my god fast and I can't really say it fast at all.



[wearecareful](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 3 year old daughter told my wife and I one morning that she couldn't sleep because, "The darkman was standing over her bed all night." Needless to say we didn't sleep well for a few nights after.



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

When I was in kindergarten I remember thanking my mom for not killing me while I was in her tummy





[michaelirishred](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My younger second-cousin freaked my cousin out last year.

So my nanny died in 2003 (we call our granny's 'nanny' in Ireland). She had one great-grandchild who was born in '99. He couldn't grasp the fact that she was different to his real grandmother so he just called her 'other nanny'. Anyway fast forward 9 years and his first cousin is around 3 years old. One day she was in the sitting room and pointed up at a picture of my nanny and said 'that's other nanny' and this freaked her mum out. She then pointed at a picture of the kitchen of her house and said 'and thats her house' and then she got up and walked to the door to leave the room. Just as she got there her mum asked her how she knew this and she just turned around and said 'other nanny talks to me all the time' before skipping off.



[Dino-a-saur](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I'm not a parent, but my niece can say some creepy shit. My ex boyfriend and I caught my niece picking her nose one day. My ex said "what are you digging for?" just to tease her. She turned to us and said "blood" We never looked at her the same way again.



[esor_mema](#)
• [13y ago](#)

A 4 year old neighbor that sometimes played with my 4 year old was moving. She pointed to her moving van and movers and said, "Those are black men. They're in our neighborhood." I said "...yup..." because it actually isn't anything of note. She then backed away slowly while maintaining eye contact and said, "I'm watching you." W.t.f.



[Fascinatingnewthing](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Well not a parent, but I'm a scouting leader and a little girl once asked me how to kill a person. I asked her "what do you mean?" and she then asked: "how do you start?". I still don't know what she meant or what I could have answered.





[Wombatusmaximus](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

3yo who regularly said "it wants a hug...!"

Try saying that in a Freddy Kreuger voice...



[munge_me_not](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

RED RUM





[tslot](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My little girl was born a few weeks premature. When we were talking about it one day she said "It was hot in there and I wanted out".



[bigmac80](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was like 3 or 4 somehow I picked up the word 'rape'. Apparently I got pulled off the playground after I started threatening to rape everyone.





[TheMechaPope13](#)

• [13y ago](#)

From my childhood:

We were traveling through Europe staying at different set up campsites (called Eurotrip) and we stayed in a mobile home one night in Austria. The hallway was pretty thin, and the knives were in the top drawer.

Sleepwalking 4 y.o. me made stairs out of the lower drawers to reach up to the knife drawer. Mom walked in right as I got hold of the knife, and said "(My name)?". I apparently turned my head slowly toward her, smiled, and said "It's ok mom. I can stop them."

Immediately after that I woke up confused and dropped the knife which gave me a nice gash along my leg (thin wound, just fairly long).

Tl;DR sleepwalking me likes knives enough to make stairs out of drawers.



[Thoranus](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My 3 year old niece. Straight face looks at me and says with monotone inflection, "Would you like to meet God?"

Creepy as hell. She was talking about a drawing in a picture book she has.

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[larrychurs](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but I was babysitting my friends daughter who is about 4 years old and she calls her private parts her poop. While I was giving her a bath she started laughing hysterically and when I asked her what was so funny, she spread her legs and privates and screamed "THERE'S A MONKEY IN MY POOP".

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• [13y ago](#)

"Why aren't you sleeping?"

"He won't let me, daddy."

"Who's he?"

"The brown boy. You know, the one that comes and plays with me every night."

(at this point my skin is crawling, but I'm trying to keep cool and not show it).

"And where is the brown boy now, son?"

"He just left flying through the wall like always, daddy."

My son was 3.

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[TheKnotStore](#)
• 13y ago

My almost four year old once told me- with the most stoic, creepy expression, "I like to make you sad." All because I said I was disappointed that she refused to help pick up toys.

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[SecondHarlequin](#)
• 13y ago

Not so much what I said as much as what I did. When I was really young, four or five, I used to get terrible nosebleeds. My nose was prone to drying out, and it would just gush seemingly randomly.

Well, one day I went to take a nap. I woke up choking. My mother comes into the room and I sit up. Turns out my nose had begun bleeding and had backed up, coming out my tear ducts. I was crying blood.

I remember my mother freaking out, and she says it was something out of a Stephen King novel because I just looked at her, blood all over my face. No words, noise, nothing.



[woodsbr](#)
• 13y ago

This is a story my parents still talk about to this day from when i was 4 years old. I'm 23 now.

My Grandmother on my fathers side had passed away of natural causes. She loved me dearly and spoiled me rotten, I wish I had more memory of her other than family videos and old pictures. Anyway the Funeral was at the church she had attended in our hometown. At the church they set up the youth room as a daycare center for all the young children as to not disturb the ceremony with a bunch of noisy crying kids who couldn't understand what was going on. Thus I did not attend the funeral and was left in the nursery with all my cousins. And never went to a viewing nor saw my grandmother after she passed.

After the ceremony the entire family went out to eat at a local diner. I was sitting in a booth next to my mom and dad. after being there for awhile I begin to stare over at another booth and waiving and smiling to the empty booth. My mom asks me what I'm doing and I said I'm

...waiving to grandma. She looks at my dad pretty bewildered and asks what she is doing. I say just sitting there smiling and waiving back to me. She then asks what my grandmother is wearing, I then proceed to describe the exact outfit my grandmother was wearing in her casket. To this day I get chills hearing this story. I have never had any other strange encounters such as this. I guess I lost the gift.

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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

When my little brother was VERY young (just a few months old, old enough to sit up but not do much else) he would point at nothing and laugh his ass off. He would appear to even be "playing" with something invisible sometimes. I spoke to a few friends with babies, and they said their kids sometimes did the same thing.

Babies are fucking creepy, man.





[fuufnfr](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Sister in law's story.

Her daughter (toddler) is on the changing table staring out the window and say's, "Jenny want a stick." Mom asks, "Why do you want a stick?"

Jenny turns around with a evil grin, "Poke mommy"



[Dogcatbanana](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My mom told me that I would creep her out because she'd hear me talking to someone in the middle of the night. I slept on the second floor of the house while everyone else slept on the first floor. She said that the voice sounded like a demon voice from the movies.





[historyduhr](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My rowing coach told me this gold, it probably be buried, but whatever: She was in a sandbox with her kid. Apparently, kids go through a phase where they say things their parents say over and over, regardless of situation. But sometimes, it can be eerie how exact it is. So she was there, and the kid was burying my coach's hand in the sand, turned to her and said "Ill send you to your grave"

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• [13y ago](#)

About 6 months after my grandfather died my son, who was 3 at the time, was standing at the entrance of our hallway leading to our bedrooms. This hallway was about 15 long and completely dark. He is just standing there, staring. I say to him "Boo, what are you doing?" He turns to me and says "Watching Papa (my Grandpa) go in my room." Ummm...yea I had to go investigate and found nothing but my insides turned to ice when he said that.

Edit: bedrooms...not bedroom

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[kate78](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son (right at this very moment, is currently chanting "do you want to die, do you do you want to die" over and over and over... I have no explanation.

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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

When he was 3, my son spoke about us in a previous life. He didn't even know what reincarnation was.





[the_ba_mlf](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I was watching a movie with my 2 year old on the couch once when she got up, walked to the door, opened it, said "hi there" closed it and came to sit back down. I got up looked around outside and locked the door, no one was there. Probably just her playing, but still super creepy!



[johan3709](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Not my child, but my friend's kid creeps me out more than I can describe. One day she sat down with June bugs she had caught and was ripping the wings off of them. I asked her why and she looked at me unblinkingly and said very slowly "They're getting fuzzy"

TLDR; "Fuzzzzzy"





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• [13y ago](#)

ITT: Every parent on Reddit has [an] Indigo Child/Children



[Crumbling Creeds](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My little sister said "I'm going to make you bleed!" While sobbing hysterically.





[Atoning_Unifex](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Daddy... bees like my nipples!



[SixteenSaltiness](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm not sure this is related but when she was small my sister said she told my parents that she had a dream in which I was the spawn of
satan.

O.o not sure really how to feel about that one.





[Pec0](#)

• 13y ago

I work at a preschool and every day the children want to eat me. Although it's not all that scary, it is quite unsettling to have an adorable 2.5 year old tell you he's going to eat your face, especially because they are so quiet and soft spoken, you have to lean in real close to hear.



[emberspark](#)

• 13y ago

Well, when I was a little kid (3 or 4 maybe), my dad took me to his childhood home, which was right near some railroad tracks. I was terrified of railroad tracks when I was a kid. Anyway, all the family members were catching up and I guess I just slipped out unnoticed. After panicking and running around, they found me outside standing a few feet away from the railroad tracks, watching a train go by. My dad couldn't figure out why I would've gone out there being so afraid of trains, and I told him, "It's okay daddy, the lady in the brown dress told me not to be scared."

My dad's mother died when he was 17, and she always wore a brown dress when lounging around the house. My dad has had paranormal experiences like that throughout his life, but he said it was astoundingly creepy to see it coming from his kid.

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[BreatheAsbestos](#)

• 13y ago

When I was a kid my family and I would go for a walk in this scenic garden behind a bunch of the embassies here in Ottawa. One time we went when I was like 3 or 4 I pointed at one of the houses and said, "That's where I used to live, with my other family." Completely unprovoked. Later that evening I went to my parents crying saying I wanted to go home. They told me, "We are home." And I said, "Noooo, my other home." I don't remember the first part but I do remember being at home and crying saying I wanted to go home.

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• [13y ago](#)

My 4 yr. old sister said to my mom once,

"I can't wait until mommy dies!"

"What?!" (mom)

"Then she'll be with in heaven with Heavenly Father, and she'll be happy!"

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[TheDeLorean](#)

• [13y ago](#)

A friend of mine lived in a house where he shared a room with his younger brother on the top floor. I think they were both around 4 years old. Apparently, my friend was scared to sleep upstairs because of "the man on the stairs."

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[tvme](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This is more what I did as a child. Me (7) and my sister (11) were being baby sat by a girl who lives opposite (15) as my parents were at the babysitters house having a meal with her parents. I was a sick and don't remember but apparently i was hallucinating, sweaty and crying in the living room. Out of no where I start screaming and saying an old lady has walked into the room before crying my eyes out saying she was sitting an empty chair in the corner pointing at me and just wanted her to go away. Needless to say the babysitter ran home crying and their meal was called of. TL;DR I saw dead people

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[confuseum](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"I want to hug you to death!"

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[the_bass_lion](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This is a story my dad tells about me all the time, I don't actually remember it because I was too young. I was really little, taking a nap in the basement with my dad. It was pitch black down there and all you could see was the faint whiteness of our eyes and teeth. My dad was just about asleep, in that twilight zone, and I apparently didn't feel like sleeping and was more interested in my newly grown in teeth. I jump on my dads chest and say, "Wanna see my teeth?"

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[lennicren](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I'm a nanny to a 3 year old boy. A few weeks ago, my boyfriend and I took him to a movie and we drove a different route than he used to. We passed a really old cemetery and he casually said "I've been there." Since he's at the age when a lot of kids make things up just to have something to talk about, I just said "I don't think you have, buddy, that's probably not what you think it is." He said "No, I know what it is. I've been there." Some of his stories can be pretty entertaining, so I just went with it. I asked him what the place was and why we was there and he said: "You go there and they put rocks on someone."

I didn't immediately make the connection, so I just laughed, but my boyfriend whispered "No, he's kinda right.." and I realized that he may have meant a gravestone. So I asked him when he went and he said "Well, these two boys were in a fire and they put them in a hole and put rocks on them. Then everyone went home and cried." When I told his mom about it, she said he has never been to a funeral or



cemetery nor has any of it been explain to or around him. His family also doesn't watch the news and she wasn't aware of any movie he could have seen it in.

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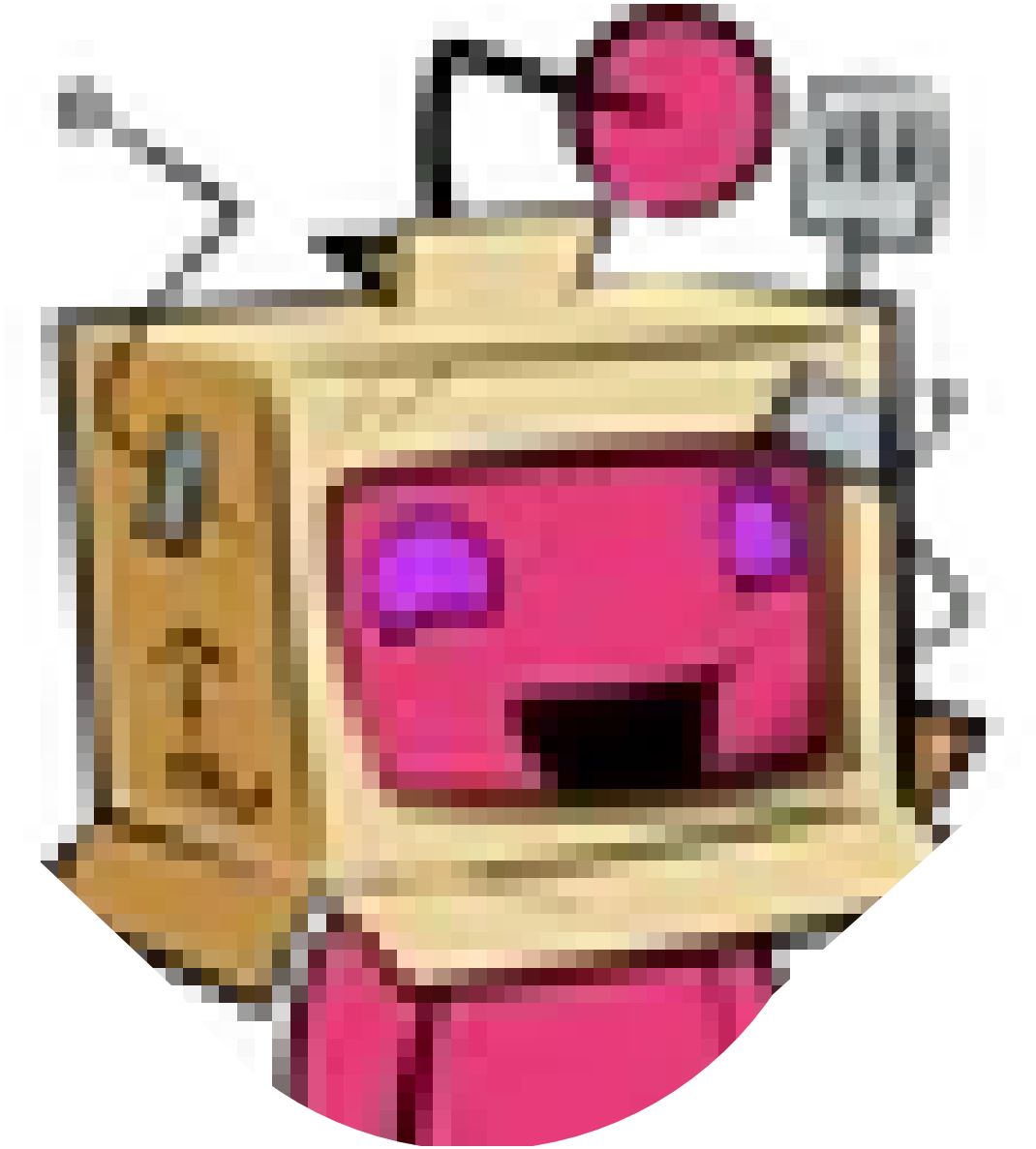
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• [13y ago](#)

I had a lot of imaginary friends, my mom to this day calls them "angels". I had a friend in my grandmas lamp, in my tv (which my brother by the way has a friend who swears he saw a figure in the tv reflection... yeah creepy.) One story my mom often tells, completely calm... is when I saw a little boy in my backyard and came up to her crying saying his parents died in a car accident and he missed his mommy, I was 3.

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[llama laughter](#)
• 13y ago

Not a kid but my freshman roommate would take a lot of prescription pills, especially to sleep at night. When she did this she would sleep walk and rearrange the room or pull all the clothes out of our closets. I got used to it and chalked it up to one of her weird quirks. We also hid a kitten in our dorm. So one night I woke up and rolled over to see that she had pulled to Ottoman over to my loft and was standing on it next to me head while holding and petting the Kitty. I told her to go back to bed she said okay and crawled back into her bed and fell back asleep. I didn't sleep much the rest of the night.

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• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent ^{so glad} but as a kid, my aunt was babysitting me. Out of nowhere, I turned to her with a face full of fury and hatred and pretty much growled "***I hate you!***" I think she was a bit freaked out by it.





[maiorano84](#)
• 13y ago

I know it's not unusual, but still weirds me out when I hear it. My 6 year-old daughter is certain that she is going to marry me.



[Brojays](#)
• 13y ago

There's a monster outside my window, can I have a glass of water?





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

My boss sometimes has to bring his 2 year old to work. The kid actually behaves better than most kids his age and my boss keeps a good eye on him and keeps him in the manager's offices. Anyway he has this plastic toy pocketknife and he likes to run up to people and touch them yelling "I stab you! I stab you!"





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• [13y ago](#)

"I love you." It wasn't so much what he said but how he said it.





[tittilating_tomatoes](#)

• 13y ago

My brother and my mother were driving down a secluded street, when they pass a ditch. My brother then says, "That's where my other mommy died."

He's not adopted.



[killrek](#)

• 13y ago

Not my kid but my niece would not go to bed she was maybe 4. She would hold on to me and said no no I don't want to the monsters will get me. (this is a long story I'll shorten). I go to take her to her room and show her there is nothing but when we get there she's crying and I say where are the monsters she points I punch the air where she says they are. finally she stops crying and is in bed. But the weird thing is she's 8 now and says they are still around but don't bother her.



[Travelberry](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This is just something I overheard a kid saying to his dad on the way out of star wars episode The dad asked him what his favorite part was and he responded with " I liked the part where he burned" I don't know if he meant Anakin or Grievous but either way....

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• [13y ago](#)

at a restaurant: "can i have a pie made out of.... people?"

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[Soproudofyou](#)

• 13y ago

Not a parent, this is what my sister told them. We use to live in this building and on the floor above us lived my aunt and uncle. After my uncle died my aunt was staying downstairs with us for a while. After a week or so my aunt needs to get some more clothes from her apartment and didn't want to go alone. My mother, my sister who was 3 at the time and my aunt all went together. When my mom and aunt were preparing her suitcase (with my aunt crying non-stop) my sister just wondered off. Once the suitcase was done and her absence noticed they called her out. When she came back my mom asked, "What have you been doing?". To this my sister answers "playing with my uncle".

This my mom describes as the second most scary moment of her life. But wait..... As they were leaving the apartment (rather promptly) my mom carrying my sister notices her waving goodbye to the empty hall way. That was the first.

Edit: spelling

TL;DR Sister might have seen my dead uncle



[lookbusyatwork](#)

• 13y ago

My 3 year old while playing in her room came out to the living room looked straight at me and said she was a zombie and then proceeded to try and bite me.





[melivore](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was 3 or maybe 4, I used to have nightmares of a headless man, who used to look after young children. I would often say to my Mam 'That man with no head on was talking to me again last night'. That creeped the fuck out of the parents.



[IllBeGoingNow](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was young (5 or 6) I would occasionally get really vivid nightmares, as children are wont to do. I would wake up freaking out and go wake up my mom for reassurance that the man in the glow in the dark skeleton costume wasn't actually trying to recruit me for whatever devious plans he had.

For a little background, my dad was an army vet. He fought in Vietnam, was stationed in Korea, had been on a few missions in South America that he never told me about (I found out a few years after he died during a random conversation with my older brother). He had narcolepsy, but waking him up was terrifying to young me. He was often startled and jumped when awoken. At 6'4" and 275, he was a rather imposing sight. I knew he was a giant teddy bear and wouldn't hurt a fly, but for that split second when waking up, he wasn't "dad."

When I would wake my mom up after having these nightmares, I would do so by creeping into their room, covering her mouth with my hand, and shushing her. It seemed the best way to keep the bear next to her from waking. I thought it was just a good idea. Looking back on it, it was probably terrifying the first couple times I did it.



[jrmitch18](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm no parent, so this isn't quite the same, but still odd and unsettling. My grandfather died around seven years ago and, as such, there was a memorial and reception. As my brother and I sat around chatting and generally relaxing, my eight year old cousin, who tends to say some odd things, walked over and began staring directly at me with an incredibly serious expression. I unsuccessfully attempted to ignore her in the hope that she might get bored. Finally, I give in and ask, "What's up?"

Long pause.

"...I'm going to slaughter you."

"What?"

"I. Am. Going. To. Slaughter. YOU."

It was weird.





[pab2535](#)
• [13y ago](#)

when I was about three, my mom was sitting in our living room, and I walked in and asked her to come to my room so I could show her something. She reluctantly gets up and follows me to my room, and I point to the corner and say "Look mom, look at my Tanner, over there in the corner." She said she freaked the fuck out. She freaked out because unknown to me until I was older, my aunt had two babies both of whom died before my cousin, who is still alive and is 20, was born. After he was born my mom found out she was pregnant with me about 2 years after my cousin was born, a week after my mom found out she was pregnant, my aunt (her sister) found out she was pregnant. Me and my aunts baby (my cousin) were supposed to be born two weeks apart from each other (my birthday is Aug. 23, you do the math) but shortly after my cousin was born, he passed away (he had a rare disease, that even had he lived he would have been severely handicapped). I was born about a week and a half later. The creepy part is, my aunt named my cousin Tanner. I never knew about any of this until I was older.

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[khaleesiTargaryen](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was 8. I woke up from bed and went into my parent's bedroom in the middle of the night and said that I saw Grandpa in my bedroom and he was talking to me. In the morning my parents got a call that he passed away that night.

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[Candlewaffles](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm finding it quite creepy that most of these stories always involve children who are 3 years old.

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[monacola](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a child I used to sleep walk. One evening I sleep walked into my parents room, stood at the side of the bed, and ask my mom to play with me. What was freaky about it was that I was playing hand games with an invisible person at the time while asking her.

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[FAP-FOR-BRAINS](#)
• 13y ago

'Last night I dreamed I killed you. When will you die?'

--my angelic 4 year old girl

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[lumpyspacekitty](#)
• 13y ago

Not so much creepy as it was odd but I used to share a room with my 12 year old sister when I was six, one night she came into the room when I was sleeping and I sat up, looked right at her and said "lick between my fingers" then lied back down.

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[poppieimperative](#)
• 13y ago

My 3-year old likes to say "I'll kill you!" We are not sure where he picked it up, but it's disturbing to hear him say. We try telling him that it is not nice to say that to people. Also tried ignoring it. I'm sure it will pass eventually.

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• [13y ago](#)

When I was younger I used to ask my parents "who is that man that's in the hallway with the hat on?" All the time. That hallway creeped me out until the day we moved. That house had lots of weird stuff happen in it.

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[swishd](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Me and my friend were on her bed one night talking, and her daughter appears in the shadows of her door, eyes half open (presumably sleep walking) and just stands there. We both are like "Hey...?" and she did not reply, just stared. My friend immediately got up and woke her from her slumber and brought her back to her room.

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[King_of_da_Castle](#)
• 13y_ago

When I was little I rarely asked to sleep in my parents bed, however one night I woke them up to ask if I could sleep with them. When they asked why, I said " My toys won't stop talking to me and let me sleep".



[mockingjay_](#)
• 13y_ago

My friend and I always have sleep overs and she says I'm a really creepy sleeper. She says I'll sometimes sit straight up with my eyes open, but I'll go back to sleep if she tells me. She says I even sleep with my eyes open. I'm surprised she still has me over....

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[Sillyhappyhead](#)
• 13y ago

I watch my 3 year old nephew a lot during the week and one day a couple months ago he kept running around saying "bad dog don't bite me". They don't have a dog nor have they ever had one, it was weird

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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 9y ago

deleted 0.0960 [What is ^^^this?](#)

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[haute-enchiladas](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son used to stay with my mom while I worked and went to school and he always used to tell her- "you remember when you were little and I was your dad. I used to spank you." Weird shit.

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[TheF0CTOR](#)
• 13y ago

this has pretty much turned into a "what did you do to freak *your* parens out" kind of thing, so here's what I did:

When 9-11 happened, I overheard on the news a few details, so I built a tower of blocks. Then I got a toy plane and knocked it over, trying to figure out why it was such bad news, but my 5-or-so year old brain only processed small wooden blocks falling to a carpeted floor. My mom walked in and nearly screamed at me, but then realized I didn't understand how bad it really was.

I was a weird kid



[4LostSoulsinaBowl](#)
• 13y ago

When I was in high school, my mom came into my room one morning to grab something out of my closet. I woke up halfway, sat up, looked at her, matter-of-factly stated "Beelzebub Exodus," and promptly fell back asleep.





[MaliciousHH](#)
• 13y ago

When I was 5-6 out of the blue I turned to my mum and said "When I'm 14 daddy's going to kill me in the loft", I thought it was funny but my mum was pretty creeped out.

Also, last year I was camping and hanging around a campfire with some friends kids and one of the youngest ones starts chanting "we're going to set the house on fire, we're going to set the house on fire" I was quite unnerved.



[AWOLrus](#)
• 13y ago

When I was a kid, I'd sleep walk. My sister heard me running down the hall in the middle of the night and came out of her room. She asked me what was wrong. So I told her, "Don't look in their eyes or they'll kill you!" and then ran into my parents room. Petrified, she ran after me and found me dead asleep on their couch.

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• [13y ago](#)

When I was younger I apparently used to sleep walk and then just stop in the living room of my old house and just laugh hysterically. I don't remember any of this...

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[raenivon](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I'm not a parent but I worked as a tumble/gymnastics instructor with kids about 5 years old. This little girl was just chatting away "I was in my sisters room and she told me to leave. I like playing basketball. Some people are black...(Akward pause as she stares into my soul). My mom made sandwiches last night for dinner." And then she kept talking about other random things.

Also this little girl I babysit goes "I saw a ghost" Me: "Really?" Her: "At your house." Me: '-I

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[MuadDave](#)
• [13y ago](#)

[This one here on Reddit](#) creeped me out the other day.

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[brogen](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm the creepy kid in this story: apparently once when I was in preschool I told my mom that I had another dad who was a fisherman. I just went on and on about this guy- he had a small wooden boat, he wore yellow fisherman's gear, and he had a glass eye. I used to ask her when my "other daddy" was going to come home.

Another creepy thing I did was sleepwalk around the house and cry in my sleep. Once I was found rolling on the floor of my basement just bawling. Creepy as fuck.



[pom1234](#)
• [13y ago](#)

The day after her great grandfather died, my niece said to her mom "pop pop is the in the other room painting". He painted their fence that summer. She was 2.









[Hiding In Sight](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Not mine, but my roomates kid said, I'm going to fuck you in the face! Laughs ensued, roommate was pissed.





[stainglassfox](#)
• 13y ago

Not my kid, but I was in the mall once and there was a woman walking a small child into a Macy's. Upon entering, the kid loudly whispered "heads cut off, heads cut off, heads cut off, heads cut off, heads cut off" repeatedly- because the manikins didn't have any heads.





[jaspermatt](#)
• 13y ago

I told my younger sister that "everyone in our family is going to die before you and you will be left on your own. " I don't remember saying it but I can imagine it would have been creepy from my sister's point of view...



[Aidref](#)
• 13y ago

Didn't happen to me but a friend of mine told me that she was getting changed after having a shower and her daughter walked into the room. The mother asks her to give her some privacy and her daughter stands there for a few seconds, gets a creeeeeeeepy smile on her face, writes 'Showtime' on a whiteboard she has in her room and leaves with the same smile on her face.





[Tru-Queer](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent, but I remember when I was probably 10 or 11 I explained to my mom that red and green were my favorite colors because those were the colors of bad guys and bad guys were cooler than good guys. In essence I told my mom I wanted to be a villain.



[dj_deeb](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was like 4 I had just realized what a robber was, so one night I yelled at my dad randomly and called him a robber. I remember my parents being really confused.





[irelliephant](#)
• 13y ago

When I was two or three, I went through a phase of hitting my (older) brother. My parents sat me down and asked me why I was hitting him so much. Apparently I looked them straight in the face and said, "Because he wouldn't listen to me."



[SHFFLE](#)
• 13y ago

Well, not a parent, but when I was a kid, I always had to have my closet door closed, or black bulls would trample me. I was certain they were real, and had that in my head until I moved out of that house at 8. I now know what sleep paralysis is, and I think that's what it was. I also used to have vivid dreams a lot as a kid. Now, I rarely remember mine at all, though that could be tied to me sleeping only 5-6 hours a night (of my own volition. I sleep in on weekends).

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[missspiritualtramp](#)
• 13y ago

Not me, but my friends three-year-old woke up her standing at the end of her bed holding scissors. All he said was, "I found these, mommy."

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[TheLennyFace](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

Not a parent, but my friends 7 year old brother said this one:

-In the room next to my friend's alone-

Little brother: You're right, we should bury them all

My friend walks in and says: Who are you talking to?

Little brother: Oh, just my buddy.

There was **NOBODY** there, we searched the whole house.

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[Guesty](#)

• [13y_ago](#)

I have exams soon, and need all the sleep I can get.

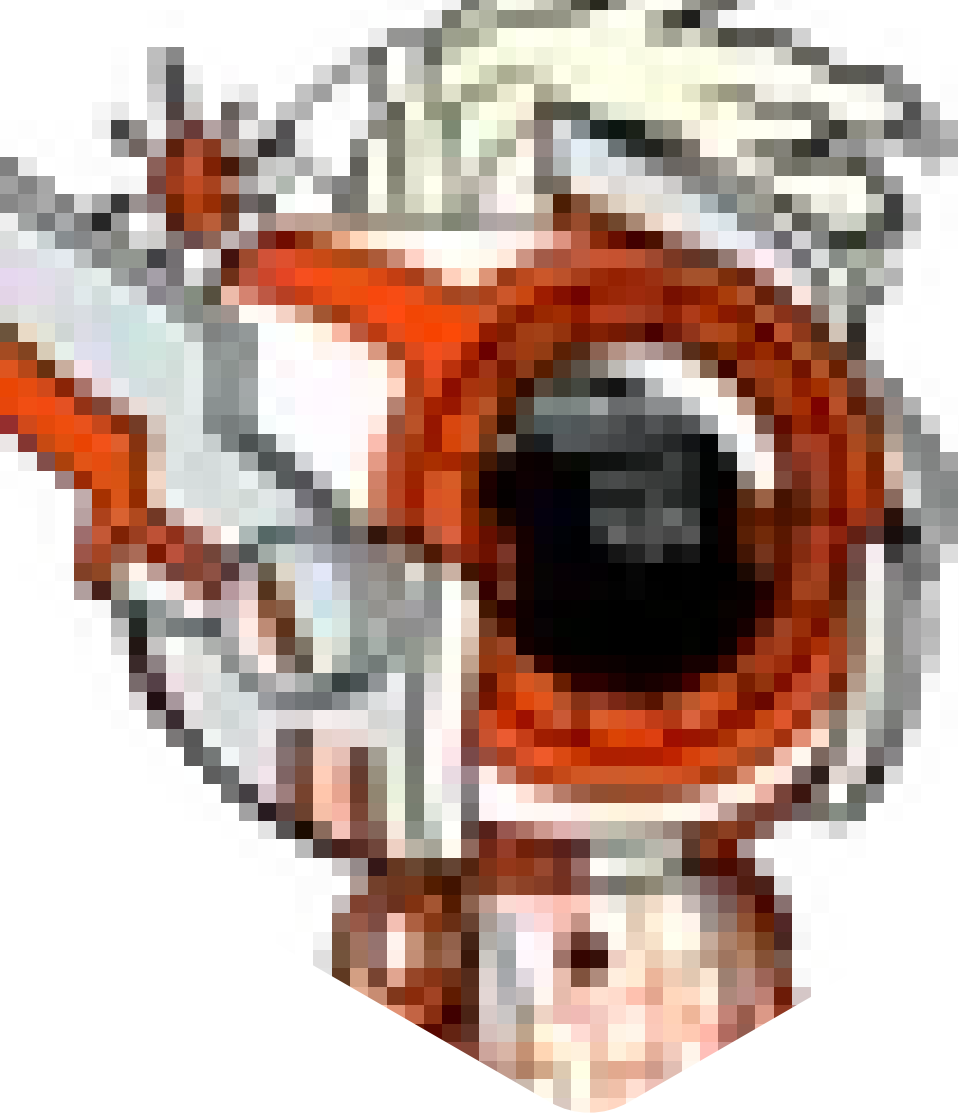
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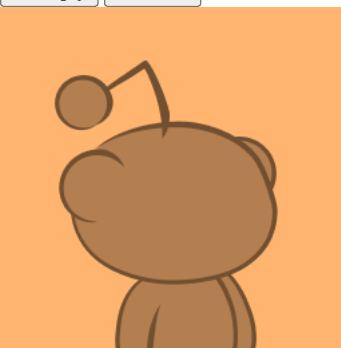




[AaronMickDee](#)

• 13y_ago

Just got out of the shower. He said my penis looked like it had poop on it. He was talking about my pubic hair. I trimmed later that night.



[MaidenHero](#)

• 13y_ago

Guess I will not be sleeping tonight! Thanks guys!

[Mako](#)

• 13y_ago

My three year old saw a commercial between two cartoons on PBS. It was for the British show Robin Hood, and depicted a man pointing an arrow at another and saying "I'm going to kill you."

For the next few days he would get this big smile on his face and tell people "I'm going to kill you." He did this to strangers. It was awkward. WTF was PBS thinking.





[deleted]
• 13y ago

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[Dadentum](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Said, calmly and nonchalantly: "I am going to kill Zack tomorrow."

Zack is one of his friends. I had to explain that it's bad to talk like that.

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[IGetThis](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Because it gives the target warning?

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[Tallkotten](#)
• [13y ago](#)

About to sleep. Noped out of this thread after the first read.

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[songokuh](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"This is the altar. We've all got to worship it."

3 yr old son, playing with lego.

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[bluetigger](#)
• 13y ago

When I was about 5 I cut off all the hair on my Barbie and when my mum asked why, I told her that she had cancer and that I was giving her chemotherapy. I also used to operate on said Barbie.

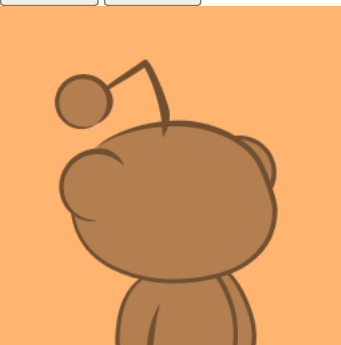
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[SKSmokes](#)
• 13y ago

My daughter when she was 3 and I was teasing her, "If you don't stop doing that, I'm going to make you dead."

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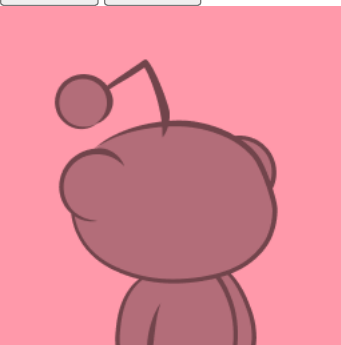


[Avrin](#)
• 13y ago

From this thread I've learned:

1. Kids are creepy as shit
2. It's not uncommon for them to see people that aren't there
3. Those invisible people aren't actually there: inconclusive.

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[mirandamm](#)
• 13y ago

Not my child, however my niece used to say, "I hate your 'gina!" She had barely learned about her vagina and that mommy and auntie had one as well. So with fists clenched and a very pissed off 'tude she'd scream, "I HATE YOUR 'GINA!"



Haha She's 20 now, and I still say it to her to this day. :)

 Reply

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[ansleyvelley](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I witnessed my cousin Riley being born as a 4 year old. The baby obviously was born with fluids all over...but yeah so whenever my parents would have me interact with newborns in the following years I would exclaim "they smell like blood!"

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[mamadragonfly](#)
• 13y ago

My two year old looooves scary kids movies and shows (Scooby Doo, Paranorman, Monster House, etc.) So sometimes she'll just randomly say "He's coooming!" in a sing-song voice. This is the same child that says she sees ghosts all the time. Gets a little creepy, man.

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[hypno_tode](#)
• 13y ago

When my daughter was 8, she came back in from playing outside and asked, "Mommy, why is there an angel on the car?" Turns out neighborhood kids had been moving concrete yard ornaments around.



[kb-air](#)
• 13y ago

"I don't like staying at uncle jimmy's anymore"





[slamnasty99](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Reading some of these makes me never want a child



[Sylvanas_Windrunner](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not my kid, but a friends':

"I like ants. They're easy to kill. I like killing things."

...from a 6 year old.





[golfingmadman](#)
• 13y ago

Man, you'll got some weird ass kids. (knocks on wood) My kids don't do any of this freaky stuff.



[mollAAy](#)
• 13y ago

The little girl I nanny says she wants to eat me for dinner almost everyday, sadly this came after her biting phase so it's pretty creepy



[mommy_geek](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter woke up at midnight last night and said, "Momma, why do we have to go to heaven with God when we die? I was just talking to him and I didn't understand." ...the weird part is that my husband is an atheist and I'm agnostic at best. She must've gotten it from her grandmother talking to her or something...



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

I once told my parents that my dad would be dead by 40. Quite fortunately he's not and is still very much alive and healthy well past 40.





[cats_pal](#)
• 13y ago

This was a little odd perhaps. When I was four and my family was in The Netherlands, I drew a treasure map at school. It looked just like the United States and I drew an X right where Houston was. A couple months later, my dad got a job offer in Houston. Been in Houston ever since, almost 20 years later. My mom found the map a couple years ago and recalled it. She thinks we have a premonition thing going in our family. That wasn't the only time either she or I have had gut feelings about stuff confirmed.



[willy04](#)
• 13y ago

my kid asked me if he could taste my blood.





[faerygirl956](#)
• 13y ago

One of my friends found out that she was pregnant. She explained to her 4-5 year old daughter, "You're going to have a new brother or sister." "Brother and a sister!" her daughter said. "Brother or a sister," my friend corrected. But her daughter kept insisting that she would have "A brother and a sister." A week later, my friend found out she was having twins, a boy and a girl.



[jsalgirl](#)
• 13y ago

My nephew is 4 and obsessed with crime shows (it started with Scooby Doo) and one time we were driving home and he asked her if the cops were going to pull us over and see if their were bodies in the trunk...

I told him to give me a heads up for the next time he sets us up for the transportation of human corpses! ffs

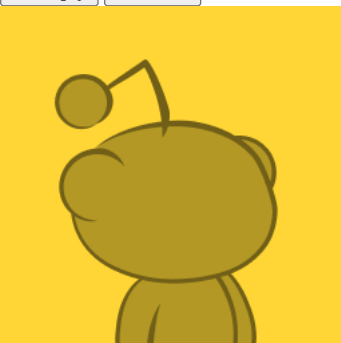
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[ahmanderz](#)
• 13y ago

My 5 year old brother turns to me and says: Sissy, why are you so mean to me? Is it because I'm fat?

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[Worththerisk](#)
• 13y ago

Kids are ace.

 Reply  Share





[burnmelt](#)
• 13y ago

When I was ~4, my dad thought it was fine to bring me to rated 'R' movies, while my mom disagreed. They decided to take me to Robocop. During the beginning scene where the guy gets shot, I started laughing maniacally in the theater.

It was many years before I got to see another rated 'R' movie.

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[todoroki](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 2 year old kept saying "people dying, people dying" and "goodbye heaven" for about a week.

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• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but my friend's brother went up to his mom when he was angry and said: "Mom I'm so mad I'm going to cut the cat up and let Mayzie (the dog) eat it and I hope they go to hell I DON'T CARE!!!!!"

He was 10....





[LoganLePage](#)
• 13y ago

Not my child, but my ex's kid after they had spent the night and where eating breakfast said to her mom:

"Mommy, all parents have to die some time."

It didn't help that she has the ability to completely shut off emotion. So she kind of just said it very monotone with Children of the Corn stare.



[ImCaveJohnson](#)
• 13y ago

Just got a new car, took my 6 year old daughter for a drive.. during which she told me... When you die I want this car... as a car guy I thought this was cute and the ominous overtones weren't immediately apparent to me.





[takatori](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

"I hate ants. I want to kill them all." - 5-year-old.

For now, it's just ants.





[moemoe73](#)
• 13y ago

Whats the difference between nightmares and night terrors? And doesn't everyone get them at some point? Why are people saying they suffer from it? I really am curious not being a douche or anything.

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[throwaway51585](#)
• 13y ago

Night terrors feel more real. They occur during deep sleep (non REM sleep) which may make it harder to wake from - meaning you're "stuck" in a night terror longer and waking from them is more disorienting because your brain is coming from the deepest stage of sleep to full consciousness. They can also be associated with violent or sudden movement -thrashing, sitting up quickly- sweating, screaming or breathing heavily.

Most nightmares happen during REM sleep when you are more easily awoken and transition from sleep to awake or deeper sleep easier.

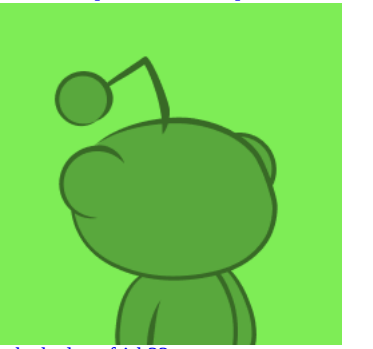
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 2 more replies

 2 more replies 



[⊕ More replies](#) [⊕ More replies](#)



[take the damn frisb33](#)

• 13y ago

When I was a tiny thing I drew a picture of heaven. I told my mother it was where we all go when we die. She asked how I knew. I said "they told me. But its OK. You're not going till later mommy." She told me this ten years after it happened. I think it was funny.

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[↗ Share](#)



[Majigor](#)

• 13y ago

Why the fuck am I reading this at midnight?

[⊕ Reply](#)

[↗ Share](#)





[unhumorous_pun](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Well I guess I won't be sleeping anymore tonight

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[Entropyisheresy](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I used to help out at child's play centre and while sitting with the kids one sat on my lap and said "I'm sitting on your willy" while smiling at me in front of all the parents. A strategic-get the fuck away-was in order.

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[SuperMadBro](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Every Christmas, my cousin (about 15 years older then me) likes to bring up the time when i was probably around 5 or 6 and said "If all you guys were dead, I'd get all your presents."



[hrdmn10](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I remember this like yesterday. I was about 7 years old. My dad was telling me about the birds and the bees. When he got to the part of "the man sticks his penis into a woman" I thought the penis comes off and he "puts it into the woman" (cut off? Shed it like a snake?) I asked if he grew a new one. My dad was very confused and said "yeah I guess." Yes I was a stupid kid....



[AnotherSmegHead](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I have a 13 y/o autistic brother. He barely ever talks at all and I tried to convince my parents that he is mostly playing the long con on them because he CAN say complete sentences but its like a game to him to see how little he can say. He likes to play a game of "its okay?" and you respond "its okay". He does this every single day multiple times a day.

One day me and a GF were at home and she didn't know the game and just said, "No" because his mini fit reactions were kind of funny to her (yeah we broke up btw) and he just blurts out in perfect English: "Just say okay! Thats how it works!"

Another time I was trying to talk to him and teach him pronouns like "I" because he just uses his first name like in the third person and I could have sworn he said something to me akin to "Your brother's not here right now" like he was possessed or something.

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[ElmoTheThird](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Reading these comments has made me realize that the end is truly nigh.

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• [13y ago](#)

My mom got really scared when I told her people can hire an assassin online.

Edit: "I" to "people"

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[chkenpooka](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My niece says: "goodbye, enjoy your new family."

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[inthe_dark](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

My three year old is obsessed with saying things about killing things... Freaks me the fuck out all the time.

Plus her new one is to ask me if she is sexy, which is really just creepy to me and where she learned it, is beyond me.

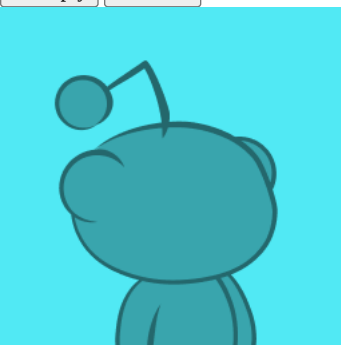
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[vbarton24](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

my two year old daughter sounds like she says your gonna die all the time. not sure what she is really saying.

 Reply 



[SatanMD](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

My niece is seven now but probly a year and a half ago she drew a picture of a 'dead guy'. His guts were everywhere. I have also heard her say she wants 'to rip someone in half'. She is fascinated with guts and death probly because of the taboo factor. Everyone jokingly blames me for it which I am content with.





[blueskycloudy](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Sitting on the tarmac ready to go on a 4 hour plane ride. 3 year old says "something *bad*'s gonna happen" in a perky kid voice with a big smile.





[BweeUdweeb](#)

• 13y ago

Not a parent but an older sister. My younger sister had a ton of imaginary friends as a kid. I remember one night I was tucking her in for bed. when i was leaving her room, i turned to say goodnight to her and her imaginary friends to which she replied with the most malicious straight face "i dont believe in them anymore" it was just creepy because as she was saying that i turned off the lights and i didnt know exactly what to say so i just walked away. haha



[Mixdfantis](#)

• 13y ago

When my sister was little she chased me around the house with a broom. It was getting annoying, so I started running from her and telling her to stop. I ran into my parents bathroom and she follows me and says "I'm going to kill you" but it came out sounding very raspy and creepy. To this do she still doesn't remember saying it. Scared the crap out of me.





[i am not sam](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Jesus. Fuckin' kids.





[futurebutter](#)
• 13y ago

My 2-year-old and I were gonna fly home and, on the plane, prior to takeoff, he gasps, looks at me and says, "Uh oh!"

I'm already a nervous flier...



[sandywhale](#)
• 13y ago

According to my mom I used to have a strange fascination with knives when I was younger. She left me alone in the kitchen for a few minutes. When she came back I promptly pulled the knife out of my pocket and made a sort of a creepy grin. Scared her to death. I was kind of a weird kid.





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• [13y ago](#)

My two year old on a flight says this a few months after 9/11as we were taking off," We're going to heaven!" Freaked me and everyone out.





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• [13y ago](#)

When my half-sister was about 3 years old my dad had this handpuppet thing. She was sitting across the table from him and had no way of seeing he used his hand to make it talk. While the puppet was talking to her she suddenly took her eyes off it and stared right into my dad's eyes and said "but *insert my father's name* you know just as well as I do that is just a puppet, and puppets don't talk." in this really judging tone. Then she went back to being a 3 year old playing with her dolls. I dunno why but it freaked me the hell out XD



[CUM BLASTED CORPSE](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was watching my nephew once and he was drawing a picture of a monster. He was around 3 or 4 years old and when I asked him "Do you believe in monsters?" he shook his head and said "no, you do".

Unsettled me.





[tinhatlizard](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my son woke up one night and said "Im sorry mommy, I have to die now" He was only 3.





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• [13y ago](#)

How old is he now?

[⊕ More replies](#)



[GoodGuyNinja](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Whilst shopping in the supermarket, my sister, as a two year old, turned to my mum and said "If you have another baby I'm going to kill it". 25 years later I'm now realising maybe there was another reason I don't have any more brothers or sisters...





[worldiest](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was babysitting a 4 year old boy who was just a nightmare through and through. He would break things, eat anything and everything, scream, and just generally terrorize me nonstop.

So anyway, I was in the middle of scolding him in the kitchen, and he suddenly stops all of his wild behavior. Slowly and carefully, he picks up a small knife from the counter and says to me in a quiet, singsong voice, "Well, I guess this is goodbye then."

I had to resort to calling Santa (my mom), but I was legitimately terrified for a moment there.

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• [13y ago](#)

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• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but my mum said when I was little I used to say "God's mad at you mummy." I was never raised in a religious manner, I had no clue who God was In our old house a man passed away in our bathtub, and every time I used to take a bath I'd "talk" to him. This was another thing mum never told me until I was about 10. And the last one, I would talk to her deceased mother and sister without having known or been told about them either.

TL;DR: I used to talk to real people I was never told about.

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[doubtingwhitedragon](#)

• [13y ago](#)

What's great is that when I was a kid I thought doing creepy things to my family was fucking hilarious. I bet if they read this they'd have some things to say.

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[ConstruKction](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son was playing Lego with a friend the other day. I was walking by his room and happened to hear my son utter the phrase "Take that, you stupid old man!" He's five.

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[captainjack13](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not that the words were creepy, but the experience was. My 3 year old niece spent the night with me, so we were asleep in the same bed. I was half-asleep, half-awake with my eyes still closed when I felt like something was "off." I woke up to my niece, with her face about 2 inches from mine. She said, "Hi." Scared me to death :)





[bladel](#)
• 13y ago

Hah! My son did that, except he had a wicket nosebleed. So he woke me up with "Dad..." and my half-open eyes saw his face, covered in blood.....

[⊕ More replies](#)



[Ashleyjane17](#)
• 13y ago

The little 4 year old I nanny for ran into a couch and said "I hurt my penis" he then bent over kissed himself and said "there I kissed it all better"





[Poltra Actual](#)
• [13y ago](#)

TIL: 95% of children will get possessed, or predict a birth/ death in their first 6 years of life.

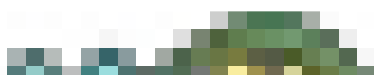


[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

I woke up in the early hours of the morning to my three year old boy ever-so-gently stroking my face with my metal hand- shaped back-scratcher. It's missing two fingers --









[Amonette2012](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Was going to make this my last post before going to sleep. Nope.





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• [13y ago](#)

Not my own child, but my sisters 2-year-old son woke up one morning and told her:

"Momma, Jesus was on me! He was on me, momma!"

They never taught him anything religious, hasn't watched anything religious, and hasn't heard anything religious from anyone.





[jungghyun2006](#)
• 13y ago

This isn't exactly on topic, but it's close enough. My mother's close friend once confronted her about the things her daughter(4 years old) was drawing. Initially my mother's friend thought since they were just pictures it didn't really matter, but the pictures her daughter were drawing was her daughter as a stick figure holding hands with another stick figured character with red devil like horn and tail. Up to that point my mother's friend assumed her daughter just saw the character somewhere on TV, but a few weeks later her daughter said "I play with it every night". Few days later, her daughter drew another picture where the devil like figure was holding something that looked like a blood red knife. I still recall seeing the picture when my mom brought it home to ask me what I thought about it and to this day I shiver at the mere thought of it.

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• [13y ago](#)

My son was three years old, and he didn't want to go to bed. When I told him that he had to go to bed, he said I didn't love him any more and I broke his heart. He made a heart symbol with his hands and then threw them down in a X sign. He then said he was going to go outside and kill himself.

We had to have a long talk after that.

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[PICS OR GIFS](#)

• [13y ago](#)

<http://i.imgur.com/6tx1zqj.jpg>

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• [13y ago](#)

So my nephew randomly during breakfast one day said "beejee is gonna die" then casually went back to his meal. Beejee is a common word for grandmother in our culture and my own grand mother is in a nursing home so that freaked us out. A few days later the grandma of a friend of mine, who we also call beejee passed away. Wtf.

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• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but I babysat a truly disturbed six year old little girl a few summers ago. She told me she wanted to kick me in the stomach until I threw up and that she liked spaghetti sauce because it looks like blood.

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[ONE FREAKING NUT](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent but when I was first born my sister was uber jealous of me and all the attention I was getting. She was in her play room and heard me choking on some milk in another room. After I got it all out and finished coughing she said in a creepy monotone voice, "Is he dead yet?"

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• [13y ago](#)

My friend heard a noise in her bedroom and was startled awake when she saw a man standing in her bedroom doorway, making sobbing noises. Her non-verbal autistic 14 year old had a bad dream. She told me that they were both so scared she went into his room and slept on the floor next to his bed.

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• 13y ago

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[RoxieZfly](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was around 7 or 8, I was cuddling with my Dad and he was rubbing my back I said to him "your hurting us daddy" He throw me off his chest and I started laughing so hard I couldn't stop.

Back story on that was a few days before this happened we watched Dreamcatcher (2003) I was trying to sound like the aliens, lol.

🗨 Reply 🔗 Share





[mayapuhpaya](#)
• 13y ago

Not said to me, but, today my pregnant coworker said she felt like her 2yr old son pretty much understood that he is having a younger sibling and that the baby is in mom's tum. But she got a bit concerned recently when the 2 year old blond boy grabbed his stomach and said "my baby hurting, owe my baby hurts"..... scary

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• [13y ago](#)

Not exactly on subject, but as a kid in the 3rd grade I seem to remember telling one of my teachers that I wanted to stab them with a knife once when I was mad, I was a perfectly good kid though otherwise, I often wonder, does she think I grew up to be a serial killer?

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• [13y ago](#)

Just 2 nights ago, my 5 year had gotten in trouble and told me that I should kill him with a shovel and love papa instead. it creeped me out a little.

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[obscurethestorm](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not my child but me when I was little. Some back story: my mom's dad died of AIDS when she was 12.

My mom and I were going through a box of old pictures. I was maybe 2 or 3. I picked up a picture out of the box and said (I spoke in sentences quite young), "Oh, this is Grandpa Ken!"

I had never seen a picture of him before in my life, as most of them were destroyed in a fire when my mom was 15.

She says that's when she started believing that he would come visit me. I apparently would talk about him all the time, like I knew him, after that.





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• [13y ago](#)

Not me but my friends son once got mad at her and said "Ill put you back in my penis!!"



[conbon52](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Went over to my friends house and his younger brothers friend (9) was talking about how his sister chases him around the house with scissors. If that wasn't bad enough he kept ranting on about how god is great. When I asked why he said this he responded with a huge smile on his face;"Because he will strike down my sister." I was scared shitless and kept the door locked all night.





[yaokayguy](#)
• 13y ago

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jL4MRZd8mfk>



[moonstarz](#)
• 13y ago

I'm not a parent, but when I was 14 I babysat a girl who asked me what it was like to have lived half my life already. Apparently I've got another 7-8 years in me.

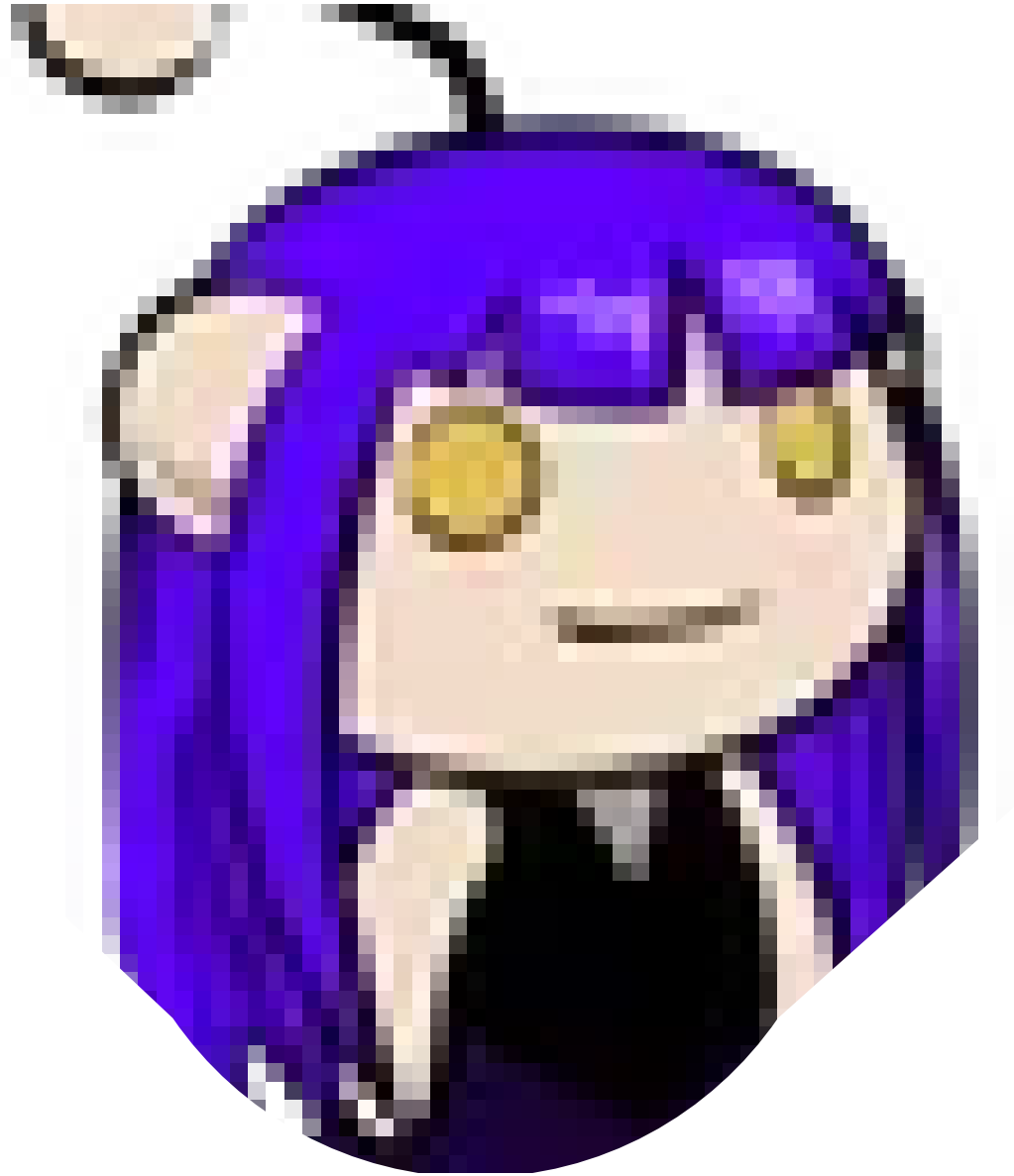
In her defense, I think she thought of age in stages: kid, teenager, adult, old person. I was a teenager so my life was half through.



[quixotri](#)
• 13y ago

TIL, from this thread: I never want to have kids.





[saleina](#)
• [13y ago](#)

so my daughter was three and she decided to say this..." Kill! Kill! Kill! *insert evil laugh* Kill! Kill! Kill!" to complete strangers walking by....









[Porkchop](#)
• 13y ago

i cant wait to sabotage my 5 year old niece into saying creepy things to her mom.



[Amorphously](#)
• 13y ago

I'm not a parent, but isn't this normal? Isn't this how they learn social norms? Ha I just re-read that and found that ironic.



[RadRandy](#)

[13y ago](#)

How can one not believe in the afterlife errrrr afterrrr reading these posts!?!?

IM GOING FUCKIN INSANE UP IN THIS BITCH!!!!



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• [13y ago](#)

"...MAMA..."



[HoodlumML](#)

• [13y ago](#)

guess who's not going to sleep tonight

I asked my mom if did any of this creepy shit, she said no that I sometimes sleep talked but nothing crazy, you guys are fucking nuts.





[godandrussellcrowe](#)
• 13y ago

10 year-old son told me he didn't think he was for gun control because he thought population control was more important.



[shutterbug343](#)
• 13y ago

This whole thread makes me terrified to procreate



[spiderobert](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I know I used to freak my parents out slightly when I was very young, because I used to get scared at night and go into their room, but I didn't want to be rude and wake them up so I would just stand at the foot of their bed.

Watching them sleep.

Usually one of them, mostly my dad (he's a light sleeper) would wake up, startled, and help me. sometimes they wouldn't wake up and I would eventually give up and go lie back down in my bed, crying.

Thinking about myself doing that actually kind of freaks *me* out



[dhmoney72](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Every time a comment on this thread says anything about someone dying in the beginning I stop reading that one for someone who loves scary movies I'm sure a wimp



[WomanAtWindow](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My then 2 year old didn't really say anything so much as make that creepy ass sound like that kid in the Japanese version of The Grudge.





[guitarosexual](#)
• 13y ago

When I was 3, my parents took me to adopt a new cat. As the lady there was helping us choose one, I turned to her and with a straight face said, "You know, all living things die some day."



[everyrosehasthorns](#)
• 13y ago

Not my kid but my little cousin (8) and I were watching WALLE. Theres a scene with some really cute chubby babies. Me: Aww they're so cute! Cousin: Yeah they're so chubby! Then her voice changes so it's all deep and demonic sounding. Cousin: I want to kill them.

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• [13y ago](#)

TIL that I never ever want kids.

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[andWonderland](#)
• [13y ago](#)

TL;DR have children, children can see ghosts and predict deaths.

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[amitnagpal1985](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

And I thought kids screaming in the movie were bad. Nope they r angels.

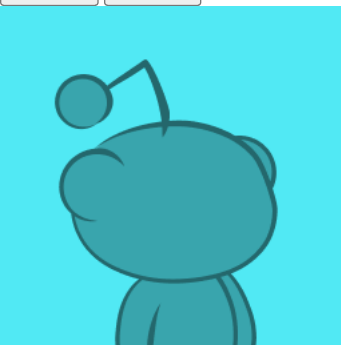
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[atx_reddit_gal](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

My son, to me, when he was two:"mommy, I am going to cut your head off and squeeze out all of your blood." Delivered in calm voice. Freaked me out. Still not sure when he plans to deliver.

Reply Share



[BlueStargazer](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

As a first year teacher of students with autism, one 3rd grade student said to me "the voices in my head are telling me to kill you with a hammer but I don't want to hurt you". I nearly ran out of the class after that one.

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[X_five](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but my little cousin said:

"I wish I was a superhero so I could kill everybody."

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2 more replies



⊕ 2 more replies



⊕ [More replies](#)



[DelightfulSarcasm](#)
• 13y ago

Watching a scary movie on the laptop. At a scene where there is a girl in a hospital bed covered in cuts and blood. 3 yr old daughter comes up beside me, looks at the screen. Looks at me and says in a dead serious tone "I wish that could be you".

⌚ Reply

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[psychotickeeper](#)
• 13y ago

When I was really little, I was staying at a friend's house, and I woke up in the middle of the night for no reason and could not sleep. I got super freaked out all of a sudden and had to call my mom to come get me. My great grandma had been staying with us for in-home hospice care, and when I got home she was gone. Turns out she had passed away at around the same time that I woke up and got freaked out...





[deceptinomonon](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Dude fuck kids.

Jesus Christ.



[monkeytank](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Reading this makes me not want to be a parent. Fuck. That. Shit.



[lucielou](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I remember the day I found out that people eventually die. I was eating lunch with my parents on the back porch and started to cry while saying "I don't want you guys to die". I strongly remember saying that when my dad dies I would hang him on my wall like a painting.





[sterlingrose](#)
• 13y ago

My husband and I are expecting our first, so I have no parent-of-a-creepy-kid stories yet. The little one is due on Halloween, though, so if nothing else I see plenty of scary movie-inspired birthday shenanigans in our future.

When I was a kid, about seven, I had a dream that kind of freaked my mother out. I woke up crying and told her that I had been standing outside my home, watching "my whole family and everyone I love" die because the building was burning down. I had always been completely terrified of fire, so I guess it was the worst thing I could imagine. I couldn't actually see the building in the dream, just flames and lots of smoke, and I think some firemen. What's weird is that she and I lived alone, but in the dream, it was everyone I loved who was in the burning building. She tried to convince me that I just had a dream about fire because it was summer and it was hot in my room, but I can still remember that she looked kind of spooked. That dream actually scared me so much that I still remembered and was frightened by it a few years later, so she had me write it all down to get it out of my system and that seemed to help.

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[CBruce](#)
• 13y ago

Our 3 year old son would wake up around the same time every night (12:15 AM) just screaming. Inconsolable, barely comprehensible, often times angry. He would throw himself around, thrash violently, arch his back, shake his head and just scream in raspy guttural voice about random things.

I have a cell-phone video of one of his tamer episodes. When he was going bore it was terrifying...

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[babel2013](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

For a very long time I heard my dad complaining about money and how difficult it was to keep up with bills (we are 4 siblings, so 4 kids were lots of expenses...). My mom worked in her business whilst we were in school and my dad had 2 jobs plus he was a freelance accountant and very young, 29 or 30. One night he got home very late (11pm, and he would leave home around 6-7 am) and worried about work and money and I was so concerned that I waited for him (I was about 4 or so), after his dinner, I went to the living room and told him what he thinks is the creepiest thing: "Daddy do not worry, you can still work all nights!" ... he felt I was exploiting him! tl;dr : "Dad you can still work at night"



[Justtheonepost](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I remember telling my parents that I was kidnapped and murdered by a terrorist in previous life, but a 'nice policeman' brought me back to life, and that was how they ended up with me.



[bearpoet29](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

i was volunteering at my church vbs a long time ago and about 12 kids abt 6 to 8 were all making arts and crafts together while we supervised them. then, in unison they all AT ONCE begin chanting, "ONE MORE NIGHT, ONE MORE NIGHT, ONE MORE NIGHT," for like five minutes. then, for some reason i can't explain, i began JOINING THEM in chanting it. they stopped after a while and then went back to their arts n crafts. super weird.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Not me, but when I was a kid, around 4 or 5, I would run up to random strangers and exclaim, "my parents are dead!" Then run off.





[Enolator](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Rather than about my kid (no kids!), I've been told by my parents that when I was around 3-4 years old we lived on a first floor apartment in Beij. Everytime it'd get to around the same time at dusk, I'd suddenly look up from whatever I'm doing and scream at the open window telling the "bad man" to go away. Course this creeped the parents out so my pops started waiting outside in the recreational area at around the same time, but saw nothing before I started screaming again. This only seemed to happen a few times until one last time when I started the same fit but pointed at the corner ceiling near the window. We moved to my grandparents place for a few months after that it seemed to do the trick. Kinda gives me creeps thinking about it because I dont remember it at all.





[JaxAdeline](#)
• 13y ago

My brother (6) asked my grandfather if he can keep his head when he dies... that kid is screwed up.



[ImNewHere4](#)
• 13y ago

My dad died when i was really young in the house he built for us. I had night terrors quite often. It got to the point that my mom was seeking help. She is really religious and was good friends with the Reverends family. He came over to bless the house and cast any spirits out. A week later he fell off a ladder and died. Always wondered if there was something spooky going on there.





[mcquillan62](#)
• 13y ago

my son when younger placed a piece of paper in the heater whilst holding the end of it,it caught fire he through it once it burned his fingers starting a fire ...when i asked him why he had done it,his reply was the little boy there told me to !!!! There was no one in the room but him



[kbetts1](#)
• 13y ago

This is a story about myself and not something that I really said, but something that happened. I was in my room with my cousin when I was quite young maybe about 6. She was only about 3 years older than me. On my table I had a two "baby jesus dolls". For some unknown reason my cousin and I were standing in front of them, just staring. All of a sudden the heads of the baby jesus just falls off the body. I still have no idea to this how that was possible. It was made out of porcelain and had no sign of cracking or breaking off. It was the creepiest thing that has ever happened to me.



[Wombatusmaximus](#)
• 13y ago

you people are on the news...

<http://www.news.com.au/lifestyle/parenting/whats-the-creepiest-thing-your-young-child-has-said-to-you/story-fnet08ui-1226631665805>



[psychochick](#)
• 13y ago

My son has lots of seen it before type scenarios, but then says he doesn't know how or where he's seen it before, just a feeling that he's seen it before...





[Stagpipe](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was younger, I babysat for this boy who was probably about four years old at the time. He was misbehaving pretty badly for me, so I told him he needed to go to bed early. He did as he was told, and was almost too quite for about twenty minutes, so I decided to go check on him. I opened his bedroom door, all the lights were off, and I made my way for his bed. I saw the covers all bunched up on his bed, and wanted to make sure he was actually in the bed, so I pulled the covers back. All of sudden, in this creepy demon voice I hear "Santa Claus is watching you!" Then he let out his creepy "MEEEEEOOW!" I turned on a the night light in his room, shut his door on my way out, and patiently waited for his parents to get home.



[fate2014](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My dad was telling me about his childhood. He told me that my grandparents told him when he was 5-7 or so that one night after they got him to bed they heard him screaming, since his room was next to theirs they quickly ran over to check on him. They found him screaming and running around the room. He ran past them counting really fast running down the steps. My grandmother quickly grabbed a blanket to throw over my dad to stop him from running. When my grandfather caught him my father screamed out "I'm to die when I'm 43!!!!" And then passes out in his arms. I can on;y imagine my grandparents where horrified. My dad never had night terrors before, never slept walk before and has no Resurrection of doing or saying any of it. I asked my grandparents about it and they confirmed it. They didn't do anything about it when it happened they ignored it thinking that it was just a bad dream My father is going to be 40 this year...

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[poisonedarrows](#)
• 13y ago

Once, when I was 7, my mom had just finished my brother and I to bed, and we were all just laying there quietly. I was staring at the open door when a shadow passed by the doorway, just the height of the doorknob. I asked my mom "Who was that?" She said she didn't see anyone and I panicked, saying "It's going to get daddy!" since their bedroom was down that way. I made her go and check but she said she didn't find anyone so I said the shadow must have gone downstairs instead.

Some months later, my parents found some photos of the old owners from the 30s, including one tiny old lady.

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[Wombatusmaximus](#)
• 13y ago

I was sorta expecting " whaddaya mean..... You People??"

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[a1rr1a](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When i was younger, whenever i saw someone with a really nice face and good skin and such, id tell them i wanted to peel off their face and frame it. i meant it as a compliment

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[aussiegirl2012](#)
• 13y ago

This didn't happen to me, but it happened when my mom was home alone with my little brother. He had a pretty bad fever when he was about 6 years old and my mom came upstairs to check on him. He was standing in front of the toilet just laughing hysterically. My mom asked him what was so funny and he said "I'm standing on a pile of dirt." My mom helped him back into bed as he continued to laugh. Then he just stops laughing abruptly and closes his eyes. My mom says his name in a concerned voice and then he suddenly bursts out a scream and opens his eyes wide open scaring the crap out of my mom. Then he bursts into hysterical laughter again. My mom was completely freaked out.

When he was about seven years old he had another fever and my mom was home alone with him again. She was watching TV with her back to the kitchen. She suddenly heard soft giggling coming from behind her and she abruptly turned around. My brother was standing in front of the Christmas tree softly giggling to himself. Then he slowly turned around and says "Mommy I caught all the Christmas presents on fire!" Needless to say, I refuse to be home alone with my brother when he is sick.



[destroyer3737](#)
• 13y ago

My 4 year old taped an "X" on her sister's bedroom door. When her sister opened the door to see what was happening, she looked up from taping and goes "Jenny, I'm going to destroy you."

(She was mad for not being allowed in her sister's bedroom.)





[MentallyPsycho](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but apparently one time I looked my mom dead in the eye and said "I think you are the devil". I was three or something. My mom started crying and called the doctor.



[momerathoutgrabe](#)
• 13y ago

While babysitting: 3yo boy: I don't like your boyfriend. I'm going to cut his head off. Me: Don't do that, that's mean. 3yo boy: Then I'm going to slash your tires and crush your car so you can't leave.





[poopssi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

while I was driving my 4 years old son to his day care, suddenly he told me" I remember your heartbeat when I was in your tummy!!!! and I was about to have an accident!!!!!! still gives me the chill to think about it O.o

ps: my son start to speak when he was 3 and 1/2



[GenuineTheatricality](#)
• [13y ago](#)

One time my much younger cousin (when she was 4) drew a very elaborate picture. When I asked her what it was she replied "This is me, this is my baby brother Connor, and this is the devil trying to steal the baby's heart." She then laughed and ran away.





[frenchmeister](#)
• 13y ago

Also, the first movie I ever saw in theaters was the Hunchback of Notre Dame, which is arguably the least child appropriate of all the Disney cartoons. Afterward I started playing a game where I would pretend to drown babies in a well, like Frolo planned to do with Quasimodo. It's a wonder my mom didn't get me evaluated.



[Brianna sent me](#)
• 13y ago

My three year old was poking my wife's leg. She asks "what are you doing?" his reply "I'm drilling a hole so I can spay my love in and fill you up with love."





[rc1965](#)
• 13y ago

My stepdaughter seems puzzled by death so she explains in the weirdest ways. For a while it was really exciting, she'd make you lean really close for a secret then she'd whisper in the way she's about to burst from excitement, her voice all wound up and straining, "When we die, JESUS WILL TEACH US TO FLY!" then she'd start practically shaking with excitement and jump up and down.

Then she went through a phase where she would sit in the back of the car in her car seat, yell "Watch this, I'm going to meet Jesus!" and flop her head to the side, close her eyes, and hang out her tongue.

Then more recently at the age of six we were driving to my parents for Christmas when out of NOWHERE she announces, "Did you know when you die, they wrap you in paper and stuff and put you in a hole and put dirt on you. That's what happened to grandma. She died so they wrapped her in stuff and threw her in the ground and buried her. You don't fly." We asked her where she learned this, and just super casually, "Oh on a movie."

(Side note: her father and I are completely un-religious while her mother's parents are fire and brimstone people.)

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[dolly_pennie](#)
• 13y ago

When me and my sister were young, we shared a room with bunkbeds. I was fast asleep on the bottom bunk one night and my sister shook me awake screaming 'I'm dead! I'm dead!' scared me half to death!



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[tairyntepee](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My grandfather died when my mom was 17 and before any grand kids had been born. I have twin cousins who are 5 weeks older than me. When we were around 3 or 4 all of us separately would talk about things we did with him and things about him that we would have no way of knowing. My cousins used to talk about playing baseball with him, not knowing he had played minor league ball before he had even married our grandmother. I used to talk about how I missed the smell of his pipe, no one else I was around even smoked a pipe but I have such vivid memories of that smell. My grandma and mom always said how it was pretty creepy but also sort of comforting.

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[Khaless21](#)
• [13y ago](#)

6 Year old stepson on the way to Leeds Royal Armouries "Dad, is it illegal to eat dead people?"

"Yes son"

"What about if you didn't kill them?"

/shiver

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[fistagon7](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Calling white people's "peach colored"

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[+ 2 more replies](#) [⚙](#)



[⊕ More replies](#)



[Jtrebbs](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was in high school, my Mom and I were driving home from the mall and out of nowhere I asked her if she'd had a child before me. I had this vision of her in intense pain when she was younger, and I just had the feeling she had been pregnant. She told me no at the time, but around a week later she sat me down and asked me about the situation again before telling me she had given a child up for adoption when she was 16. Needless to say we were both freaked out, and now I'm pretty convinced I have some strange, psychic intuition thing going on.

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[⊕ 1 more reply](#) [⚙](#)

[⊕ More replies](#)



[Tybal](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Since the time that I was ~3 or 4 years old, I always collected parts of dead animals and pieces of interesting plants and stones that I thought were "special". I would arrange them in certain ways and talk over them, and when my parents found me (often flipping their shit) I would explain that I was talking to "my people". When asked who "my people" were, I would say that they were the brown people who were killed by the white man with the garden ("the garden" being "cotton fields", now that I have the vocabulary. I was talking about slaves who were killed on a southern plantation). I would also ask my mother why she was chased off of her land (I found out later that



my mom has dreams about being a Cherokee during the Trail of Tears). This scared them and I was barred from watching TV ever again because they thought that it was influencing me. Unfortunately for them, I never broke the creepy-rituals habit. Guess who has a voodoo/wicca/mixed-occult practitioner in the family...



[ctfxcer](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was little, my mom told me stories of things that happened before I was born. She never went into details of them, she would just say things such as "One time I dropped a pot of spaghetti and then we ordered take out for dinner" and stories of my father doing stupid things like that. But the creepy part is, I would tell her things about what happened. I would say details that she hadn't told me about them, almost as if I was there and I saw it happen. The details I told her were always correct, I could remember what she did after, and little things that had no impact on the stories, details so minor that she wouldn't include in the stories. I still remember them to this day. I find it a little creepy.



[mckaa302](#)
• 13y ago

This was not my child (I have none), but someone else's. I was in a Target parking lot walking back to my car and the mother and daughter were walking towards the store. They were passing my car and I see the little girl stop behind my car, point under it, and say, "Mommy, look. There is a rattle snake." Let's just say I spent the next five minutes looking under my car 20 feet away from a variety of angles.



[destroyer3737](#)
• 13y ago

I have no kids of my own, but there is a 12 year age gap between myself and my little sister. When I was around 15, I was home alone and my parents and my little sister were going to visit my oldest sister in college. I got a call from my mom panicking saying that on the drive, my little sister had just said out of no where, "Jackie's going to die today."

Needless to say, I was scared to stay home alone but also scared to do anything, so I had my best friend come pick me up and we stayed in her house all weekend.

Clearly, I'm still alive, but it was still freaky.





[situationalstudent](#)
• 13y ago

When I was very small, probably around two or three, I used to tell my mother that she wasn't my real mother, and that I had two other mothers (sheesh, already on my way to being a Neil Gaiman fan, it seems) named Witty and Ditty. I drew pictures of them all the time. She was not amused.

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply ✖
[⊕ More replies](#)



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Congrats guys, you made it as a link getting shared around facebook :P http://www.buzzfeed.com/mattbellassai/the-creepiest-things-a-child-has-ever-said-to-a-parent?utm_campaign=socialflow&utm_source=twitter&utm_medium=buzzfeed





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Nice work Reddit, [you made Canada's Globe and Mail!](#)





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

TIL that I'm weird because I didnt have imaginary friends...only real ones



[AdvTime13](#)

• [13y ago](#)

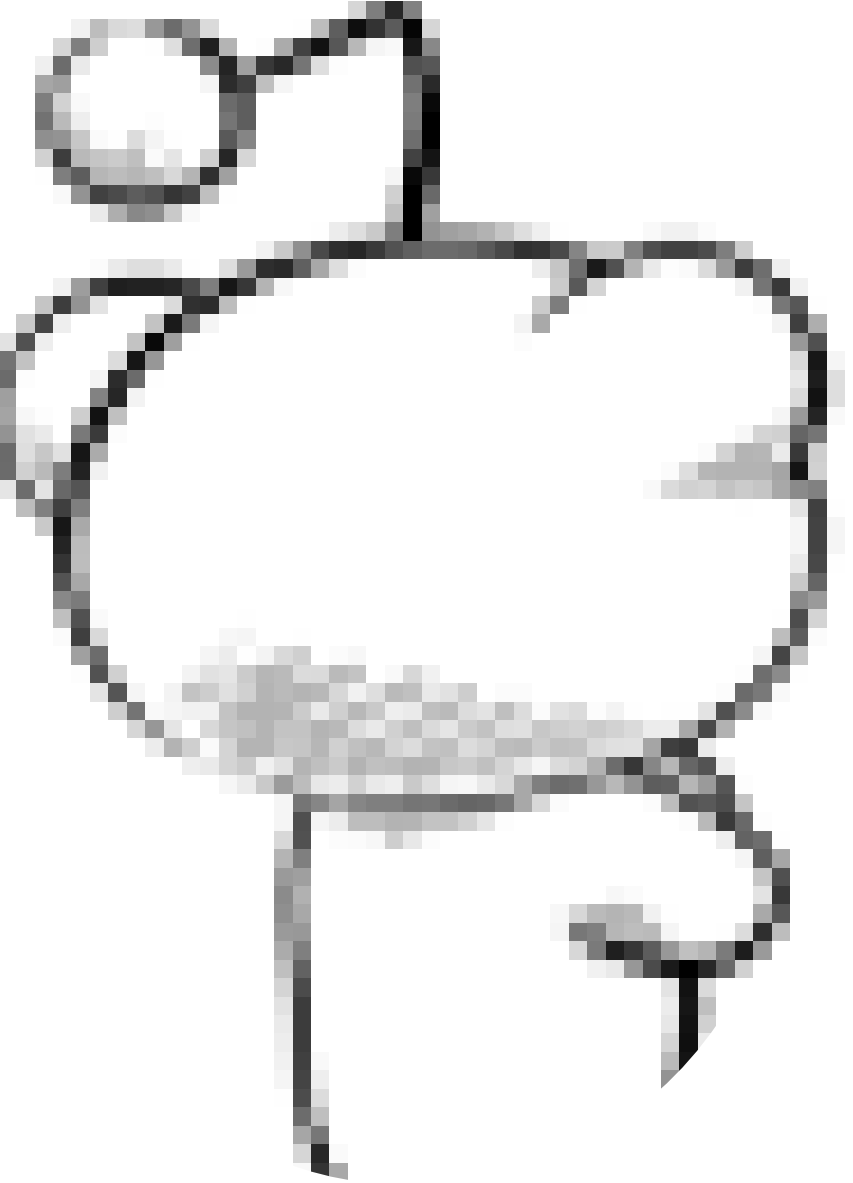
I don't have any kids. But, my 8 year old cousin once drew me a picture of this little girl with X's all over her body. They seemed like cuts. And she had a creepy smile. She said it was a character from a TV show, but as far as I know, there isn't any kid-like shows that have a girl with cuts all over her body. If there is, please tell me so I don't think my cousin is demented in some sort of way.

[+ 2 more replies](#)

[+ 2 more replies](#)



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[kakarie](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My son was 3 and would wake up crying that there was a man hurting a boy in the park. He went a week having the same nightmare and we all were worried. A few weeks later we got a notice in the mail that a sex offender was moving into the area and his previous address had Park in the name. The charges was sexual assault. The women in my family have always had dreams that would come real to a extent and he's the first male to do it.

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[ReservoirKat](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but I am an aunt and one time when my sister-in-law (husband's younger sister) was in town both of us were watching him for his mom (husband's older sister). We have similar names, so sometimes he gets us mixed up, which is okay and understandable.

He was playing without looking up and said "I'll miss you when you're gone Aunt Lenora." Thinking he meant Lauren (who lives in California) we both corrected him. "No buddy, it's Aunt Lauren who's going back to California in a few days!"

"No. I know. I meant, Aunt Lenora. You'll be gone soon."

I had no idea what he was talking about but Lauren and I were soooo freaked out omg.

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[Asidus](#)
• 13y ago

I remember when I was two, me and my family were moving to a different house. My mother said I had a lot of night terrors, (I occasionally get them. Last summer I rolled of a top bunk at camp and broke my collar bone because of one) I was folding and packing socks. I remember a black thing trying to take the socks. I started crying and screaming saying "the socks! no!" or something along those lines and my mother telling me that the socks where okay. The next day my mother said I spoke in my sleep saying "Haha... You can't get the boxes, silly" I also remember last summer at a different camp, my cabin mates said I said random blurbs of things, that at a later time actually happened. (Me saying "I get aces and jacks" while I sleep and when we played blackjack the next day, the first cards I got were an ace and a jack) and me getting dreams of the future. But other people get dreams of the future too so that doesn't really affect me.

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[mayutchi](#)
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

This isn't about my kid, it's about my best friend's. But I was staying at her house while her husband was away for a few days, because she didn't wanna be alone. We were in her son's room and after a few minutes I went downstairs for something, I don't remember what, and he tells my friend, "The lady is in the closet."

My friend freaks out for a minute, until she realizes that he was talking about me, and he didn't see me leave the room.

EDIT: I remembered another story. When I was about four or so, I would talk to this little boy named Reeko. My mom just brushed it off as an imaginary friend I had, but one day she walked into the living room, and the two cats we had and I were all looking up into the same corner, and I was talking to him. Fast forward about ten years or so, and my brother starts talking to him, too, around the same age I was. It's sort of inconclusive if my baby sister has talked to him as well.

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[thebeardedblacksmith](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but I think a lot of people forget that when you're a kid, you see the world in a very different way. Personally I remember almost nothing from my childhood with the exception of several terrifying events I've assumed to be dreams. The following are stories older relatives have told me about my brother and I.

When we were 2-4 years old, my brother and I both told our parents about seeing "the man with the black bones" and my brother asked a lot of questions about "that man made of bones that are black because he lives in the chimney". I would wake up at 3 AM on a regular

asis, terrified of "The Birdman". From what my parents have told me, The Birdman was a man in a grey suit, fancy shoes, and a wide-brimmed fedora who would sit on the side of my bed with a several mourning doves on his shoulders.

On a lighter note, when my brother was 2 or 3 apparently he asked both our aunt and our baby sitter if they could "play the game where you're the pretty naked lady and I'm the stinky tomcat and I have to chase you around until I get you". To this day no one has any idea where he got that from.



[SatBitsUK](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I have 3 tales to tell so here is the 1st one. As to some back story then my father died when I was 9 (almost 10) and the following year was a very hard grief time.

Let me jump forwards to age of about 11 when one night like usual I was dozing in bed stuck half awake and half asleep when that night something very unusual happened.

Suddenly I felt pressure on the end of my bed like someone had just sat down on it. I was well aware there was no one else in the room beyond my sleeping brother when I would have heard anyone entering the room where also if my mother visited the landing light would be on and the bedroom door partly open. The door was closed and the light was off and no one had entered.

I can say in the blink of an eye I shot bolt upright staring down to the end of my bed to see what was going on. There I saw a bright point of pure white light that vanished in an instant.

The interesting part of this is that when both my parents were alive and they tucked us kids into bed my mother used to do her thing while my father awaited her by sitting on the bottom of my bed. That night it felt exactly the same.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

When I moved home from Texas, my 3 yr old niece said "auntie you were in Texas a long time & you're never going back there again but someday you're going to live with baby Jesus."



snowco
• 13y ago

I read this as "Y'all better move back to Texas, we got jesus here"

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Yerds123
• 13y ago

My sister and I used to go sleep over at our aunts house, and we would sleep in sleeping bags in the upstairs family room. I was 8 at the time and she was 6 1/2, and one night while she was asleep, and I reading a book, she opens her eyes (looked bloodshot) and started saying the names of family members really fast over and over. Then she closed her eyes and started screaming and crying. She ended up having a high fever that night and I had to sleep alone. Scared me shitless.





[kubs_ay](#)
• 13y ago

I was in my room when i heard my little sister (age 4) crying, so being a good sister and all i go to check on her. She asks me to snuggle with her till she falls asleep. while were laying together shes like " can people fly?" i said no they cant. then shes like " then why is the girl behind you flying?" guess who started yelling MUM! ? next, wasnt my sister I'll tell you that much.



[bccflint](#)
• 13y ago

My son was 4, maybe only 3. "When you die I'm going to cut off your head and put it in the dying place." We were seriously freaked out. WTH!!! For about 6 months I slept with 1 eye open until I finally figured out that he just got confused about the cemetery near where we had just moved too. Somehow got mixed up about headstones and the dying place is the cemetery. He was telling us he loved us so much he was going to bury us at the cemetery near the house and buy us a headstone when we died one day.



[randomgumm](#)
• 13y ago

I remember this like it was yesterday: My grandmother likes to collect old artifacts from different places. She has had a few masks that look like they are ancient and from Africa I think that have hung on the wall in the family room for years (since I was a baby even, and I am 20) this was a few years ago when the family was over playing cards when suddenly (literally out of nowhere) my three-year-old cousin (who has been at Grandma's house nearly every week his entire life) starts weeping and whimpering and climbs onto his mom's lap and points at one of the masks hanging on the wall. I remind you, this mask has been hanging in the same place for years, this fear literally came out of nowhere. He keeps pointing at the mask and crying. So eventually his big brother, who was 16-years-old at the time, takes the mask down and says he will take it into the other room. As soon as he starts walking away with the mask my 3-year-old cousin begins bawling uncontrollably saying "[Brother] will get hurt! It'll hurt him!" and bawls until his brother comes back without the mask and the little guy is suddenly back to normal and goes back to playing with his toys. I swear I am not making this up. I haven't forgotten it.



[daboink](#)
• 13y ago



our old place, we had a dead tree in the front yard. Our landlord didn't want the dead tree to fall on anyone's home, so they hired a "tree surgeon." (Yes, that is what they call them in the south, instead of lumberjack) The tree surgeons showed up and began removing the dead tree from the property. My three year old son....woke us up bright and early and told us that..Uncle Mickey is tearing down the tree. My great-uncle Mickey owned the company that came and took the tree down. But no one had ever talked about uncle Mickey to my son....nor had he met him. As a matter of fact, when he finally did meet him, when he was 6, he scared him and he ran away crying because my uncle Mickey has glaucoma and his eyes look very weird.



[randomgumm](#)
• 13y ago

So apparently when I was a really little kid, some time before I remember, I would make one of my toys the "master" and one the "slave" and the "master" would beat the "slave" and hurt him and apparently make him work and do tedious tasks until he died of starvation or injuries. I don't remember this, but apparently this was how I spent my free time...

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[KillerQueen207](#)
• 13y ago

When my kid (five years old) gets angry, she pretends she's the Red Queen from Alice in Wonderland, so I'm used to her threatening to cut off someone's head. That's the route she almost always takes: cutting off someone's head.

Then one night, while she was being sad and sulky in the backseat, we had this conversation:

"Cheer up, kid. If you don't snap out of it, I'm gonna give you a wet willy. Do you know what a wet willy is?" "Yes." (No way in hell she knows.) "Oh? What is it?" "It's when you stuff people in a box and drown them."



mean, apart from the vulgar implications one might make upon hearing the term "wet willy," her guess actually makes a bit more sense than the actual definition.

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[penzin](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My husbad and 3 year old son were rough housing in the play room when my son stopped put his hand on his dad's shoulder, looked him square in the eye and said "There will be blood, oh yes there will." where he got the idea to say this, we still do not know.

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[hardlyaware](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter is completely obsessed with Toy Story. For months she would run around the house and pop out of nowhere at me and say, "You're gonna die!" which was actually supposed to be, "Reach for the sky!"

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[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Wow this thread is creepy

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[Murcos00](#)

• [13y ago](#)

One day when I was about 9 I asked my mum who had just come out of the shower with no clothes on. (was actually a comment) and asked her "Are those your tits?!". She said nothing and awkwardly left the room. Still makes me cringe to this day

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[MadeOStarStuff](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not really creepy, but with all this talk of imaginary friends that may or may not have been ghosts I feel the need to add in my two cents. I have absolutely no memory of my imaginary friend, but according to my mom I told her they were an angel? Last I asked she couldn't remember if I ever told her a gender or name though. Pretty sure I was talking to them when I found my first tooth was loose, and no possibility of me having seen them anytime later than that.





[sunraystorm](#)
• 13y ago

My mother died 19 years before I had my daughter. On my mother's birthday when my daughter was about 3, we were laying in my bed, I was thinking of my mother when out of nowhere, my daughter giggles and said "Grama! Grama is watching Mommy." Now, my in laws had not met my daughter as they lived in Alaska and we lived in Texas. She had no one in her life she called Grama!



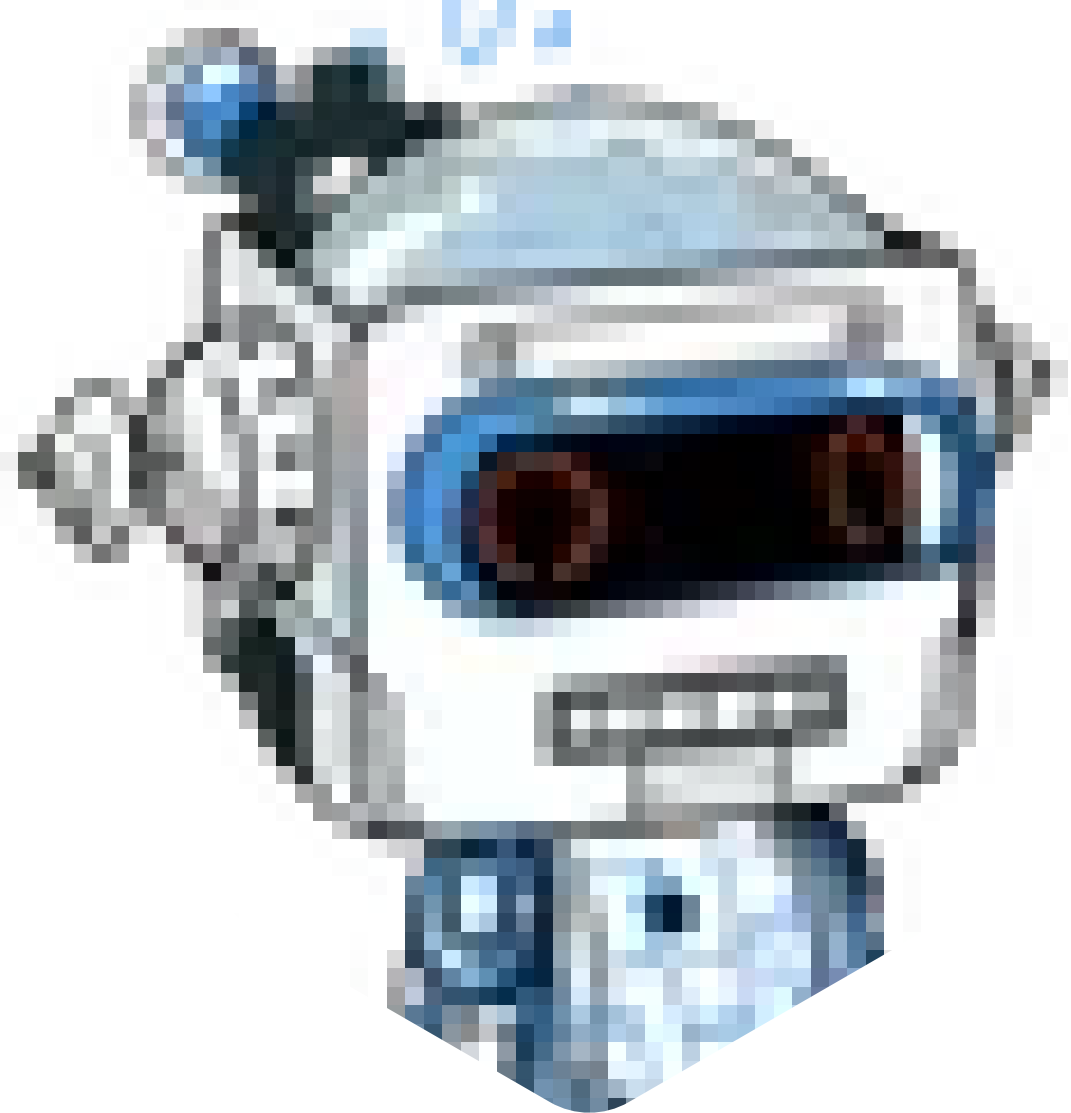
[xpipx](#)
• 13y ago

When i was a kid I had kidney problems and used to suffer really bad with kidney infections. My mum would let me stay in her room with a potty in the room if i needed to wee in the night. She said it would take me ages because it hurt. She just told me that one day i was crying hysterically saying "MUMMY MAKE THEM GO AWAY!" i then pointed at the door behind her and said "THEYRE WATCHING ME MUMMY MAKE THEM GO AWAY!"

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[PhrozenBlur](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

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[needabetteridea](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

--- Skimming comments again ---

What's going on in Florida? Never been there, now quite scared/excited to go there.

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[NeonDeathtrap](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my wife was a little girl she used to record little "Radio shows" on her tape recorder where she would sing random songs and occasionally annoy her little brother or interview her little girl friends.

On one of the tapes, she starts talking about the old lady who lives across the street and all of a sudden just starts singing "You're not gonna die, you're not gonna die, you're not gonna die".

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[aeris](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This thread just reminded me of something I did when I was little...

I had this cat who I really loved. She was an indoor/outdoor cat and always came when I called her and did this really unique kind of chirruping noise when she got excited. I was with my friend and we were playing with her in my room and I just started crying, talking about how my cat was going to die soon and I didn't want her to. Less than a month later, she went missing. I stayed outside for hours calling her and she never came. This was literally the first time she hadn't come when I called her. Years later, I haven't seen her since.

Kids are freaking weird.



[1mNoTMAD](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I dont have any children but my cousin who is three, asked me to come see her room because she had it redecorated and when we were in there and she was showing me some of her toys and then all the sudden, she looked in a corner that was behind me, and said "Oh do you want to play too?" And I looked back and there was nothing there. Then I got up amd left and when I did I heard her say " Its alright, she won't come back anymore." Im kinda scared to go near her now.



[PurpleTrees69](#)



[13y ago](#)

Not a parent but a cousin said to her brother, "If you want, I'll ask God to cut off your tongue." She was dead serious but smiling the whole time



[iusedqu1nn](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was around 7 or 8 I had this doll on display in my room and I remember getting ready for school one day and the dolls head completely turned around on it's own. I screamed bloody murder and my mom came in and said that she had done it even though my bedroom door was closed at the time and I had seen it happen. To this day I can still remember being freaked out by it and am convinced it really happened.

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[Trancend](#)
• [13y ago](#)

It did happen but I have no theory as to the cause. Next time just ask "it" to please not move things without permission. Never give it permission either, that's just asking for trouble.

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[PatrickRsGhost](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Fuck dolls, especially those porcelain ones that look so realistic. Fuck those damn agents of Satan.

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[MrDudle](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I had an imaginary friend named Debbie. I stopped talking about her at some point and my mother asked me if she was still around. I told her "No, she's dead. She got run over."

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[party_thighs](#)
• [13y ago](#)

misread that as "emergency friend."

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[PsychoCookie](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was 3 or 4, I used to go to my uncle's house, right ? He had this small apartment and you had to go through his bedroom to get to the bathroom. He had this poster frame of the singer "AALIYAH." Apparently I was scared of it, because it would be dark in there...so I was scared to go to the bathroom by myself.



[aubbob](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When i was about 2, after watching 101 dalmations for the first time where a man falls into the fireplace and gets burned i said to another little girl at daycare, "my mom puts me in the fireplace and burns me. What does your mom do to you? "

Once when i was 13 and my parents were leaving the house for a few hours I asked if they would leave my little brother (10yo) too... the reason i gave them? If men broke into the house to kill me i didn't want to die alone.



[powerpuff1](#)
• [13y ago](#)

the moment your son discovers that spiderman is not a legit superhero, just peter parker in tights replicating the heroic entrance of superman.





[lasernoah](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I'm no parent, but I work at a kid's camp. One time, right after reading a story, the 6 year-old girl sitting in my lap stares at me and whispers "I want to pluck your eyelashes."

Edit: She went ahead and tried doing it.

Edit: She continued to try to pluck some eyelashes even after I'd told her to stop several times. When she finally got one, she looked at it, then me, and DEMANDED that I "MAKE A WISH!"

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[lashi00000](#)
• [13y ago](#)

On behalf of my mum; My 1 ½ year old who was not capable of stringing sentences together at this point came into the lounge turned strait to the window and pointed when he said, very clearly, "No! she is my mum. Leave her alone." Not only astonished by the fact that he was talking to the curtains but how these was his first full sentences he had ever spoken. Needless to say I was freaked. There was no way me and my boy were staying in that room.

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[HRapunzelM](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Sounds more like a memory than haunting...

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[Shushay223](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my sister was 2 or 3 years old, I remember her crying inconsolably at home and telling our mother "Mom, I wanna go home." When my mother replied that she was home, she insisted she wasn't and that she wanted to go home and continued crying as though homesick. We hadn't lived in any other house. She also would complain of babies following her around the house and an old woman who lived in her room. She did have one blue imaginary friend though, Sybella. None of us knew that was a real name until maybe 10 years later... we're not sure where she could have come up with it.

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[kmuelle6](#)

• [13y ago](#)

holy shit...I did that too... Its like you read my post

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[Rachybug](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Ok when I was little (around four or five) my family went to Florida for vacation and we went to the beach and I found a new friend named Isabel and she told me she had just recently drown and her family was devastated (she was imaginary) and I asked my mom if I could take her home and she said yes. One night Isabel and I stopped talking and she seemed so mad about it. She threatened to kill



whoever lived in the room at the end of the hall. I knew she was fake, although she seemed so real so I screamed and my mom came in and asked me why I was screaming. I told her Isabel was going to kill me and she told me that everything would be ok. I was almost scared to death for the next week or so but Isabel never came back and I never again had anything happen with Isabel since.

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[Sky-queen](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm not a parent, but i made an account just to post this. Last year, i went to my friends house around Christmas time, my friends little brother, who was around 4yo got a medium size kids trampoline with net around it. It was in the living room because it was too cold for her brother to play on it outside. Anyways, my friends step dad was in the bathroom giving her brother a bath, so my friend and I decided to get inside the trampoline. About ten minutes later her brother came out and ran into the livingroom and said "My friend said you're not allowed on that, you'll break it" so we got off. About 30 seconds later one of his toy cars started lighting up and playing music (which scared the fuck out of me) then her brother turned around really fast and said "That was him, he knows what you're thinking" in a creepy voice. Needless to say, i haven't been over there since.



[Stabby-the-cat](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my daughter was 4yo I was walking her to school one morning when we passed a house that had a wasps nest hanging from a tree. I have a real phobia with these creatures & saw it as a great opportunity to teach her all about the differences between the different type of bees & wasps in the hope she wouldn't pick up on my phobia. Just as I'd finished explaining about Honey Bees my daughter said "In 4 years time I'm going to keep some Honey Bees as pets." Wanting to nip that idea in the bud before it became a problem later I said "Ooh no sweetheart, we couldn't do that, I don't like bees". My daughter, without missing a beat tured to me & said in a serious tone, "Oh, you'll be dead by then!" & carried on as if nothing happened! My daughter is 18 in a few days so I've lived 10yrs longer than she predicted already!





[Itachi6_6](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was about 5-6 I was walking down the hallway with my mum, I stopped infront of the staircase, looked up at her and said 'mummy, it would be very bad if we smashed our heads together, because that would be very bloody and our skulls would be cracked.'
She never quite knew where I got that from



[EmoSasori](#)
• [13y ago](#)

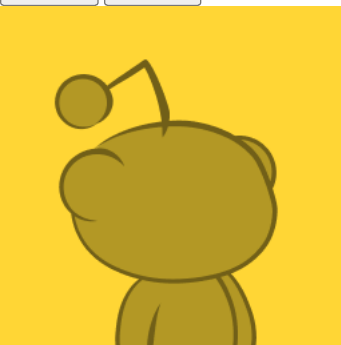
Well, I'm not a parent myself as I am only a teenager, BUT I do remember one time at school a boy (whose name I have forgotten as this was only in my first or second year of school) and he pushed me to the ground, I stood up without an emotion on my face and said 'I wouldn't sleep if I were you, the angel with the black wings is coming for you tonight' and walked away, it creeps me out remembering it



[liesel2012](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Als ich 2002 im 4. Monat schwanger war, starb mein bester Freund Stephan bei einem Autounfall. Ich habe meinen Sohn nach Ihm benannt. Wir hatten ein großes Bild von meinem Freund an der Wand hängen. Als mein Sohn ca. 2 1/2 Jahre alt war, stand er eines Tages vor dem Bild und sagte: "Mama bin ich, Baum fahren ich" ! Mir ist es eiskalt den Rücken runtergelaufen. Wir haben das Bild danach abgehängt.

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[bur2000](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Ist er denn gegen einen Baum gefahren?

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[HRapunzelM](#)
• 13y ago

Stephen ist wieder da! (:

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[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user





[theotherghostgirl](#)
• 13y ago

sweet heart, if it was at the crossroads, it probably wasn't an ordinary ghost. *cough* Don't make a deal *cough*



[LegendInOwnMind](#)
• 13y ago

I lifted my 3 year old daughter onto the counter to comb out her daunting curls this morning. She was quiet for a bit, then she looked at me in the mirror and asked:

"Why are you dead?" "...what...?" "Why are you dead?"

I didn't think she even knew that word; I double-checked that I had a reflection.

"Why am I DAD? Why am I your Daddy?" "No, why are you DEAD?"

I realized she might have a gift, and although I regretted not reading the complete works of Shakespeare, and not flossing more, at least I could communicate with my daughter in the afterlife. Then she said:

"Your leg."

I had told her when she woke up that my knee hurt that morning. It was thoughtful of her to remember, but her vocabulary confusion took me aback. I strategically ignored it and carried on, rather than seeking "dead" vs. "sore" picture flashcards to explain things to her.



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[r0r](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I was babysitting my little cousins, and they were both asleep. I was reading when all of a sudden my younger cousin, who was maybe 8 at the time, came running out of his room screaming and crying. I asked him what was wrong and he just shook and screamed "oh my god oh my god oh my god." i got him to calm down a little, and he kept saying, "the spiky ball. it's gonna get me. the spiky ball." then slowly he started to wake up. it was terrifying.

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[gdm516](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

No more sleeping.

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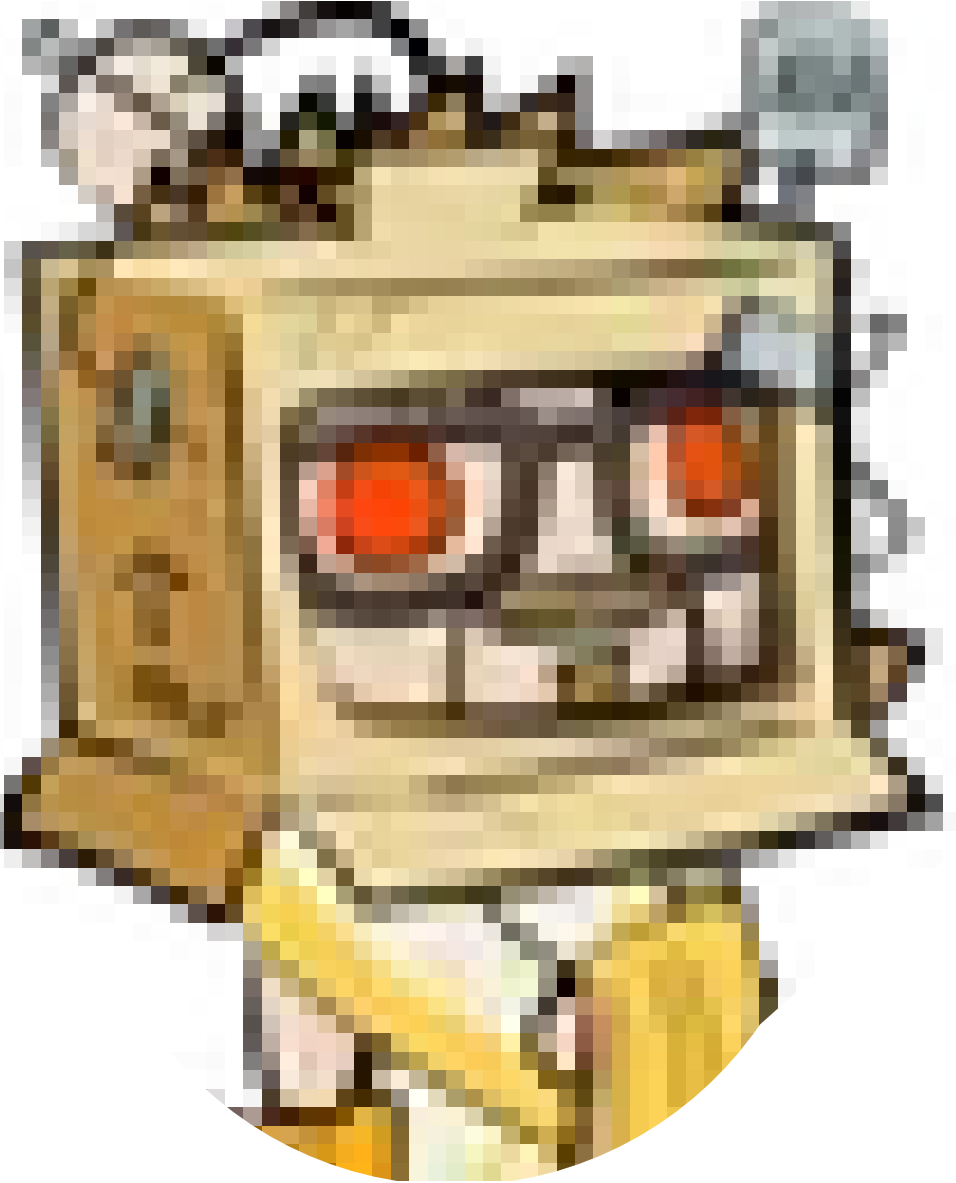
[jaded68](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Oh come now! Let's fix that...No more sleeping EVER!

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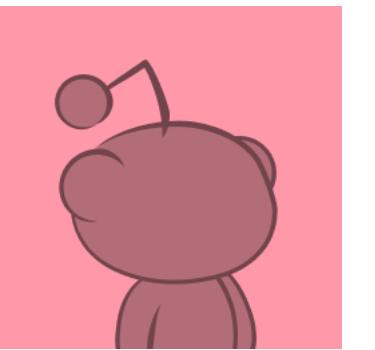


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[twiztedterry](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My nephew walked up to my wife when she was babysitting one day, took one finger and rubbed it down her arm and quietly whispered "I'm Hungry..."



[BuddingSeed](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Bad idea before bedtime





[MaeganG](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was watching a Black Veil Bride video and my 4-year-old says, "Hey, he was at out old house!" I only have one friend that dresses like that and he moved to California a long time ago. I started to say something and he says, "You and daddy were asleep and he came in my room and he played with me." That place was out in the middle of nowhere and a very old house at that. When we lived there, we were all irritable constantly and bad things were always happening. Idk what the heck to make of it.. Oh. And he also mentioned he had no eyes.. He also to this day has nightmares where he speaks complete gibberish about someone "getting him".



[becausebillnyesays](#)
• [13y ago](#)

After telling my wife about a car that cut me off, my 3 year old comes at me with his foam sword and yells in a growl voice "I'm gonna cut you out in half and make a sammich"



[dorkica29](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My sister and my 3yr niece were out to dinner on night. We were passing the time by using one word to describe each other. My sister said that I was "fun" and then my niece looks at me with this serious face and whispers "victim"...



[Shurrrngee](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My brother used to bring a four year old our mother watched to meet the bus every day for preschool. One day he asked the little boy if he knew where he was going, to which the child replied he did not. My brother proceeded to tell him that was going to go ride the school bus. The child then in turn asked my brother the same question, but when it was time to answer, he stated in a very low serious voice "Under the ground."





[Siy](#)

• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

I am not a parent but I have had encounters as a child that I would like to share.-- I lived in a small apartment with my father and my mother since I was 3.5 years old. My apartment is very spiritual so it attracted a lot of the deceased.I remember particularly only one of them, I was an only child with a grown man in the house to play with. He would watch me draw or watch me play with my barbies. According to my mother I would always talk of the future by myself.Speaking of my parents separating or I'd draw pictures of the man and me.He wore a black suit and had a mid neck beard, I was drawn with a white dress. It looked like we were married or some sort. I maybe have had a crush on the man. Our friendship didn't last but the more I went out the more I would notice that I saw'dead people.' My father even being strict of his religion never believed me but only my mother would.

I moved to my current house in 1999, so I would have been about 3 years old. We needed to move from our small apartment because I had a baby brother born a year before that. The first few nights were peaceful or I should say I was oblivious. My mother wasn't around a lot because my father and her had problems and she was into drugs at the time(I think due to post partum depression.) So it was always my father and my younger brother and me. I barely had any sleep because I've always been woken up by someone or something stroking my hair 3 times in the night. I believed it was my father but whenever I looked around he wasn't there I never heard his rough footsteps either. The hair stroking eventually stopped but it ended up turning into smells of coffee (No one in the house drinks coffee)or gentle scraping across the floor. I was too scared to sleep by myself so I'd sleep right beside my dad. I'd always feel so safe beside him. So by this I woke up again by my hair being tugged on. It was too dark for me to realize my father was beside me.But as I saw a tall dark figure walk by I followed it believing it was him. The figure lead me into the basement and me being a naive 3 year old I followed it. The basement was pitch dark and as I went into it furthermore the figure would stand there and watch me. It was so bloody cold in that one particular spot. I was angered by whatever it was because it insulted me so I pushed it, the figured pushed me back against the steps and I swear I ran as fast as I could up the steps.

To this day I never go in the basement, nor do I have a normal sleeping cycle anymore.

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[kristen99752](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When i was little I used to kill lizards and put them behind the car tire so I could watch the go "splat".



[aaron503](#)

• [13y ago](#)

2 year old daughter to my wife: "Happy last birthday mommy."





[admiralnaomi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

A couple of weeks ago I was in the tub with my two and a half year old when she began to stare at the spot above the toilet and asked not once but twice, "Who's that?". I asked her if she saw somebody, and if she was scared. She shook her head no. I asked her again what she was looking at and she answered... twice again. "Dead mommy."

Very efn creepy.



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent myself. My 5 year old cousin was with my grandparents, me and my other cousin. As it was his first time away from his mum, 2 days into the holiday he bluntly said "mummy's dead" and ran off.

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[loofartsdotcom](#)
• 13y ago

Well here's something interesting, my little sister (6) and I (11) were up late playing in my room. I said something funny and she giggles at first and then suddenly she laughs really maniacally and her eyes get really big. Then she stops laughing and looks terrified and starts crying. I ask her what just happened and she said she saw "his face." I told her to draw it and it looked like a black smudge with big red eyes and sharp teeth. We told our dad and he just said she was hallucinating from staying up late. She used to do weird things in her sleep too, like she would play dolls and one time she threw up while sleepwalking.

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[jjgrl11](#)
• 13y ago

Once, I was babysitting for this family with two kids: a 7-year-old boy and a 5-year-old girl. I had put them to bed at around 9pm, and I was watching tv downstairs when (and I'm not kidding you, it was almost exactly at midnight) I hear the girl screaming bloody murder. I ran upstairs, and she was staring in the bathroom mirror with a look of horror and screaming and crying. I was so freaked out (this was like just after Paranormal Activity came out) , but I tried to be calm, and I like walked her back to her bed. Still never knew what it was but the rest of the night I was scared shitless.

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[crayy](#)
• [13y ago](#)

What I learned from this AMA: Don't talk go around kids from ages 2-4.

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⊕ 1 more reply 



[turtlewaxer99](#)

• [13y ago](#)

This'll definitely get buried obviously.

But my daughter once looked at a shelf above our bed. Suddenly she blurts out "that's going to fall and catch daddy in the throat and choke him and he'll be hurt and have to go to the doctor."

I slept on the other side of the bed that night.

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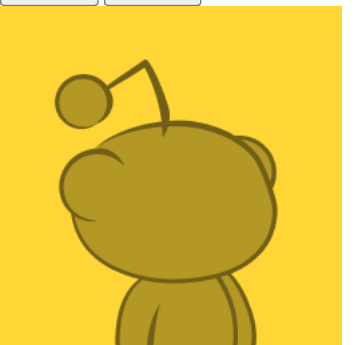


[jonathanaltman](#)

• 13y ago

This thread should be put into a compilation titled "Parents Are Gullible as Fuck Because They Think You're Magic: 1001 Great Goofs!"

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[HRapunzelM](#)

• 13y ago

don't be so close-minded(: we are capable of a lot more than most people think! especially when being open-minded! that's why kids can see stuff and know stuff most grownups can't, because they've been psychosically conditioned by society into close-mindedness and that's sad...

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[CatsonIsd](#)

• 13y ago

Not a parent but my sister said some fucked up shit to me, she's purely a psychotic cunt, and I do mean PSYCHOTIC, she had told me and my mother that she was going to kill us in our sleep, so my mom bought me and herself a door lock, my sisters response? telling us "I can still break in through your window and slit your throats" when confronted by a therapist about this, my sister said "Whatever, I was probably kidding" and started laughing.

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[Steeboo](#)

• 13y ago

I'm pregnant!



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[zidmon](#)
• [13y ago](#)

[Insert creepy story from non well known child-demon movie here]

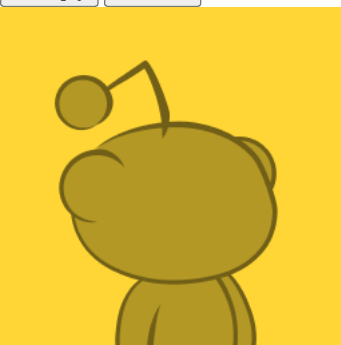
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[I Give Reasons](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 10y ago

Edited following the disappearance of Reddit's Security Canary in 2016.

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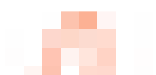


[DangerDasha](#)
• [13y ago](#)

SO.. Lesson learned from this thread... never have children!









[iearnick](#)
• [13y ago](#)

commentin so i can see this later :)



[Naive Girl](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My little sister used to get night terrors. One night when she was around 4 she started screaming in her sleep and my mom went in her room to try and comfort her. But as my mom opened her door my sister sat bolt upright in bed and said "It's okay, Mommy. Great grandma's with me." and fell right back asleep. Our great grandma had died three and a half years previously.

On a slightly less creep note, here's a story about me on the way to my great grandma's funeral. I was three and a half and it was my first plane ride. I distinctly remember seeing this vision(?) of a plane falling from the sky with the back of it on fire. So I started screaming my head off that the plane was going to crash and we all were going to die. We landed at our destination just fine, but apparently the flight attendants and other passengers were pretty freaked out.





[fmouse](#)
• 13y ago

David, a good friend of mine, has a granddaughter, now two and a half. When she was starting to learn words last year she learned the names of her family members. She had pet names for all of them - "mama" for her grandmom, who spent a lot of time with her, "mommie" for her mother, David's daughter. David tried to teach her to call her "David" but she insisted that his name was "Dewey", and she still calls him that. Now for the back-story. David's mother's family is Welsh, and he lived in Wales as a child and came to the US when he was 10 or so. He, his wife, and his daughter's family are all thoroughly Americanized. My wife and I discovered that "Dewey" is the Welsh equivalent of "David" and was, in fact, David's nickname when he was quite young, although neither he nor his friends have used this name for him in many years.

Slightly less strange, but still very interesting, is a story about my own daughter's verbal education. One of her very first words was "awa", for water. This turns out to be very close to the root Indo/European word for water from which "aqua" and the Spanish "agua" are derived.

Children learning very fundamental skills seem to touch some very fundamental and universal sources, seemingly beyond the reach of adult logic.



[djfacemachine](#)
• 13y ago

When my daughter was about 18 months she started referring to cracked eggs (in books, TV, or when cooking etc) as babies... When I would correct her and say "no, eggs" she would get upset and insist that they were babies. Pretty weird.



[lethargicllama](#)
• 13y ago

...ain't nobody got time for that....



[Internet_Oneironaut](#)
• 13y ago

ITT: undeniable proof of ghosts or karma whores working their sexy karma magic





[Cambot72](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Yup.. Not having children anymore....





[IsaacInRealLife](#)

• 13y ago

this isn't something my child said... i don't have kids.... however, when I was a child, I would sleep over at my Aunt and Uncle's house because I loved hanging out with my cousin's, and my house was just around the corner of the street. One night my cousin's and I were staying up late playing board games (we would share a room) and my Aunt came in to tell us to go to bed and she took the games away. After we all got tucked in and I was starting to fall asleep, my cousin Morgan, who was a few years older than me asked, "Do you want to play a game?" a little confused, I turned to her and just before I could say anything she said, "the name of the game is.... murrtrderrrrrr."



[timjr2500](#)

• 13y ago

"Is it true that there are dead people in the ground?"





[Poster: Nutbag12](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Ahem... "why are you reading a post from Dr. Handjob?"



[ClemHD](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I just got out the bath and I told my mum I could play the guitar "strums penis roughly"





[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user



[chickenrocks](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Well, hopefully he doesn't rely on you to check his grammar homework.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I'm not yours.





[cinderful](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"Mike"



[rendawgg](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my wife and I first purchased our house, my 4yr old son kept telling her "mommy you died in the bathroom".. put him in time-out for lying.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

This is one of the creepiest fucking threads I have seen...
Nope. Nope. Nope.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Expect to see some very poorly done horror movies in a year or so



[aintTHISclever](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Not a parent but a teacher... My 4th grade class was asked if they knew what a housewarming party is... student answered, "It's when your friends come over, you play soft music, and slow dance."





[hayden9090](#)
• [13y ago](#)

relevant : <http://imgur.com/W76Yogj>



[Gingamonkee](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 5 yr old - Mum, when you die can I have your head? Me - Errr, why? My 5 yr old - Because I want to scare people with it! Me - :O



[deleted]
• 13y_ago

my mommy with the missing tooth went outside and died. she just died!



Troffman11
• 13y_ago

When I was like 3 I went to daycare like most children and there was a cemetery we had to pass to get to daycare. Well whenever we would pass it I would look at the cemetery, wave my hands, and say goodbye over and over again until we passed the cemetery. This went on for over a year.



Polyfluorite
• 13y_ago

My brother once asked if I knew Jared. I said no then he turned me around and introduced me to him.

I needed some holy water.

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[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

not my kid, but my aunts kid, when we ware in spain, we saw a parakee, i said "look at that bird, isnt it cool?" he said, " yes.. can i step on it?"

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[Campbell1992](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My son is 4 and a month or so ago he told his mom "My dads future is dead" "What did you say?" she replied then he puts on a serious face and says "My dads future is dead"

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[sweetstacks](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I find this thread hilarious.

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[Petey_Wheatstraw_MD](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

ITT: A bunch of people who are full of shit.

Edit: And/or crazy.

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[stayclassy420](#)
• 13y ago

Looshi was my daughters imaginary friend, with a monster mask on who 'got hit by a truck'.. Amongst the many scary things she said about said looshi or luci or whatever, the by far most blood freezing thing was when her babysitter asked me who looshi was and said that autumn had said spelled looshi and then mommy and then said looshi goes into mommy at night.

I literally teared up.

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[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

ITT: A bunch of future serial killers.

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[anotherdamnreddit](#)
• 13y ago

I can't want to eat my friends, its icky

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[LemonGrabb](#)
• 13y ago

My dad just told me a story a couple weeks ago of me telling my Nana "I just want to squeeze them untill I kill them" after reading this book. To this day is still fucking hate rabbits and dont know why. I love sloths however.

<http://www.publishersweekly.com/images/cached/INGRAM/978/059/092/9780590921596.jpg>

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[robbiegreen](#)
• 13y ago

Yeah, Im not sleeping tonight after reading through these.





[killjoyangel](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

when I was little I got lead poisoned, it made me a really weird, creepy little girl (There are plenty more stories like this one), I never was with the other kids, I just sorta sat alone for the most part. I never went into kindergarten because I was a tad on the anti-social side. Anyway, my father was strongly religious and would tell me that "I made Angels cry when I did bad things." hearing this everyday makes it less creepy. One day I was playing with my toys in the park while my older brothers hung out with their friends. A boy walked up and began annoying me, I looked him dead in the eye and said "Angels are going to cry for your soul." Needless to say, I wasn't very popular in my hometown, especially with the religious kids (about 95% of the kids in that town)

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[vinnyperson](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

After careful consideration, this thread is now freaking me out and I no longer want to turn the light out.

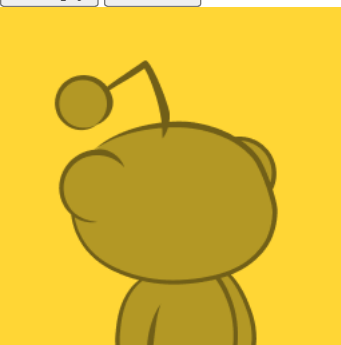
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[wow2013](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Love the stories here. To blow your mind go to youtube and prepare to be blown away, search for the following: 11 year old boy reincarnated FOX 8 News

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[oohcomely](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I just watched it, thanks for the recommendation. I'd never really thought much about reincarnation before stumbling onto this thread a few days ago, but now I want to find more stories like this.



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[+ 2 more replies](#) 

[+ More replies](#) [+ More replies](#)



[BeyondKen](#)

• [13y ago](#)

"My favorite foods that come from a pig are pork, ham, and lamb chops."

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[MCanadian2](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Always walk on the briiiight side of life -- do-do, do-do, do-do-do-do

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[whothatgurl](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My son has always been outgoing , positive, social (unlike me his mom) and in the military town he is asked by parent to come over and spend the night. I said this to clarify my son is never been an outcast an/or awkward (unlike me his mom) but even still he developed an imaginary friend.about 4 years old my son always talked about "Jeb" ..unusual name i know but i never paid it no attention til one day he was in the next room and start laughing hysterically, so i ask who he talking too and he say "Jeb" ..no tv on ...no toys ..this went on for about a month or two year (i know i regret not paying attention) and crazy me still didnt think nothing of it til one day he was in my room and I heard"NO STOP ! SHUT UP!" so I ran to the the room and he looked at me and said "JEB WONT LEAVE ME ALONE" so naturally I asked what wrong and who the fuck it is"JEB" and he said right there pointing mad toward the end of the bed. Then i sat down and ask if Jeb likes mommie and does he ever say mean things about her. He said "Mommie he likes you" ...i was kinda of scared shitless but happy at the same time (my son is now 15 and I asked him the other day..after reading this insane blod and he forgot about JEB but "Kind of" remem ber him")



[Payton2](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Once when I was about five I asked my uncle if I could cut him open and look at his insides



[PsychoCookie](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Kid:knock knock

Parent:who there ? Kid:big tits Parent:umm....big tits who ? Kid:ima rip off ur big tits, roast them, and serve for dinner -runs along- - parent in shock- friend's son...we all know how he's gonna turn out.



[ledz6190](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was with my nephew a couple of weeks ago at the local shops, as we walked past an elderly lady raising money for the salvo`s he turned to me and said "old people should be locked up or hung" and next thing he says is "lets get ice cream". The mind of a 4 year old is always going to be puzzling though it made me think if the elderly in the area start going missing in 15 years time I might need to have a chat with him. Got to love the innocence of a child's mind :p





[Kittykuy](#)
• 13y ago

I was walking with my daughter (4) when all of a sudden she stopped I asked why did you stop she said there's a big red eyed monster behind that tree its coming to get you so I went to inspect what she said there was nothing there so we contiued Then she stopped agin I told her there is no monster no need to stop Then she just started screaming I'm talking about a blood curling scream and I tried to get her to calm down she stopped and stared and me and said in a really creepy voice He coming to get you she evily laughed when she stopped she asked me why am I just standing there that child most be possesed



[damnreccaishot](#)
• 13y ago

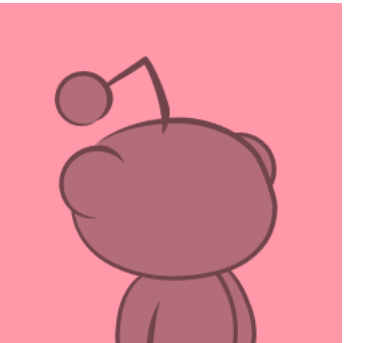
I ran out of breath reading that paragraph.





[karinschae](#)
• [13y ago](#)

With my dad being a film director, he used to make loads of hilarious videos of me and my sisters when we were younger. So this one time he interviewed my little sister who was around 4 years old. He asked her a couple of questions, like where she'd wanna spend her honeymoon ("McDonald's!"). To the question where the babies came from she explained dead serious: "Well, Mummy goes to the doctor and he cuts her belly open and puts the baby inside. Then when it's ready he pulls it out of her belly button."



[Johnnystaysout](#)
• [13y ago](#)

As told to me by my father: I was 7 and my sister 8 when one Sunday afternoon my mother and father put us in the car and took us for a drive. They pulled up to some random house on a small lake and stopped in front of it. I asked why we were stopping and my mother turned around and said "Daddy is going to be living in this house from now on and you and Diana will visit him on the weekends." I turned to my father and asked "Can I have your bed?"





[CinematicHeart](#)
• 13y ago

that is really sad. "lets go for a drive kids, your father and I are getting a divorce and this is his new house. ok time to go home"

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[sensaimee](#)
• 13y ago

My friend and I were fairly young when this happened (maybe 14/15). She was sleeping at my house one night, dead asleep in bed, while I was still up watching tv, she suddenly turns over, looks at me, mumbles something in a language I've never heard, smiles, and turns back around. I was shaking profusely after that.

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[RedRibbonWeek](#)
• [13y ago](#)

"My doctors name is dr_handjob"

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[SwiftFifteh](#)
 • [13y ago](#)

The actions and words of the kids in these stories are certainly creepy, but the most horrifying thing in the stories in this thread is the adults who, but for a few notable exceptions, consistently reject, deny, or refuse to face the reality of these incidents in a supreme act of utter selfishness because of their own fears, and thereby leaving the kids to face these things alone.

tl;dr: grow some fucking balls.

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[TheCastro](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I would need more information on why you say this. Most end the story without really saying if there was follow up.

 2 more replies  2 more replies 

 [More replies](#)  [More replies](#)



[popeyethepenis](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not extremely relative but when I was at kindergarten I used to parade about with my penis hanging out, taking extra care to show the mothers of the other toddlers. I was extremely shy apart from my indecent exposure stage.



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[davrukin](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I'm at my house, and either I'm home alone anywhere in the house or I'm upstairs and my Parents are downstairs watching TV, I always feel like someone's "watching me". I feel like there's someone behind me. We only bought the house a year after the previous owners bought it - they only lived there for a year. I've been feeling this way for as long as I can remember. This happens more often at night, and I just run down the stairs *as fast as I can*.

I also have really back luck with technology. It's almost always worse than it's supposed to be. I got a brand new MacBook Pro last Summer, and I had two hard drive crashes within the span of a month. My computers run more slowly than they're supposed to. And some other things I don't remember.

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• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user





[ButterySax](#)
• 13y ago

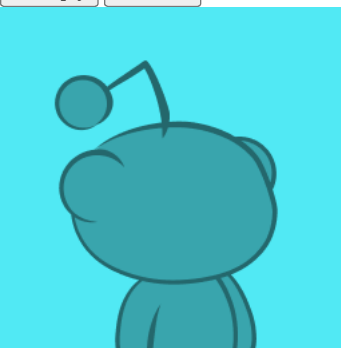
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shadow_people



[lifeson106](#)
• 13y ago

"Danny's not here, Mrs. Torrance."

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[ZeeHanzenShwanz](#)
• 13y ago

ITT: A thousand reasons why i'll never be having kids.

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[SeckTor](#)
• 13y ago

...asks dr. Handjob





[jeddai](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My family is kind of addicted to Doctor Who at the moment, my little brother (3) now goes around the house 'EXTERMINATE'-ing things. XP He actually has a pretty good Dalek voice!



[Helpmyfriendplease1](#)
• [13y ago](#)

This interests me.





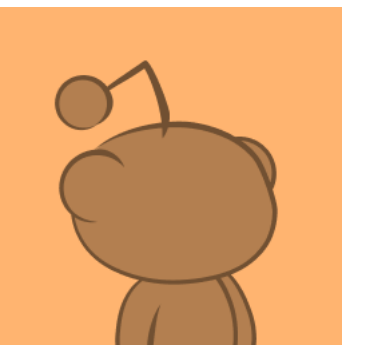
[eaturliver](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I don't have kids, but my 11 year old nephew once told me he loves 9gag.



[xB1akey](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Always wear a condom, got it



[jerseyjosh](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I'm not my parents but... When I was a baby, before I'd learned to talk, we were traveling down this twisty road in some French region (don't blame me for geography, I'm 14), just me and my parents, and we got to this town famous for making knives. So we're driving down this road and there are knives hanging from lamp posts around us. Literally machetes and cleavers just hanging there, rusty and menacing and as we're all driving along in terrified awe; my squeaky little babby voice pops out with my first ever words... "We're all going to die.."



[tiggytuppence1](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

TIL kids are a lot creepier than initially thought





[rat22](#)
• [13y ago](#)

ITT: things that will make you not want to have any children



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

My son told me he had a little man named Tony who lived in his mouth.

He was sort of a dull boy.





[fzare](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Lol this thread is the best. Well, I hang out with my niece (just turned 7) and nephew (5) quite a bit, and I try to make sure we always do something fun; usually arts and crafts. I actually have quite a lot of stuff at my house for them now, and they really love it. We were driving in the car the other day, and they kept whispering together so I asked them what they were talking about...and my niece says, "so aunty....when we are older and you are really old and you die, can we have all your art things?" and I cracked up and just said "sure hun, but I'm not gonna die for a while yet, I'm not that old." and my nephew turns to his sister and says, "no silly, we don't want it when we are old so she should die NOW"

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[SeckTor](#)
• [13y ago](#)

<http://www.buzzfeed.com/mattbellassai/the-creepiest-things-a-child-has-ever-said-to-a-parent?s=mobile>

Good to know buzzfeed uses their own hard Work to come up with ideas.

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[CrimsonDeathBringer](#)
• 13y ago

Created an account just so everyone can know, I'm 13, not that long ago about a month ago i "awoke" probably at about 2 in the morning and I was walking over to my brothers bed (his 17) I had no control of my body yet I could see i reached for him but couldn't get to him, it seemed as I was trying to kill him as I managed to pull a picture frame down that was next to his bed, and the other week I fell asleep at about 12 PM and my aunties dog was over and when my mum got home she said I said "I left something on upstairs I have to go turn it off", I was freaked by that as I don't recall that

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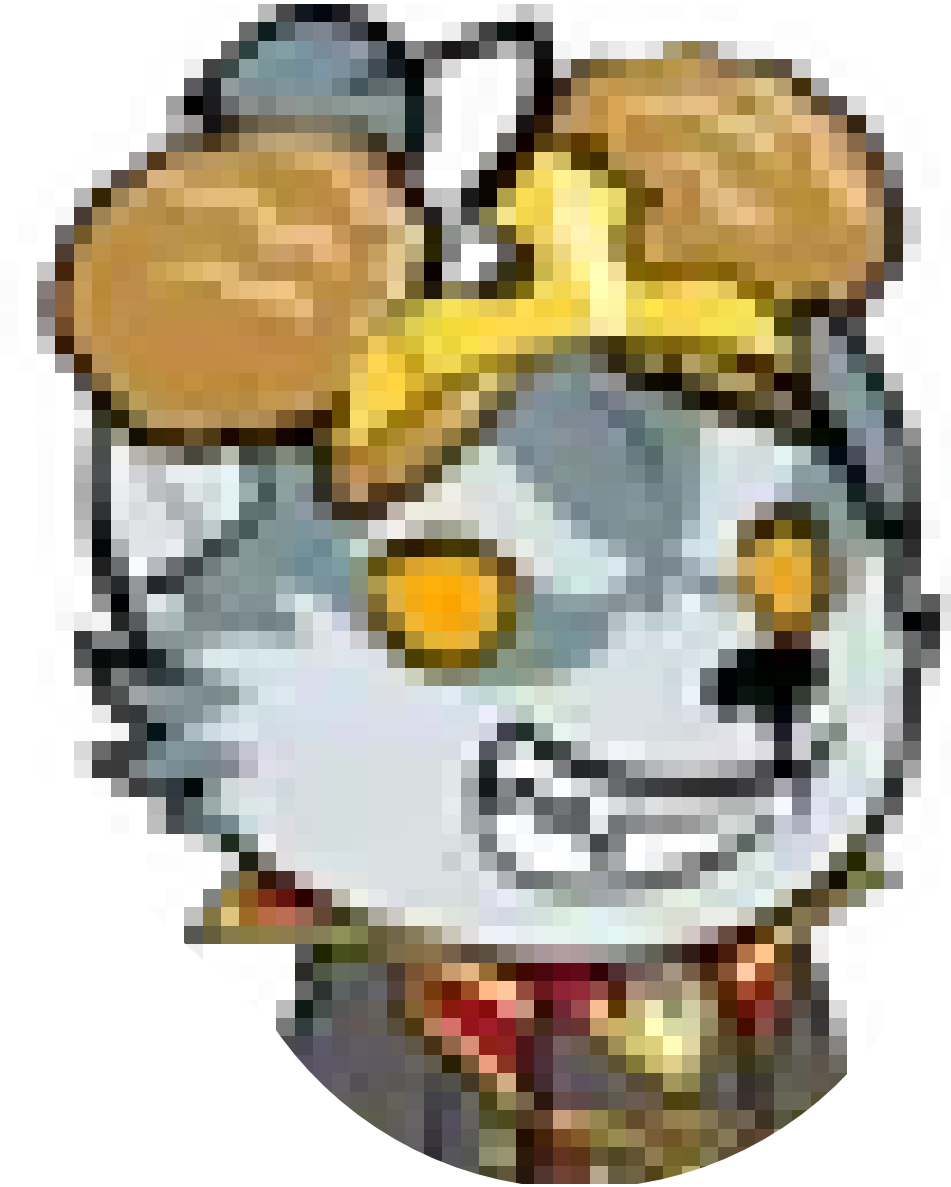




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• 13y ago

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[Just An Animal](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Starting early!





[rottenbanana127](#)
• 13y ago

I was reading all of these stories thinking I had none, when it dawned on me that I had one!

Last July my mother suddenly passed away. We had lots of family come in from out of town for the memorial and after the service we had everyone over to my sister's house. My cousin has a young daughter, about 6 now, and the only time she ever met anyone in my immediate family was when she was only a few months old.

I read the eulogy at the memorial, which I barely made it through (it was my mother's funeral, of course). WAY later that evening, the little girl came to me and out of nowhere looked me in the eyes and said, "that story you told at the church, it was perfect" (verbatim). I was totally shocked, and I thanked her nicely.

Afterward, I basically realized that there's NO way that she 1) could know what I said was "perfect;" she knows nothing of my family or my mom, 2) was even paying attention (she's 6!). I determined that my mom probably told her to tell me so. And after I discussed this with her parents (almost immediately), they said she is VERY intuitive and likely rec'd the message and was told to relay to me. Crazy.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

"Dad, why is there a 'Shit Kids Say' post on reddit every week" I was surprised my child knew what reddit was, and how to curse. He must get it from me.



[Grymrir](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Something, something, bitchard and fleeb.





[Barbaratyler14](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My 17 year old (!) asked me if his friends could use my bedroom to bonk in at his party!





[moldy912](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Wasn't the exact same question asked a few months ago?

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)
[⊕ 1 more reply](#) [🔍](#)





[khaleesis](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my nephew (aged 3) visits me he sometimes says 'I'm going to kill you, you're going to die' and then starts stripping off his clothing and turns into the Hulk and attacks me.



[Sweet-Nightmares](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I have been reading this thread since last nigh. Obviously I took some long breaks but still. My 2 year old daughter in the car today "I drink blood" Not sure where that came from. Me as a child: Elementary age: Knew when my Aunts newborn died a few hours after birth and started screaming and crying. Summer before sixth grade: Told my dad my mother was going to have a car accident in the jeep and die when she went to pick up her check in Frankfort. A couple of weeks later she went to pick up her check and my dad made her take the tank car instead. She still almost died but organs that don't heal healed. Later 6th grade year: I became ticked off because the state science fair was rigged (very obviously) and I lost with a very impressive project that I had done MYSELF and a storm system busted that was supposed to completely pass us and not drop rain until it hit the ocean as of the forecast that morning. The weird part? My dad kept telling me to calm down before I started a down poor. 2 towns flooded and I felt like crap. Later: I found out I could pull electricity through the glass on the electro static balls and that I had a high charge on a battery tester and that I could make it fluctuate. Lightning storm hits (always makes me hyper) and I am in the car we stop next to a feild of cows, I stare at one and think about the lightning hitting it, steak and hamburger it got struck. My whole life: I know things about people I have never met, just met, will meet, and know even though they have never told me or anyone I know. I know how to do things I was never taught like sew (I just made a dress) slaughter chickens, fillet a deer, etc. If I want you to know something (subtle hint to a guy who of course wont get it) I will basically shout it in your head. I am very unusually strong. As in I ripped a tree out of the ground and I am 5'4" and 115lbs. Not a little tree either. The list

goes on and on. I have witnesses to pretty much all of this and when my friends introduce me to someone knew they say "This is *** she knows everything." My family has decided (jokingly) that we are mutants or aliens depending on the day of the week. Never seen a ghost though sorry guys.



[Burstingmoons](#)

• [13y ago](#)

One day my then 4 year old son walked down the hallway past the bathroom door where his dad was getting ready. He heard him say "hi daddy" so he replied back "hi eli" then our son said, "No, not you Daddy, that daddy." He was pointing into the mirrors at the end of the hall. We believe, or hope he was seeing his dead grandfather whom he has never met.



[CoffeeAndKarma](#)

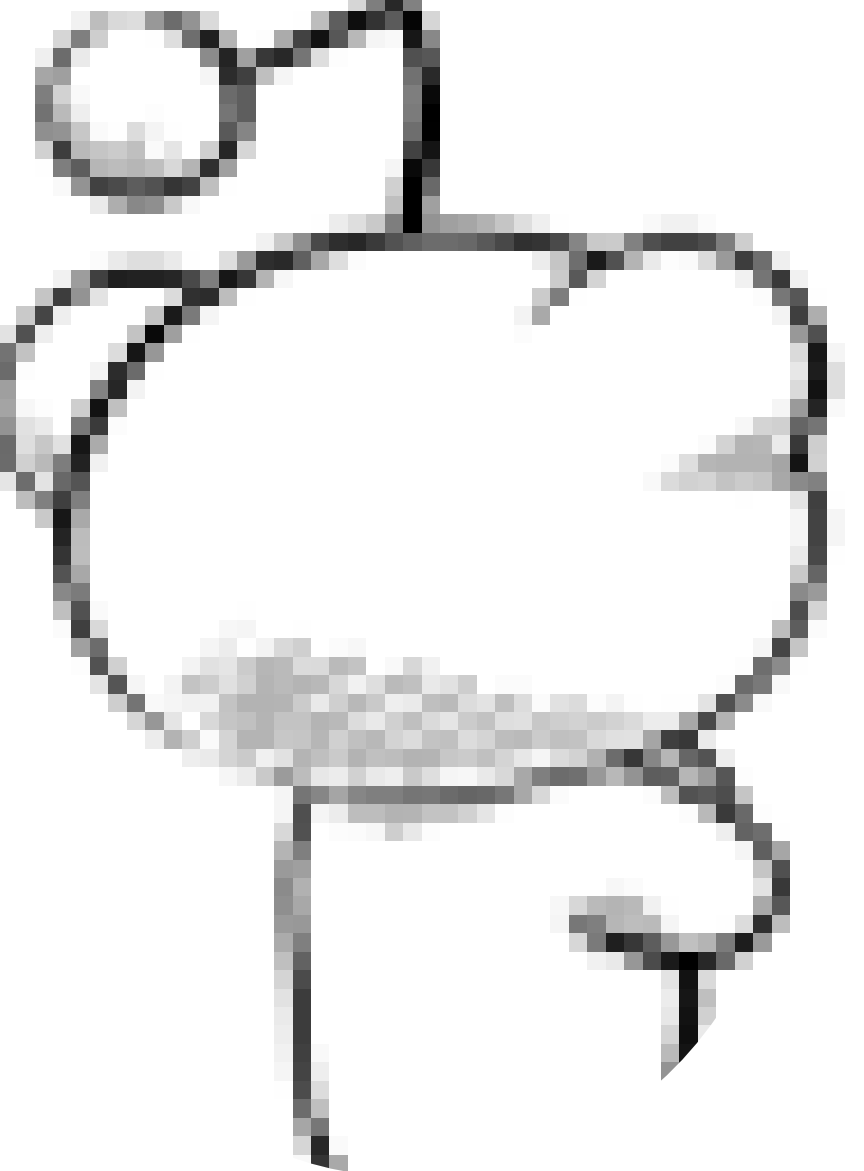
• [13y ago](#)

Wouldn't it be more likely that he was just amused by the reflections, or didn't fully understand that they were just reflections? Rather than seeing a ghost of a person he's never met?

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• 13y ago

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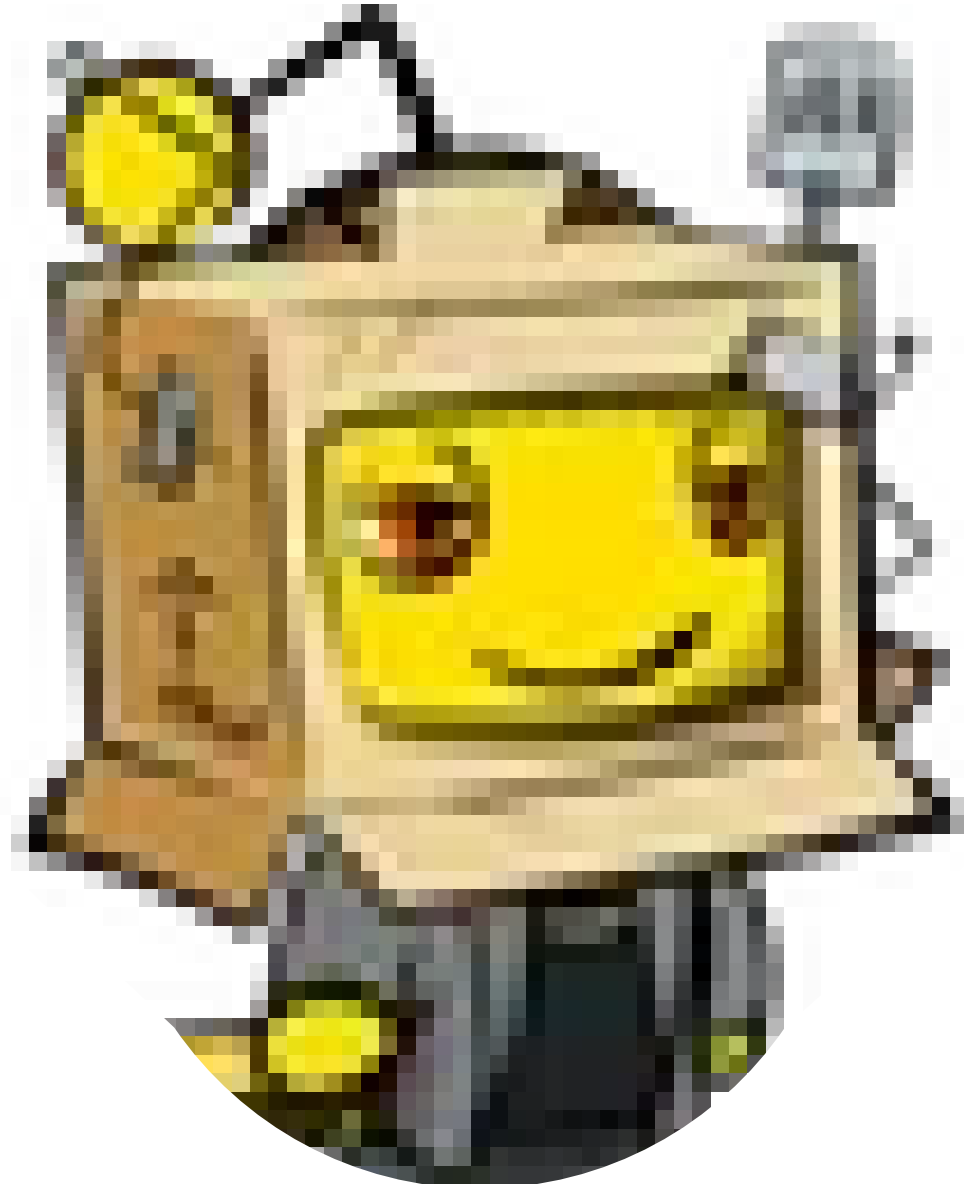


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• 13y ago

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⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply





[juksayer](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Daddy

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• [13y ago](#)

I was at my aunts when i was seven, with her new baby who was asleep. I remember saying "do you think hes having dreams of being chased by people? We should shake him" Everyone got really mad at me.

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[quicklookleft](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Mommy, can I up down you.

[🗨 Reply](#) [↗ Share](#)





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• [13y ago](#)

Sitting in a parking lot, waiting for family to return in an hour. It's dark and i am scared to look in the rear view mirror. Fuck you reddit!

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[KIMBAL](#)

• [13y ago](#)

im going to kill you





[ferociousfuntube](#)
• 13y ago

I tend to wake up trying to unhook my pillows bra or trying to make out with my pillow.



[Fernandosaurusrex](#)
• 13y ago

vasectomy here I come



[HamatoKameko](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Why did I come into this thread? Why, oh why...?



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• [13y ago](#)

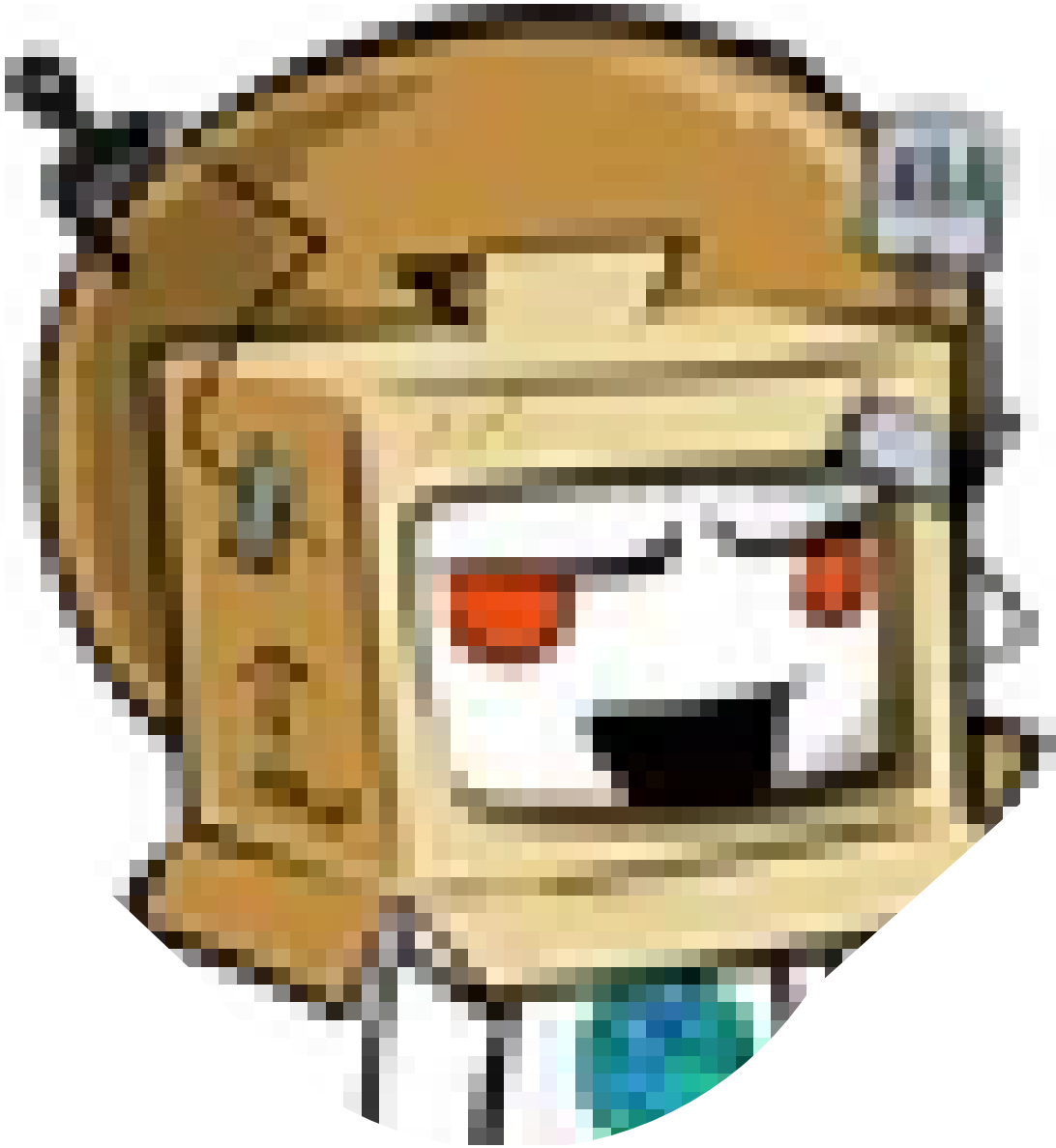
I bet Mon likes that extra cushion, fatty.



[wigwam2323](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Wtf man.





[simsolabi](#)
• 13y ago

Mama



[inukumini](#)
• 13y ago

more a thing I said to my mom.

I once saw a documentary about the ku klux klan when I was 9 years old. the name really stayed with me because I'n russian, kukla, means doll. A couple of days later I was playing in the living room and suddenly kukla came up in me. I associated it with the ku klux klan and said that out loud infront of my mother. Needlessly to say, she was shocked to hear that.





[Subalpine](#)
• [13y ago](#)

One day a neighbors toddler was playing with a fire truck, I ask him if he is a fireman he runs up to me and says 'yes, I start the fires!' I avoided eye contact with that kid since





[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

Soon!





[jonnyv1993](#)
• [13y ago](#)

The creepiest thing my mom told me to tell my teacher because they were hassling me about my hair was, "My moms to busy to take me to go get a hair cut working her three jobs and my father doesn't believe in hair cuts because he doesn't have any hair." The look on my teacher, priceless.



[BusterTheChihuahua](#)
• [13y ago](#) • Edited 13y ago

Two years old: I don't laaaaaaaiik you.

Edited to add this creepiest little kid scene ever from The Bad Seed:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-bFWw704guk>

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[UserCaleb](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

This is a cross post from another askreddit [here](#). My response can be found [here](#)

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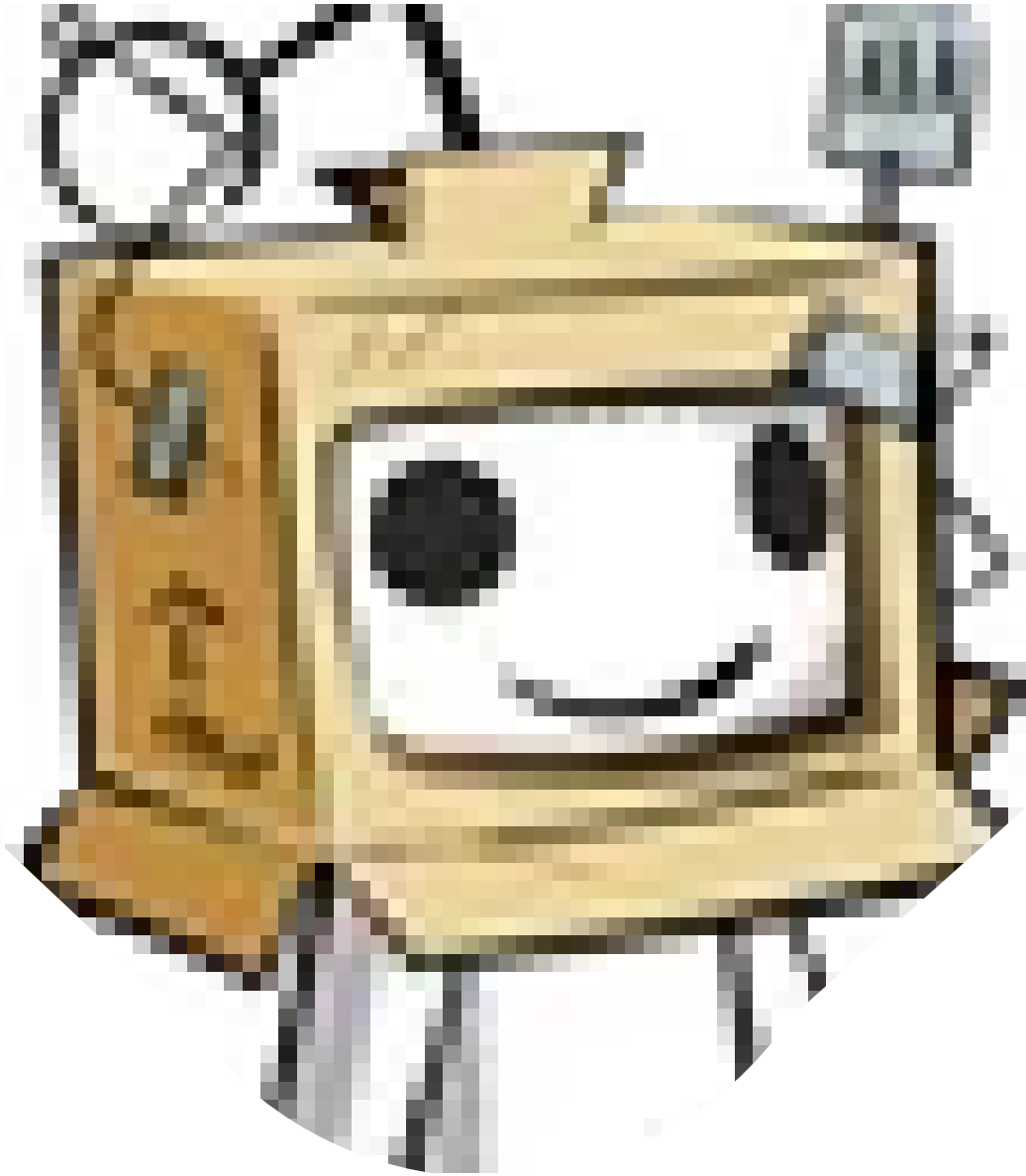


[Bananpajen](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

WHY DID I READ THIS RIGHT BEFORE BED!? ;_;

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[pakman82](#)
• 13y ago

ok since this is all going creepypasta.. A friend told me about how her 3 yo daughter, since she could talk would call one of her grandpa's 'grandma'. She shortly there after found her talking about Grandma in the tub. My friend then established the daughter was referring to her coochie as Grandma.

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[ETERNAL EDAMNATION](#)
• 13y ago

This whole tread is the plot of "The Shining"

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• [13y ago](#)

so many ghost stories here lol

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[babybelly](#)
• [13y ago](#)

dont kids commonly say: i dont wanna marry anyone but if i do its gonna be you



[petmeintheartbox](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Early morning my husband is taking a leak in the bathroom and I hear our 4 year old daughter (who'd apparently walked in on him) ask "Daddy, why is your toot-toot so long?..... We call our sex parts toots or toot toots...great.





[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user



[throwaway51585](#)
• 13y ago

You might want to calm down a little, dad. You're going to end up with a mommas crybaby thats scared of the world. Stop. My cousins are all still dependent on mom and dad and totally terrified of the world because their parents thought the big bad scary world was out to ass-rape their precious snowflake.

seriously, you're going to give your kid a complex and be a total pain in the ass to others if you don't learn to manage some of your hyper-parent anxiety.

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply



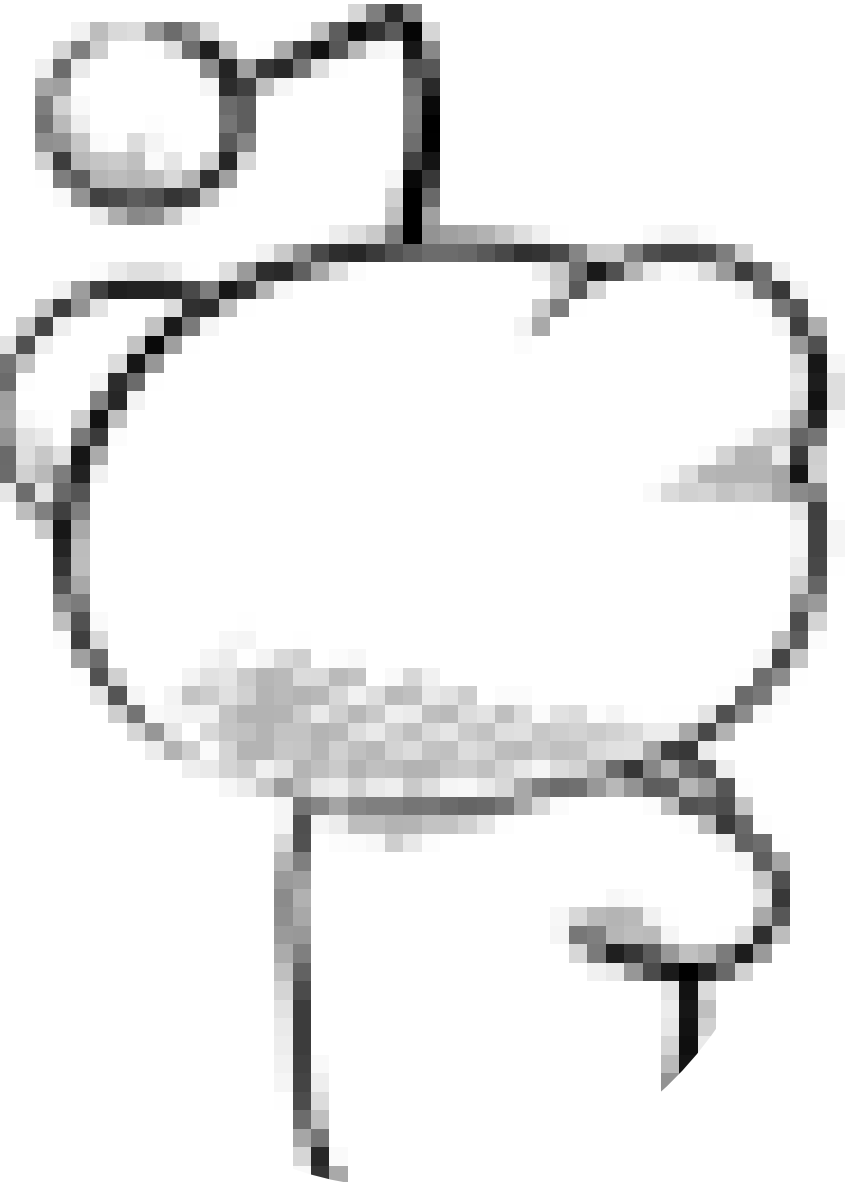
[Ⓢ More replies](#)



[cuteblackchic](#)

• [13y ago](#)

My husband left to make a quick run to the supermarket, our three year old daughter immediately started screaming..."I lost my daddy!"
Creepy as heck!



[deleted]

• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user





[ohyeoflittlefaith](#)
• 13y ago

My mom did some "bad" shit in HS (ie. drinking, sex, rock n roll) and her Southern Baptist mother told her "Remember. No matter what you do, there are always three people watching you." My mom told me she was paranoid for years after that until realizing her mom was just a crazy christian wack-job.



[pafpdd](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but my GF's grand kids spent the week with us & her 4 year old grandson said this, "I was really wishing you would give me" (this toy of mine that he had liked a lot the last time he was over) I wished really hard (after she had given it to him), he also said he wished for something else he got (I don't remember what) then he said he had one other wish that hadn't come true yet & my GF asked him what it was, he said it wasn't nice & didn't want to say, but my GF prodded & he said "I wish (his sisters name) would die" my GF was Very taken aback to say the least. Since he has started talking (which came on very late) he tends to say a but load of creepy shit, this def being in the top 5. A little background, his mom is a junkie bi-polar stripper & his dad is a junkie bi-polar guy that works at an after hours night club. His 1/2 sister, they share the mom, her real dad is a junkie (don't know anything else about him) & his GF let's them all watch anything, she just let them watch the nightmare on elm st! Anyway they are both so screwed. I know you think I made this up, but I didn't & it's really just the tip of the iceberg.

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[bundtlet](#)
• [13y ago](#)

One day I was drying my hair and my son (5) was running around all sneaky like. I asked him what he was doing and he said "putting my wiener in Rockys (our dog) butt. But I was just kidding...it was in my pants." ...my jaw completely hit the floor. He started preschool not too long ago...I have NO CLUe where the HELL that came from but it still wigs me out!

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[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

On September 11th 2001 I was a junior in high school. I was in a class called peer helping, basically an easy A class. Once a week we would go to the local elementary school down the street and play games with the kids during their PE class. I was talking to one kid who looked like he was middle eastern. He was sitting next to me talking about his dog and what he ate for lunch, etc. About 20 feet from us two other kids were building towers out of cups. They made 5 towers, then 3 towers, then they made two really tall towers. I even helped them get the top cups on since they were too short. The kid sitting next to me said, "Watch this", and proceeded to pretend he was a plane and ran into the two towers knocking them down. Me and about 5 other high school juniors stood there shocked for about 10 minutes.

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[Gypsytraiter](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Addressed to my husband while quietly leaning over him, "daddy, I want to pull your skin off." He had peeling skin from a sunburn. Creepy as hell.



[kramsiobud](#)
• [13y ago](#)

yeah but much better than if he DIDNT have a sunburn

[⊕ More replies](#)



[Buglimousine](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Cybermen are using your children...time to call The Doctor.



[TheNerdyPandas](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Laying in bed and being in this bed spells insomnia. What a wonderful night this will be...





[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

Redrum.



[funwithgoats](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I'm definitely saving this for later. Kids creep me out.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Why the FUCK am I reading this thread right before I go to sleep?





[BW900](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Its really the only time I read this scary stuff. I don't know why.

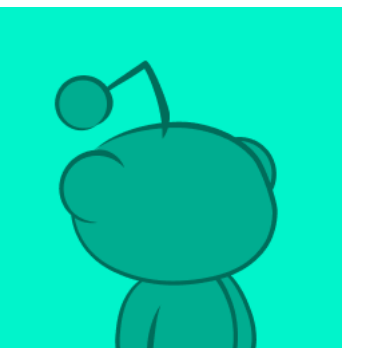




[Poster Nutbag12](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Dr. Handjob, why don't you have a seat right over here



[jamieo1978](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I was playing hide and seek with my 2 and 4 year old daughters. After about a minute of not being able to find me the four year old shrugs and says, "Oh well, I guess I monster must've ate her."

[⊕ Reply](#)

[↗ Share](#)





[jdlk033](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Well.... here I thought I was going to sleep tonight. I just know that when my baby wakes up for his midnight feeding I'm going to loose my mind.

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[basilwhite](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Yeah, that's Easter.

[🗨 Reply](#) [↗ Share](#)





[BanglesOkapi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When I was little (I only remember this vaguely) but we went to this wedding, and it was in one of the oldest houses in town, right? So like when you walk in there's this big white hallway with rly old pictures in it. idk why but this one stuck out to me. it was a portrate of a girl on the staircase, she was transparent to me, apparently not to anyone else.. well I came around the corner and there's the same staircase. I was like 3. I could feel her presence there... idk. so I go up stairs with my cousin, we go into this old bedroom I swear she was there, hiding. I told my mom what I saw. She just said "oh its just your imagination" then turned and left.

I also later learned the the house I lived in was haunted with 3 spirits...

 Reply  Share



[ramabachi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Check this out, my review is "Saw the Ghost"

http://www.tripadvisor.com/ShowUserReviews-g41850-d89873-r4075955-The_Red_Lion_Inn-Stockbridge_Massachusetts.html





[MrAskani](#)
• 13y ago

Me & my dog house sat for my brother for 2 years whilst he was abroad. One night about 2 days after moving in, we were watching tv when the back downstairs door rattled very heavily. Freaked me out so I ran to the kitchen for a knife. My dog ran to the top of the stairs and growled like crazy. Then the front door rattled hard. I thought someone was trying to break in. I was standing at the top of the stairs looking down, with the lights on, when I heard footsteps coming up the stairs that I was looking down. My dog basically shat and bolted down the bedroom. I must admit I was about a half a second behind her. I then heard the footsteps go through the lounge and into the kitchen where the back upstairs door rattled. Then the footsteps came back through the lounge into the hall and down to my room (I had the bedroom door closed by this stage freaking the fck out) and my room went so damn cold it wasn't funny... My dog hid behind the bed and wouldn't come out. I was so damn scared by this stage I didn't know what was going on, but then the room stopped being cold, my door didn't rattle, and nothing more happened that night. I slept with the knife for weeks after that one. The ghost came back several times when new people were staying over too. Scared a few of my friends.



[iirroc](#)
• 13y ago

Herd this on lex and terry radio. No credit to reddit.





[PsychoCookie](#)
• [13y ago](#)

First time staying a month at grandparents house, pretty old vintage house. Anyway I was about 14, younger siblings was 12, 9 and 7. We stayed in our mom and her sisters old room. Ok so on the first night there, my sister wakes up middle of night, Lucy: Cadi ! Look look ! - She points to doorway- there was a figure standing there, coming towards the bed we all were in, it was a pretty big bed. half awake, so I shrugged and went back to sleep. I woke up squished with covers on my face. My siblings had had snuggled close to me and put covers over their heads, and mine while I was sleep. Although I had been half awake, I remembered what happened. I asked my sister and she explained, "the boys woke me up pointing and crying, I looked and this figure of a person coming towards us. Mom was there visiting, she pointed at my grandparents and yelled, "I told you so !" Apparently my mom and her sisters had experienced the same. She still made us stay -., week later, in the attic, these 5 kids appear. I pick up the youngest of my siblings and run to the stairs, others behind. "Don't go we only want to pllllaaaayyyyyyyyy !" In a creepy kids way. We run to our room, they appear "your angering us, just pllaayyy with us" Needless to say, my brother, Justin shit his pants. We run again. They appear "You've made us angry, PPPLLLLLAAAAAYYYY WITH US, NOW !" Grandpa walks in, "what's going on here ?" They disappear. Me, "were packing up and taking our asses home, that's what's going on, asshole."(exact words too). Luckily he hadn't heard me, cuz he has terrible hearing. We never went back there, but paranormal stuff didn't stop....



[kristen99752](#)
• [13y ago](#)

1. My cousin walks around saying he's going to stab peoples eyes out.
2. He woke up crying for a shotgun.
3. His favorite movie is chunky. Edit:my cousin is three.



[20Questions](#)
• [13y ago](#)

What idiot let him watch Chucky?



[kristen99752](#)
• [13y ago](#)



Also he tried to stab me with a screwdriver when he was younger

[⊕ More replies](#)



[SneakyPencil](#)

• 13y ago

I'm not a parent but this is a story about me. I'm 17 now and clearly remember a reoccurring dream I had as a child (not sure what age range). I'd be gathering bottles in the kitchen of my old house (I haven't lived there since I was 7) and one fell behind the dishwasher (and we didn't have one). I tried to grab it and could see eyes looking at me and could feel something grab me. I would tell my friend to get it. Every time he went to grab it a bunch of black figures that were about 2 feet tall would jump out from behind the dishwasher and start ripping him apart and eating him and they would stop and smile at me. Scared the hell out of me. Any thoughts?



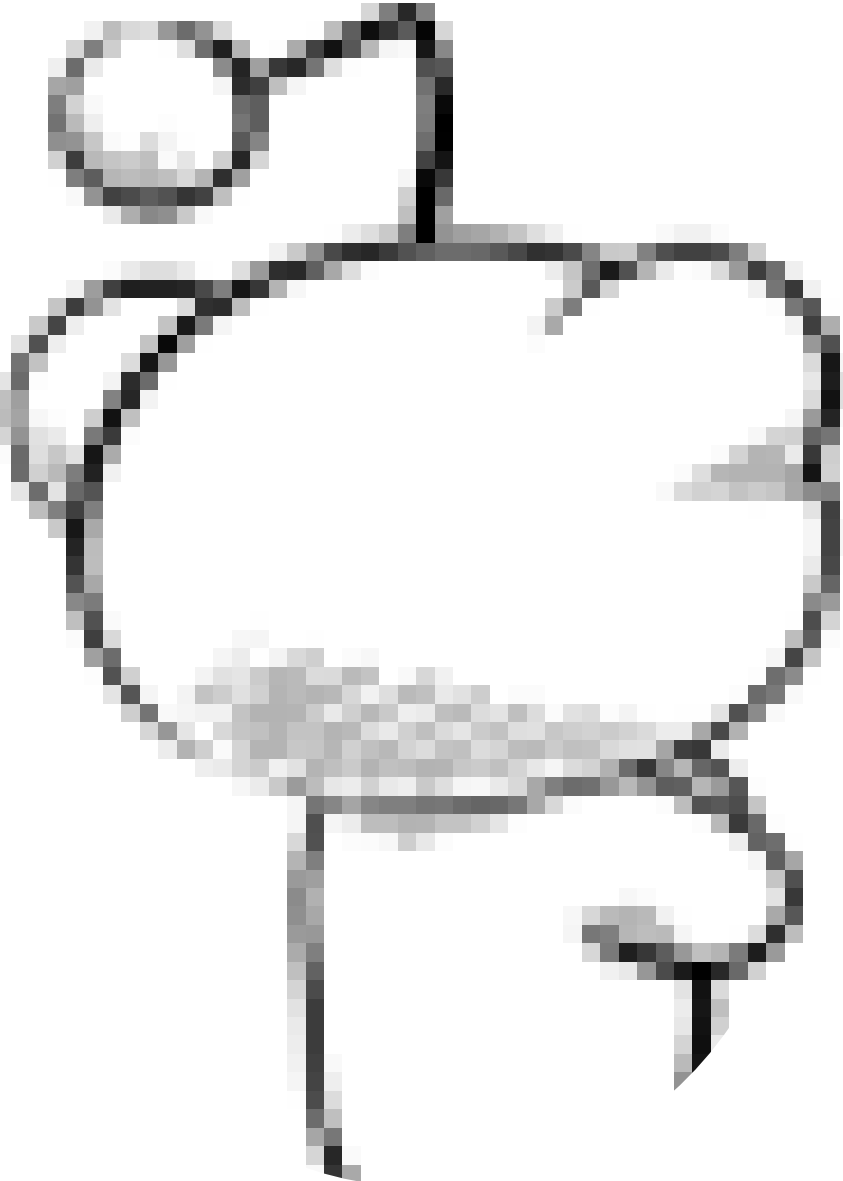
[HRapunzelM](#)

• 13y ago

should do some research on the property or land..



[Ⓢ More replies](#)



[LichV](#)
• [13y ago](#)

My daughter is two. About a month ago - she was fast asleep and all of a sudden she starts whimpering and woke up all she kept saying was "A GUY, A GUY! I SEE YOU. A GUY" while looking at where my closet doors are. She talked about a puppy too, but I was more concerned with "the guy"



[Cuplink](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I swear we just has this same question on the front page the other day. Like literally yesterday.





[Kubaker1](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Welcome to ~~Earth~~ Askreddit.

[⊕ More replies](#)



[Z0idberg_MD](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Paranormal example. No evidence. Upvote me.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

My son Soulpatch once said, "They ever see me dyin' done pluck chicken prices gone up ag'in!" Then he disappeared into nothing, because he NEVER EXISTED! True story.





[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user



[scattyckoi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Shut the fuck up he'll hear you!





[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

.....are you the mom or dad?.....

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ 1 more reply](#) [⚙](#)

[⊕ More replies](#)



[pixelsquishin](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When my oldest son was 10, he asked what a douche bag was. Apparently while shooting hoops, they would yell "DOUCHE BAG" to throw each other off the shot, but nobody knew why that was bad.

Last week, my youngest son asked my ex-wife what a cunt was. If he had asked me, i'd have shown him a picture of his mother...





[green_glitter_queen](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

That's not creepy, that's just sad.

[⊕ More replies](#)



[KINGofPOON](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

Step 1: get girlfriend Step 2: kill all friends with cameras. Step 3: befriend a black guy for use as death bait. Step 4: find me some damn ghosts!



[alittleolder](#)
• [13y_ago](#)

I used to be your dad.





[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

Second person to say this





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

At 15 I think that's not as creepy as at 18.



[MisterDonkey](#)

• [13y ago](#)

ITT: [r/nosleep](#)



[somethingyousee](#)
• [13y ago](#)

TIL I never had or don't remember any imaginary friends of mine. Not sure if should be disturbed or happy.



[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

ITT: stories about ghosts, sex, and other paranormal activity.





[Aozi](#)
• [13y ago](#)

ITT turns out kids are psychic and they see dead people



[hattrickptrck22](#)
• [13y ago](#)

ITT: Great Urban Legends.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

A couple years ago I was babysitting a family friend's kids, a four year old boy and an eight year old girl.

Me: So what do you guys want to do?

Girl: Let's play Mario Kart!

Boy: *In the same jovial manner* Wet's just kiww ouwsewves!!!!!!!!!!

We played Mario Kart

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[grandmama00](#)

• [13y ago](#)

grandma & grandad were taking new baby for a walk in pram with very pampered 3yr old when i asked him when we get home do you want grandma to tell you a story, he replied yes and i said which one, he replied the one about the baby dying. grandma gave him heaps more attention after that.

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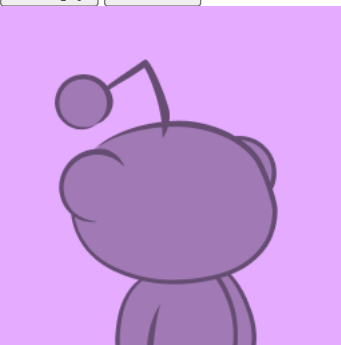
[kinetic-passion](#)

• 13y ago

this was my reaction to this thread)posted on tumblr b/c I hadn't joined reddit yet. Just thought I'd share them here without going back through the whole thread and finding each comment that I was referring to.

<http://kineticpassion.tumblr.com/post/49332764629/peridexis-ocdplayer-sunwillswallow-dont>

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[KINGofPOON](#)

• 13y ago

I'm gunna find that ghost... And fuck the shit out of it...





[SteubenGlass](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not exactly a kid, but when I was in my 20s I once said to these other people, "Alright, no sudden movements, get down on the ground, stay quiet and nobody gets their heads blown off. Understand?"



[Ourpaldrizzt](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Yesterday my mother randomly went "How is your libido?"

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[doberwoman](#)
• [13y ago](#)

i have the opposite (mise en situation : my mom hate tattoo, i have most of my upper body and legs covered) me : It's MY body so i'll do what i want with it! mom : I'm half of your genes so your body also belong to me ! _____

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[Dolores_Lays](#)
• [13y ago](#)

When my mother was pregnant with me, my brother, then 6, said to her unequivocally that if she gave him a baby brother, he would take it and stuff it into the garbage. She had no idea of the sex of the baby she was carrying. Needless to say she was relieved I turned out to be a girl.





[hippoboy1234](#)
• 13y ago

when my son was 1 he couldnt talk but instead lead me to where he wanted to go so oneday he lead me to a smyths toystore and since it was his 1st birthday he made me buy him alot of lego starwars i dont know why and then some minifigure packets inanyways when we got home i built the lego and before i was done he grabbed all the figures and weapons and brought me up to his room and started a mass murder battle and close to the end there was only 2 figures who werent mangle with playdough as blood and as entrails and before the loser died he said "jigsaw will do this to you" we dont have the saw films so i dont know where he learned it from



[Jaycaro](#)
• 13y ago

My mom and older sister remind me of the childhood "dreams" I had when I was younger, and how vivid and real I said they seemed. Funny thing is, I'm now 23 and honestly don't know if it really happened or if it was just a dream-one that has become engraved into my memory. As a little girl, I had a baby doll named Cilantro (I have NO clue why that name) who was so beautiful yet scary, but he was always with me. I remember-or dreamt-that my mom, big sisiter, and I werng room and Cilantro walked up to my mom and pusher her off the couch while she was asleep and my sisiter and I were playing. The weird part about all of this, is that I was only about 3 or 4, and living in California when this incident occuredut, but a few months later! when my family moved to Texas I saw the big yellow house that I had lived in. The yellow house my mom, I, and Cilantro had lived in when Cilantro shoved my ran away. When I was little, my mom says I would pass by the house and about the times we led e nd our livesthe lives we had, and was very descriptive about the living room. My mom also says that right when I saw my baby doll, I knew his name was Cilantro-kinda scary, but true! By the way, Cilantro died because my uncle ran over him-might of been a good thing. I'll never know.



[bemysecret](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Cilantro is another name for Coriander. Was interested in the name and googled it...

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)

[⊕ 1 more reply](#)



[⊕ More replies](#) [⊕ More replies](#)



[Zammin](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Not going into specifics (too embarrassed), but I remember once saying something immensely creepy and racist when I was a kid. Still cringe every time I think of that memory.





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I guess this could be possible. never thought about that.





[deleted]
• [13y ago](#)

redrum



[zorklon](#)
• [13y ago](#)

Sleeping next to boyfriend, generally talks/moans/cuddles in his sleep. The other night he proceeded to talk about what we were going to have for breakfast, how he wanted a lot of bacon, responded when I spoke to him, then yelled at me to turn the light off and farted. Afraid for my future

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[abילו](#)
• [13y ago](#)

ITT: people that are not parents

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[oldcanadianfart](#)
• [13y ago](#)

How many God's are there? Aaaahhhh! Break out the emergency bible.

 Reply  Share



[pro_enonchong](#)
• [13y ago](#)

I was Fucking My Two year old one time and she said 'we should use protection'... How the fuck does she know about condoms?!





[deleted]

• [13y ago](#)

I have to wonder how many of the memories from ages 3-4 are genuine and how many are manufactured based on stories told the to teller by parents, relatives, etc.



[3vilgenius](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Reading this thread I am just so happy I'm Black and not in the south or go to a Catholic school. LOL





[Anonacci](#)
• 13y ago

Not a parent, but babysat a three year old girl who when I was reading a book to her decided it was 'her turn to read' , after which she told me a short story of "this is me, this is you and this is uncle. We are all gonna die." Happy as fuck and then went back to playing. Pretty sure I died a little inside.



[tmoney645](#)
• 13y ago

My two year old knows some sign language. She would so the sign for dry and say the word, but it would sound like "die" instead. She would also do the sign over here neck without curling her finger. (Link for reference)

<http://www.signingsavvy.com/sign/DRY/748/1>





[phonepunch1087](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I told my parents i am moving back home. The long pause on the phone was priceless



[Fatbrad](#)

• [13y ago](#)

you guys are making me feel so much better about the weird shit my son will say. Tonight I walked in with him after a trip to CVS and he looked at his mom and said " mommy im so glad the zombies didn't eat your brains".



[yellowli](#)

• [13y ago](#)

a four year old about her new baby sister: "it's not nice to want to hurt the baby, is it?"



[umdafugisurproblem](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Backstory time. When my dad was 14, his dad died. His dad lost both of his legs before he died. They lived in this really old house, and when he was 7 they built the house we currently live in right next door. (the old house still stands, and an oldish couple lives in it)

When my sister was little, around 4, she would talk to grandpa. She would just act like he was hanging around. None of us can remember exactly, because it was like 14 years ago, but she would say things like "Grandpa said..." She would also talk about him being sick, and if I remember correctly, he died of some illness in the hospital.

My mom's grandmother had a dream one time. She was in my dad's old house, which she has never been in. She walked through the back door into the kitchen, and turned and headed into the living room. By the door in front of the staircase, there was an old man in a wheelchair with no legs. She can explain the house perfectly, the chairs and all, and the man. She had never been in the house, and I don't think she even knew about him having no legs.



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[ericajamie08](#)

• [13y ago](#)

I've been trying to get my two and a half year old to sleep in his big boy bed. Even with his prized Angry Birds Princess Leia blanky, he tells me its scary. Why is it scary? "That bad man will get me. His fox will get me." I double check for these monsters, its safe. He still manages to get in the big bed with me. Why isn't mommy's bed scary? "The man can't get in here."

Fast forward, I'm doing homework, and he comes screaming around the corner, "The man's comin' to get me!" Closet door is open. No big, no man around. Next day, I put him to nap in the big boy bed, and he is sleep-climbing furniture to try and get out the window. Closet door is open. "That fox will get me, that fox will get me." No signs of animals (he doesn't even have a stuffed fox)

We're getting ready for bed, we're cuddling and snuggling, and he says, "Better lock that door now." *runs and shuts closet door as I lock the bedroom door* "Don't want them to get us because you won't come back."

I already couldn't sleep with the closet door open in my room without feeling like I'm being watched. Now, there is a shape-shifting ghost in my apartment, and I can't sleep at all.

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[cavelioness](#)

• [13y ago](#)

Wow, I used to have a stuffed fox in my closet that I was terrified of when I was little (not a real one, a stuffed animal my mom owned when she was little and stored on the top shelf of my closet) and always had to have the door shut so it wouldn't watch me while I was asleep.

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[aoopara](#)

• [13y ago](#)

When I was 2, my grand dad died. When we went to his grave a year later, I began yelling at my dad saying, "HOW DARE YOU BURRY HIM IN DIRT, HE IS VERY ANGRY WITH YOU! I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU!" and just fell asleep. The thing is I never watched tv and my parents never told me the process. How I knew what happened, nobody knows...

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[sterlingrose](#)
• [13y ago](#)

If you were standing at his grave, on the dirt, I would imagine "the process" would be fairly evident, even to a three year old.

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[More replies](#)



[SparkleZA299](#)
• [13y ago](#)

this post is about me.

when i was 9, i had a nightmare that my friend was hiding in a closet in a house that me and my mom were looking at to buy and a tall man w/ dark curly hair had a gun and shot me and said, "i have been waiting for this along time" and after he shot me i knew what it was like to be dead.

*edit: is that creepy or what?

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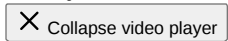
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[What's the creepiest thing a kid has ever said to you?](#)

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- [Reddit, what is your creepiest, most unnerving story? Real or not, please creep us out.](#)
[r/AskReddit](#)
• 16y ago

[Reddit, what is your creepiest, most unnerving story? Real or not, please creep us out.](#)

1.4K upvotes · 4.9K comments

- [What is the scariest post you've stumbled upon on reddit?](#)
[r/AskReddit](#)
• 1y ago

[What is the scariest post you've stumbled upon on reddit?](#)

4.3K upvotes · 1.8K comments

- [Who was the weirdest or creepiest kids at school and why were they weird or creepy?](#)
[r/AskReddit](#)
• 13y ago

[Who was the weirdest or creepiest kids at school and why were they weird or creepy?](#)

1.2K upvotes · 3.5K comments

- [What is the scariest thing you've ever seen in your life that you can't explain?](#)
[r/AskReddit](#)
• 1y ago

[What is the scariest thing you've ever seen in your life that you can't explain?](#)

10K upvotes · 5.5K comments

- [What's the most creepy thing you've ever witnessed?](#)
[r/AskReddit](#)



3y ago

[What's the most creepy thing you've ever witnessed?](#)

7.6K upvotes · 2.9K comments

- [Parents of Reddit, what was the most horrifying thing your child ever done?](#)
[r/AskReddit](#)
• 13d ago

[Parents of Reddit, what was the most horrifying thing your child ever done?](#)

3 upvotes · 25 comments

- [What's the creepiest thing you've ever done?](#)
[r/AskReddit](#)
• 13y ago

[What's the creepiest thing you've ever done?](#)

165 upvotes · 371 comments

- [What's the creepiest thing that's ever happened to you?](#)
[r/Paranormal](#)
• 1y ago

[What's the creepiest thing that's ever happened to you?](#)

383 upvotes · 367 comments

- [What's the most unsettling thing a child has ever said to you?](#)
[r/AskReddit](#)
• 2mo ago

[What's the most unsettling thing a child has ever said to you?](#)

4.6K upvotes · 2.4K comments

- [What is the creepiest real-life story you know that still sends chills down your spine?](#)
[r/AskReddit](#)
• 7mo ago

[What is the creepiest real-life story you know that still sends chills down your spine?](#)

9.2K upvotes · 3.2K comments

- [What is the creepiest thing that has ever happened to you?](#)
[r/AskReddit](#)
• 2y ago

[What is the creepiest thing that has ever happened to you?](#)

77 upvotes · 145 comments

- [What is the scariest/creepiest thing you have seen/heard?](#)
[r/AskReddit](#)
• 13y ago

[What is the scariest/creepiest thing you have seen/heard?](#)

2.4K upvotes · 14K comments

- [What is the strangest or creepiest thing you've found in the middle of nowhere? \(Forest, desert etc.\)](#)
 [r/BackwoodsCreepy](#)
• 3y ago

[What is the strangest or creepiest thing you've found in the middle of nowhere? \(Forest, desert etc.\)](#)

1K upvotes · 931 comments

- [What is the most scariest but still unexplained thing that you have experienced?](#)
[r/AskReddit](#)
• 2y ago

[What is the most scariest but still unexplained thing that you have experienced?](#)

2.2K upvotes · 943 comments

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[简体中文](#)



- [Reddit](#)
[reReddit: Top posts of April 2013](#)

Open the Reddit app, and join the other **58.2m** r/AskReddit members talking about this now.

-----MultipartBoundary--DkHrxTk9xQLehK2WB6FnZpm4rlrlb33aXbERytNCD---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/hui-user-drawer-client-css-CT_nOq5b.css @charset "utf-8"; .user-drawer-modal-card { --content-padding: 0; --default-slot-padding: 0; } .user-drawer-modal-card > :first-child { margin-top: 0px; } .user-drawer-modal-card > :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .user-drawer-modal-card::part(header) { display: none; } -----MultipartBoundary--DkHrxTk9xQLehK2WB6FnZpm4rlrlb33aXbERytNCD---- Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_2qjxn/styles/communityIcon_17ke1zkibtja1.png?

-----MultipartBoundary--DkHrxTk9xQLehK2WB6FfnZpm4rlrIb33aXbERytNCD---- Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_2qh1i/styles/communityIcon_p6kb2m6b185b1.png?

width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=c997d26126777e0f170b902778fc4b51506c75de RIFFWEBPVP8p*@@>QD#8R[R!}& f?@?T?0m?M*8V?X?YT?2?G?5X!Id/

[illegible]

Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditlemedia.com/t5_1vz9b2/styles/profileIcon_ldchr806gs91.jpg?width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=4397d36abe64811336872af683b70795e66fec90 RIFFWEBPVP8

Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditlemedia.com/t5_1xv1js/styles/profileIcon_t0lvruuxfbk1.jpg?width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=d03d661120927019f514d493ebc3f040a147eab RIFFWEBPVP8X??ICCP?lcmntrRGBXYZ

Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditlemedia.com/t5_1uyouu/styles/profileIcon_ye3brjz12qre1.jpeg?width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=50abb87fe1eb85d66f18d8f85607fc6978e3de37 RIFFWEBPVP8

Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditlemedia.com/t5_1ylrre/styles/profileIcon_gwyc35zaux1.jpeg?width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=a1ff6024c9dc001ce4924faef67ffab45c9a7995 RIFF8WEBPVP8

Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditlemedia.com/t5_1xryaf/styles/profileIcon_deq0zy39xva51.jpg?width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=247fbc815916ad64bc8bef879f9539c9ec3b56d RIFFWEBPVP8

Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditlemedia.com/t5_1z1uvr/styles/profileIcon_gqvwy23baqv81.jpg?width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=247fbc815916ad64bc8bef879f9539c9ec3b56d RIFFWEBPVP8

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=18a82fa2615d602933a701e41a6ea73079e1d66b RIFFZWEBPVP8
Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_e4rz/styles/profileIcon_jjwgqfvhax61.jpg?
width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=18a82fa2615d602933a701e41a6ea73079e1d66b RIFFZWEBPVP8
Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_3l3jy/styles/profileIcon_yyv4peb3eu4c1.png?
width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=0d4114df4ff1f749d2a5716070cac302162d2ed4 RIFFrWEBPVP8X ? ?ALPH ? ?m ? ?j ?m ?f ?
Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_1yh5jd/styles/profileIcon_rsleizd48u741.jpg?
width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=5636a372db8983ed197b0eac56a304dd19db20ee RIFFfWEBPVP8
Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_d289f/styles/profileIcon_0119dwtk5v311.jpg?
width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=8f3b4767be3ede45989dbb78f4196f1970fa6d17 RIFFTWEBPVP8X ? ?ICPP ? ?lcms ? ?mntrRGB XYZ ? ?
Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_d289f/styles/profileIcon_0119dwtk5v311.jpg?
width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=8f3b4767be3ede45989dbb78f4196f1970fa6d17 RIFFTWEBPVP8X ? ?ICPP ? ?lcms ? ?mntrRGB XYZ ? ?
Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_d289f/styles/profileIcon_0119dwtk5v311.jpg?

type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_alnye/styl... width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=ca16eff4d4d6443e53956326711548822d7aa30b RIFF... WEBPVP8X ??ICCP... lcms... mntrRGB XYZ ... width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=e941917a3b3969639649f410ba645cc37ba6430c7 RIFF... WEBPVP8 ... width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=beef0268e23a06669464d0d3279520db21b06b6 RIFF... WEBPVP8

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Content-Type: image/png Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/avatars/defaults/v2/avatar_default_7.png

[https://www.redditsstatic.com/avatars/default/v2/avatar_default_2.png](#)

Content-Type: image/png Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.reddistatic.com/avatars/defaults/v2/avatar_default_1.png

[illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]


```
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { border-radius: 4px; box-sizing: border-box; transition: background-color 0.218s, border-color 0.218s; user-select: none; appearance: none; background-color:
rgb(255, 255, 255); background-image: none; border: 1px solid rgb(218, 220, 224); color: rgb(60, 64, 67); cursor: pointer; font-family: "Google Sans", arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;
height: 40px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; outline: none; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px 12px; position: relative; text-align: center; vertical-align: middle; white-space: nowrap; width: auto; }
@media screen and (-ms-high-contrast:active) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { border: 2px solid windowtext; color: windowtext; } }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe { font-size: 14px; height: 32px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; padding: 0px 10px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe { font-size: 11px; height: 20px; letter-spacing: 0.3px; padding: 0px 8px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe { padding: 0px; width: 40px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe { width: 32px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe { width: 20px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcPL-RbRzK { border-radius:
20px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcPL-RbRzK.pSzOP-SxQuSe { border-radius: 16px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcPL-RbRzK.purZT-SxQuSe { border-radius: 10px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-
v3pZbf-Ia7Qfc { background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-JaPV2b-Ia7Qfc { background-color: rgb(32, 33, 36); color: rgb(232, 234, 237); }
@media screen
and (prefers-contrast: more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-JaPV2b-Ia7Qfc { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c { height: 18px;
margin-left: 8px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 18px; width: 18px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c { height: 14px; min-width: 14px; width: 14px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c { height: 10px; min-width: 10px; width: 10px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c { margin-
left: 8px; margin-right: -4px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c { margin: 0px; padding: 10px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.pSzOP-
SxQuSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c { padding: 8px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c { padding: 4px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-
LgbsSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-haAclf { border-top-left-radius: 3px; border-bottom-left-radius: 3px; display: flex; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-
align: center; align-items: center; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); height: 36px; margin-left: -10px; margin-right: 12px; min-width: 36px; width: 36px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-haAclf.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-haAclf.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c
{ margin: 0px; padding: 0px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-haAclf { height: 28px; margin-left: -8px; margin-right: 10px; min-width: 28px;
width: 28px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-haAclf { height: 16px; margin-left: -6px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 16px; width: 16px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 3px; margin-left: 2px; margin-right: 0px; padding: 0px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcPL-
RbRzK.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 18px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe.JGcPL-RbRzK.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius:
14px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe.JGcPL-RbRzK.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 8px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.bN97Pc-
sM5MNb { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-flow: row; -webkit-box-pack: justify; justify-
content: space-between; height: 100%; position: relative; width: 100%; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.oXtBe-I4eHX { -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-
LgbsSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWid { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; font-family: "Google Sans", arial, sans-serif; font-weight: 500; overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis;
vertical-align: top; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWid { font-weight: 300; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.oXtBe-I4eHX.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-
BPrWid { -webkit-box-flex: 0; flex-grow: 0; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { transition: background-color 0.218s; inset: 0px; position: absolute; }
.nsm7Bb-
HzV7m-LgbsSe: hover, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe: focus { box-shadow: none; border-color: rgb(210, 227, 252); outline: none; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe: focus-within { outline: rgb(0, 99, 155)
solid 2px; border-color: transparent; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe: hover, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(66, 133, 244, 0.08); }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe: active, .nsm7Bb-
HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe: focus, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(66, 133, 244, 0.1); }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc: hover
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.24); }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc: active, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-
LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc: focus, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.32); }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.n1UuX-DkjiY { border-radius: 50%; display: flex;
height: 20px; margin-left: -4px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 20px; width: 20px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWid { font-family: Roboto; font-size: 12px;
text-align: left; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWid.ssJRIJ, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWid.K4efff, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWid.K4efff
{ display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; color: rgb(95, 99, 104); fill: rgb(95, 99, 104); font-size: 11px; font-weight: 400; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWid.K4efff { color: rgb(232, 234, 237); fill:
rgb(232, 234, 237); }
@media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWid.K4efff, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWid.K4efff, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-
LgbsSe.Bz112c { height: 18px;
margin: -3px -3px -3px 2px; min-width: 18px; width: 18px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 0px 3px 3px 0px; margin-left: 12px;
margin-right: -10px; }
.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.JGcPL-RbRzK.nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 18px; }
.L5Fo6c-bF1uUb { border: 0px; display: block; left:
0px; position: relative; top: 0px; }
.L5Fo6c-bF1uUb { border-radius: 4px; inset: 0px; cursor: pointer; position: absolute; }
.L5Fo6c-bF1uUb: focus { border-width: medium; border-style:
none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; outline: none; }
sentinel { }
-----MultipartBoundary-----DkHrxTk9xQLehK2WB6FfnZpm4rIb33aXbERyNCD----- Content-Type:
text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-51a968de-e2ef-4dbc-bdfb-7032f65101c9@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; #shreddit-media-lightbox.lightboxed-content
{ display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; width: 100%; height: 100%; }
#shreddit-media-lightbox.non-lightboxed-content { display: none; }
#shreddit-media-lightbox
.media-lightbox-img { max-height: none; }
#shreddit-media-lightbox: part(panel) { max-width: 100svh; max-height: 100svh; width: 100svh; height: 100svh; border-radius: 0px; }
-----
MultipartBoundary-----DkHrxTk9xQLehK2WB6FfnZpm4rIb33aXbERyNCD----- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-e615a03e-793b-46c5-
8c3e-9fc600d66af7@m
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[illegible]

--button-border-width-default: var(--line-sm); --button-border-width-activated: var(--line-sm); --button-bordered-cab { --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-hover: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-active: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .button-destructive { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-danger-background); --button-color-color-background-focus: var(--color-danger-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-danger-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-danger-background-hover),var(--color-danger-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-danger-content-default); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-hover: transparent; --button-border-color-active: transparent; } .button-media { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-media-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-media-background-hover),var(--color-media-background-hover)); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --button-color-text-default: #fff; --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-media-onbackground-disabled); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-media-background); } .button-media-cab { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --button-color-text-default: #fff; --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-media-onbackground-disabled); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-sm); } .button-brand { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-brand-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-brand-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-brand-background-hover),var(--color-brand-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-danger-content-default); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-success { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-success-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-success-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-success-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-success-background-hover),var(--color-success-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-success-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain-inverted { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-inverted-background-activated); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-inverted-text-activated); } } .full-snoo-xs { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem48); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.125rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: -0.1875rem; } .full-snoo-xs:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-xs:img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-sm > img { width: var(--rem36); } .full-snoo-sm { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem64); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.125rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem4)*-1); } .full-snoo-sm:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-sm:img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-md > img { width: var(--rem48); } .full-snoo-md { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem88); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-2xs); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem6)*-1); } .full-snoo-md:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-md:img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-lg > img { width: var(--rem64); } .full-snoo-lg { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem144); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.375rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-lg:img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-xl > img { width: 6.625rem; } .full-snoo-xl { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem192); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-xs); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem14)*-1); } .full-snoo-xl:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-xl:img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-2xl > img { width: 8.8125rem; } .full-snoo-2xl { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem320); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-sm); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem22)*-1); } .full-snoo-2xl:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-2xl:img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-3xl > img { width: 14.75rem; } .sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .pointer-events-none { pointer-events: none; } .pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } .visible { visibility: visible !important; } .visible { visibility: visible; } .invisible { visibility: hidden; } .collapse { visibility: collapse; } .static { position: static; } .fixed { position: fixed; } .absolute { position: absolute; } .relative { position: relative !important; } .relative { position: relative; } .sticky { position: sticky; } .inset-0 { inset: 0px; } .inset-1/2 { inset: 50%; } .inset-x-0 { left: 0px; right: 0px; } .inset-y-0 { bottom: 0px; top: 0px; } .bottom-1/2 { bottom: 50%; } .bottom-xl { bottom: -2rem; } .end-px { inset-inline-end: -1px; } .end-sm { inset-inline-end: -0.75rem; } .left-1/2 { left: -50%; } .left-1 { left: -1rem; } .left-[99999px] { left: -99999px; } .left-full { left: -100%; } .right-[.65rem] { right: -0.65rem; } .right-[.75rem] { right: -0.75rem; } .right-[0.0625rem] { right: -0.0625rem; } .right-[0.0825rem] { right: -0.0825rem; } .right-[0.125rem] { right: -0.125rem; } .right-[6px] { right: -6px; } .right-px { right: -1px; } .start-full { inset-inline-start: -100%; } .top-2xl { top: -3rem; } .top-2xs { top: -0.25rem; } .top-[35px] { top: -35px; } .top-[6px] { top: -6px; } .top-[9rem] { top: -9rem; } .top-full { top: -100%; } .top-xs { top: -0.5rem; } .bottom-0 { bottom: 0px; } .bottom-100 { bottom: 100%; } .bottom-2xl { bottom: 3rem; } .bottom-[.38px] { bottom: -0.38px; } .bottom-[.50px] { bottom: -0.50px; } .bottom-[.70px] { bottom: -0.70px; } .bottom-[.8px] { bottom: -0.8px; } .bottom-[0px] { bottom: 0px; } .bottom-[10px] { bottom: 10px; } .bottom-[13px] { bottom: 13px; } .bottom-[29px] { bottom: 29px; } .bottom-[2px] { bottom: 2px; } .bottom-[38px] { bottom: 38px; } .bottom-[3px] { bottom: 3px; } .bottom-[40px] { bottom: 40px; } .bottom-[42px] { bottom: 42px; } .bottom-[44px] { bottom: 44px; } .bottom-[48px] { bottom: 48px; } .bottom-[4px] { bottom: 4px; } .bottom-[52px] { bottom: 52px; } .bottom-[56px] { bottom: 56px; } .bottom-[5px] { bottom: 5px; } .bottom-[9px] { bottom: 9px; } .bottom-[96px] { bottom: 96px; } .bottom-[var(--rem20)] { bottom: var(--rem20); } .bottom-lg { bottom: 1.5rem; } .bottom-md { bottom: 1rem; } .bottom-sm { bottom: 0.75rem; } .bottom-xl { bottom: 2rem; } .bottom-xs { bottom: 0.5rem; } .end-0 { inset-inline-end: 0px; } .end-2xs { inset-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .end-[.26px] { inset-inline-end: -0.26px; } .end-[.50px] { inset-inline-end: -0.50px; } .end-[.56px] { inset-inline-end: -0.56px; } .end-[.8px] { inset-inline-end: -0.8px; } .end-[17px] { inset-inline-end: 17px; } .end-[20px] { inset-inline-end: 20px; } .end-[23px] { inset-inline-end: 23px; } .end-[46px] { inset-inline-end: 46px; } .end-[4px] { inset-inline-end: 4px; } .end-[5px] { inset-inline-end: 5px; } .end-[84px] { inset-inline-end: 84px; } .end-[calc(50%-380px)] { inset-inline-end: calc(50% - 380px); } .end-md { inset-inline-end: 1rem; } .end-sm { inset-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .end-xs { inset-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .left-0 { left: 0px; } .left-1/2 { left: 50%; } .left-1/4 { left: 25%; } .left-2/4 { left: 50%; } .left-[1.25rem] { left: 1.25rem; } .left-[10px] { left: 10px; } .left-[16px] { left: 16px; } .left-[18px] { left: 18px; } .left-[2.5rem] { left: 2.5rem; } .left-[2rem] { left: 2rem; } .left-[3px] { left: 3px; } .left-[4px] { left: 4px; } .left-[5px] { left: 5px; } .left-[50px] { left: 50px; } .left-[8px] { left: 8px; } .left-[9px] { left: 9px; } .left-[var(--rem20)] { left: var(--rem20); } .left-md { left: 1rem; } .left-sm { left: 0.75rem; } .left-xs { left: 0.5rem; } .right-0 { right: 0px; } .right-1/2 { right: 50%; } .right-1/4 { right: 25%; } .right-[0.05rem] { right: 0.05rem; } .right-[0.05rem] { right: 0.05rem; } .right-[0.10rem] { right: 0.10rem; } .right-[15px] { right: 15px; } .right-[19px] { right: 19px; } .right-[29px] { right: 29px; } .right-[2rem] { right: 2rem; } .right-[318px] { right: 318px; } .right-[3px] { right: 3px; } .right-[40px] { right: 40px; } .right-[4px] { right: 4px; } .right-[52px] { right: 52px; } .right-[59px] { right: 59px; } .right-[5px] { right: 5px; } .right-[8px] { right: 8px; } .right-[9px] { right: 9px; } .right-lg { right: 1.5rem; } .right-md { right: 1rem; } .right-sm { right: 0.75rem; } .right-xl { right: 2rem; } .right-xs { right: 0.5rem; } .start-0 { inset-inline-start: 0px; } .start-[.125rem] { inset-inline-start: -0.125rem; } .start-[1.25rem] { inset-inline-start: 1.25rem; } .start-[11px] { inset-inline-start: 11px; } .start-[16px] { inset-inline-start: 16px; } .start-[2.5rem] { inset-inline-start: 2.5rem; } .start-[28px] { inset-inline-start: 28px; } .start-[2px] { inset-inline-start: 2px; } .start-[4px] { inset-inline-start: 4px; } .start-[8px] { inset-inline-start: 8px; } .start-[1rem] { inset-inline-start: 1rem; } .start-[calc(50%-360px)] { inset-inline-start: calc(50% - 360px); } .start-md { inset-inline-start: 1rem; } .start-xl { inset-inline-start: 2rem; } .start-xs { inset-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .top-0 { top: 0px; } .top-1/2 { top: 50%; } .top-100 { top: 100%; } .top-2/4 { top: 50%; } .top-2xs { top: 0.25rem; } .top-3xl { top: 4rem; } .top-5xl { top: 8rem; } .top-[.0.25rem] { top: -0.25rem; } .top-[.1px] { top: -0.1px; } .top-[.20px] { top: -0.20px; } .top-[.47px] { top: -0.47px; } .top-[.8px] { top: -0.8px; } .top-[0.125em] { top: 0.125em; } .top-[11px] { top: 11px; } .top-[12px] { top: 12px; } .top-[15px] { top: 15px; } .top-[20px] { top: 20px; } .top-[23px] { top: 23px; } .top-[2px] { top: 2px; } .top-[2rem] { top: 2rem; } .top-[37px] { top: 37px; } .top-[3px] { top: 3px; } .top-[48px] { top: 48px; } .top-[4px] { top: 4px; } .top-[50px] { top: 50px; } .top-[56px] { top: 56px; } .top-[5px] { top: 5px; } .top-[72px] { top: 72px; } .top-[7px] { top: 7px; } .top-[8px] { top: 8px; } .top-[9px] { top: 9px; } .top-[calc(50%-230px)] { top: calc(50% - 230px); } .top-[calc(var(--shreddit-header-height))] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .top-[calc(var(--shreddit-header-height)+1px)] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 1px); } .top-[var(--shreddit-header-height)] { top: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .top-lg { top: 1.5rem; } .top-md { top: 1rem; } .top-px { top: 1px; } .top-sm { top: 0.75rem; } .top-xl { top: 2rem; } .top-xs { top: 0.5rem; } .isolate { isolation: isolate; } .z-10 { z-index: -10; } .z-0 { z-index: 0; } .z-1 { z-index: 1; } .z-10 { z-index: 10; } .z-2 { z-index: 2; } .z-20 { z-index: 20; } .z-30 { z-index: 30; } .z-40 { z-index: 40; } .z-5 { z-index: 5; } .z-50 { z-index: 50; } .z-[-1] { z-index: -1; } .z-[1001] { z-index: 1001; } .z-[100] { z-index: 100; } .z-[10] { z-index: 10; } .z-[1] { z-index: 1; } .z-[20] { z-index: 20; } .z-[2] { z-index: 2; } .z-[3] { z-index: 3; } .z-[4] { z-index: 4; } .z-[9000] { z-index: 9000; } .z-[unset] { z-index: unset; } .order-1 { order: 1; } .order-2 { order: 2; } .order-3 { order: 3; } .order-first { order: -9999; } .order-last { order: 9999; } .col-[1] { grid-column: 1; } .col-[2 _V_-1] { grid-column: 2 / -1; } .col-span-1 { grid-column: span 1 / span 1; } .col-span-2 { grid-column: span 2 / span 2; } .col-span-5 { grid-column: span 5 / span 5; } .col-span-full { grid-column: 1 / -1; } .col-start-1 { grid-column-start: 1; } .col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .col-start-3 { grid-column-start: 3; } .col-end-1 { grid-column-end: 1; } .col-end-17 { grid-column-end: 17; } .col-end-2 { grid-column-end: 2; } .col-end-3 { grid-column-end: 3; } .col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .col-end-[.1] { grid-column-end: -1; } .row-[1] { grid-row: 1; } .row-[1 _V_ 2] { grid-row: 1 / 2; } .row-span-1 { grid-row: span 1 / span 1; } .row-span-3 { grid-row: span 3 / span 3; } .row-span-full { grid-row: 1 / -1; } .row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .row-start-2 { grid-row-start: 2; } .row-start-3 { grid-row-start: 3; } .row-start-4 { grid-row-start: 4; } .row-start-5 { grid-row-start: 5; } .row-start-6 { grid-row-start: 6; } .row-end-2 { grid-row-end: 2; } .row-end-3 { grid-row-end: 3; } .row-end-4 { grid-row-end: 4; } .row-end-5 { grid-row-end: 5; } .row-end-6 { grid-row-end: 6; } .row-end-7 { grid-row-end: 7; } .row-end-auto { grid-row-end: auto; } .float-start { float: inline-start; } .float-right { float: right; } .float-left { float: left; } .m-0 { margin: 0px !important; } .m-[0.5rem] { margin: -0.5rem; } .m-[4px] { margin: -4px; } .m-xs { margin: -0.5rem; } .m-0 { margin: 0px; } .m-2xs { margin: 0.25rem; } .m-[16px] { margin: 16px; } .m-[2px] { margin: 2px; } .m-[4px] { margin: 4px; } .m-[6px] { margin: 6px; } .m-auto { margin: auto; } .m-lg { margin: 1.5rem; } .m-md { margin: 1rem; } .m-sm { margin: 0.75rem; } .m-xs { margin: 0.5rem; } .m-mx-0 { margin-left: 0px !important; margin-right: 0px !important; } .m-my-[.10px] { margin-bottom: -10px !important; margin-top: -10px !important; } .mx-md { margin-left: -1rem; margin-right: -1rem; } .mx-sm { margin-left: -0.75rem; margin-right: -0.75rem; } .mx-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; margin-right: -0.5rem; } .mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .mx-2xs { margin-left: 0.25rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .mx-[.16px] { margin-left: -16px; margin-right: -16px; } .mx-[12px] { margin-left: 12px; margin-right: 12px; } .mx-[2px] { margin-left: 2px; margin-right: 2px; } .mx-[3rem] { margin-left: 3rem; margin-right: 3rem; } .mx-[40px] { margin-left: 40px; margin-right: 40px; } .mx-[4px] { margin-left: 4px; margin-right: 4px; } .mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .mx-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; margin-right: 1.5rem; } .mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .mx-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; margin-right: 0.75rem; }

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.margin-right: 0.75rem; } .mx-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; margin-right: 0.5rem; } .my-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .my-2xl { margin-bottom: 3rem; margin-top: 3rem; } .my-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; margin-top: 0.25rem; } .my-\[-10px\] { margin-bottom: -10px; margin-top: -10px; } .my-\[10px\] { margin-bottom: 10px; margin-top: 10px; } .my-\[16px\] { margin-bottom: 16px; margin-top: 16px; } .my-\[18px\] { margin-bottom: 18px; margin-top: 18px; } .my-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: 1px; margin-top: 1px; } .my-\[20px\] { margin-bottom: 20px; margin-top: 20px; } .my-\[6px\] { margin-bottom: 6px; margin-top: 6px; } .my-\[calc(var(--rem8)-var(--rem1))\] { margin-bottom: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--rem1)); margin-top: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--rem1)); } .my-auto { margin-bottom: auto; margin-top: auto; } .my-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; margin-top: 1.5rem; } .my-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; margin-top: 1rem; } .my-px { margin-bottom: 1px; margin-top: 1px; } .my-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; margin-top: 0.75rem; } .my-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; margin-top: 2rem; } .my-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; margin-top: 0.5rem; } .!mr-xs { margin-right: 0.5rem !important; } .mb-2xs { margin-bottom: -0.25rem; } .mb-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: -1px; } .mb-\[1rem\] { margin-bottom: -1rem; } .mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: -2px; } .mb-\[2rem\] { margin-bottom: -2rem; } .mb-\[35px\] { margin-bottom: -35px; } .mb-\[4px\] { margin-bottom: -4px; } .mb-lg { margin-bottom: -1.5rem; } .mb-px { margin-bottom: -1px; } .mb-sm { margin-bottom: -0.75rem; } .mb-xl { margin-bottom: -2rem; } .mb-xs { margin-bottom: -0.5rem; } .me-2xs { margin-inline-end: -0.25rem; } .me-\[10px\] { margin-inline-end: -10px; } .me-\[1rem\] { margin-inline-end: -1rem; } .me-\[2px\] { margin-inline-end: -2px; } .me-\[3px\] { margin-inline-end: -3px; } .me-\[4px\] { margin-inline-end: -4px; } .me-\[8px\] { margin-inline-end: -8px; } .me-\[12px\] { margin-inline-end: -12px; } .me-\[16px\] { margin-inline-end: -16px; } .me-\[2px\] { margin-inline-end: 2px; } .me-\[3px\] { margin-inline-end: 3px; } .me-\[4px\] { margin-inline-end: 4px; } .me-\[6px\] { margin-inline-end: 6px; } .me-\[8px\] { margin-inline-end: 8px; } .me-\[calc(var(--size-button-sm-h)-var(--rem10))-var(--button-border-width-default)\] { margin-inline-end: calc(var(--size-button-sm-h) - var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width-default)); } .me-\[var(--rem4)\] { margin-inline-end: var(--rem4); } .me-\[var(--rem6)\] { margin-inline-end: var(--rem6); } .me-auto { margin-inline-end: auto; } .me-lg { margin-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .me-sm { margin-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .me-xl { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } .me-xs { margin-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .ml-2xl { margin-left: 3rem; } .ml-2xs { margin-left: 0.25rem; } .ml-\[14px\] { margin-left: -14px; } .ml-\[16px\] { margin-left: -16px; } .ml-\[1rem\] { margin-left: -1rem; } .ml-\[11px\] { margin-left: 11px; } .ml-\[15px\] { margin-left: 15px; } .ml-\[1px\] { margin-left: 1px; } .ml-\[2.5rem\] { margin-left: 2.5rem; } .ml-\[2.75rem\] { margin-left: 2.75rem; } .ml-\[28px\] { margin-left: 28px; } .ml-\[2px\] { margin-left: 2px; } .ml-\[2rem\] { margin-left: 2rem; } .ml-\[40px\] { margin-left: 40px; } .ml-\[4px\] { margin-left: 4px; } .ml-\[6px\] { margin-left: 6px; } .ml-auto { margin-left: auto; } .ml-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; } .ml-md { margin-left: 1rem; } .ml-px { margin-left: 1px; } .ml-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; } .ml-xl { margin-left: 2rem; } .ml-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; } .mr-0 { margin-right: 0px; } .mr-2xl { margin-right: 3rem; } .mr-2xs { margin-right: 0.25rem; } .mr-\[16px\] { margin-right: -16px; } .mr-\[8px\] { margin-right: -8px; } .mr-\[15px\] { margin-right: 15px; } .mr-\[2px\] { margin-right: 2px; } .mr-\[300px\] { margin-right: 300px; } .mr-\[4px\] { margin-right: 4px; } .mr-\[6px\] { margin-right: 6px; } .mr-\[8px\] { margin-right: 8px; } .mr-\[var(--rem6)\] { margin-right: var(--rem6); } .mr-auto { margin-right: auto; } .mr-lg { margin-right: 1.5rem; } .mr-md { margin-right: 1rem; } .mr-sm { margin-right: 0.75rem; } .mr-xl { margin-right: 2rem; } .ms-0 { margin-inlne-start: 0.25rem; } .ms-\[-.25rem\] { margin-inlne-start: -0.25rem; } .ms-\[-14px\] { margin-inlne-start: -14px; } .ms-\[-20px\] { margin-inlne-start: -20px; } .ms-\[-2px\] { margin-inlne-start: -2px; } .ms-\[-36px\] { margin-inlne-start: -36px; } .ms-\[22px\] { margin-inlne-start: 22px; } .ms-\[2px\] { margin-inlne-start: 2px; } .ms-\[30px\] { margin-inlne-start: 30px; } .ms-\[34px\] { margin-inlne-start: 34px; } .ms-\[36px\] { margin-inlne-start: 36px; } .ms-\[38px\] { margin-inlne-start: 38px; } .ms-\[3px\] { margin-inlne-start: 3px; } .ms-\[4px\] { margin-inlne-start: 4px; } .ms-\[6px\] { margin-inlne-start: 6px; } .ms-\[var(--rem4)\] { margin-inlne-start: var(--rem4); } .ms-auto { margin-inlne-start: auto; } .ms-lg { margin-inlne-start: 1.5rem; } .ms-md { margin-inlne-start: 1rem; } .ms-px { margin-inlne-start: 1px; } .ms-sm { margin-inlne-start: 0.75rem; } .ms-xl { margin-inlne-start: 2rem; } .ms-xs { margin-inlne-start: 0.5rem; } .mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .mt-2xl { margin-top: 3rem; } .mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .mt-3xl { margin-top: 4rem; } .mt-4xl { margin-top: 6rem; } .mt-5xl { margin-top: 8rem; } .mt-\[-0.125rem\] { margin-top: -0.125rem; } .mt-\[-0.25rem\] { margin-top: -0.25rem; } .mt-\[-14px\] { margin-top: -14px; } .mt-\[-16px\] { margin-top: -16px; } .mt-\[-21px\] { margin-top: -21px; } .mt-\[-24px\] { margin-top: -24px; } .mt-\[-2px\] { margin-top: -2px; } .mt-\[-40px\] { margin-top: -40px; } .mt-\[-4px\] { margin-top: -4px; } .mt-\[-65vh\] { margin-top: -65vh; } .mt-\[-66px\] { margin-top: -66px; } .mt-\[-8px\] { margin-top: -8px; } .mt-\[1.5rem\] { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .mt-\[100px\] { margin-top: 100px; } .mt-\[10px\] { margin-top: 10px; } .mt-\[12px\] { margin-top: 12px; } .mt-\[136px\] { margin-top: 136px; } .mt-\[14px\] { margin-top: 14px; } .mt-\[16px\] { margin-top: 16px; } .mt-\[1em\] { margin-top: 1em; } .mt-\[1px\] { margin-top: 1px; } .mt-\[1rem\] { margin-top: 1rem; } .mt-\[2.5rem\] { margin-top: 2.5rem; } .mt-\[20px\] { margin-top: 20px; } .mt-\[20vh\] { margin-top: 20vh; } .mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: 2px; } .mt-\[30px\] { margin-top: 30px; } .mt-\[36px\] { margin-top: 36px; } .mt-\[48px\] { margin-top: 48px; } .mt-\[4px\] { margin-top: 4px; } .mt-\[50px\] { margin-top: 50px; } .mt-\[60px\] { margin-top: 60px; } .mt-\[6px\] { margin-top: 6px; } .mt-\[76px\] { margin-top: 76px; } .mt-\[80px\] { margin-top: 80px; } .mt-\[8px\] { margin-top: 8px; } .mt-\[var(--rem20)\] { margin-top: var(--rem20); } .mt-auto { margin-top: auto; } .mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .box-border { box-sizing: border-box; } .box-content { box-sizing: initial; } .line-clamp-1 {-webkit-line-clamp: 1; } .line-clamp-1, line-clamp-12 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-12 {-webkit-line-clamp: 12; } .line-clamp-2 {-webkit-line-clamp: 2; } .line-clamp-2, line-clamp-3 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-3 {-webkit-line-clamp: 3; } .line-clamp-4 {-webkit-line-clamp: 4; } .line-clamp-4, line-clamp-5 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-5 {-webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .line-clamp-6 {-webkit-line-clamp: 6; } .line-clamp-6, line-clamp-8 { display: -webkit-block; } .inline { display: inline; } .!flex { display: flex !important; } .flex { display: flex; } .inline-flex { display: inline-flex; } .!table { display: table !important; } .table { display: table; } .inline-table { display: inline-table; } .table-cell { display: table-cell; } .table-row-group { display: table-row-group; } .table-row { display: table-row; } .grid { display: grid; } .inline-grid { display: inline-grid; } .contents { display: contents; } .list-item { display: list-item; } .!hidden { display: none !important; } .hidden { display: none; } .aspect-\[2\/1\] { aspect-ratio: 2 / 1; } .aspect-\[3\/4\] { aspect-ratio: 3 / 4; } .aspect-\[32\/9\] { aspect-ratio: 32 / 9; } .aspect-\[4\/3\] { aspect-ratio: 4 / 3; } .aspect-square { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .size-sm { height: 0.75rem; width: 0.75rem; } .!h-\[24px\] { height: 24px !important; } .!h-auto { height: auto !important; } .h-0 { height: 0px; } .h-100 { height: 100%; } .h-2xl { height: 3rem; } .h-2xs { height: 0.25rem; } .h-\[4rem\] { height: 4rem; } .h-4xl { height: 6rem; } .h-5xl { height: 8rem; } .h-\[.25rem\] { height: 0.25rem; } .h-\[.375rem\] { height: 0.375rem; } .h-\[.625rem\] { height: 0.625rem; } .h-\[1.25rem\] { height: 1.25rem; } .h-\[1.5rem\] { height: 1.5rem; } .h-\[1.7rem\] { height: 1.7rem; } .h-\[100px\] { height: 100px; } .h-\[100vh\] { height: 100vh; } .h-\[1024px\] { height: 1024px; } .h-\[104px\] { height: 104px; } .h-\[108px\] { height: 108px; } .h-\[10px\] { height: 10px; } .h-\[11.5px\] { height: 11.5px; } .h-\[110px\] { height: 110px; } .h-\[1120px\] { height: 1120px; } .h-\[112px\]
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{font-size: 60px; }.h-[62px] { height: 62px; }.h-[63px] { height: 63px; }.h-[644px] { height: 644px; }.h-[64px] { height: 64px; }.h-[65px] { height: 65px; }.h-[66px] { height: 66px; }.h-[68px] { height: 68px; }.h-[69px] { height: 69px; }.h-[74px] { height: 74px; }.h-[76px] { height: 76px; }.h-[78px] { height: 78px; }.h-[80px] { height: 80px; }.h-[82px] { height: 82px; }.h-[83px] { height: 83px; }.h-[84px] { height: 84px; }.h-[88px] { height: 88px; }.h-[8px] { height: 8px; }.h-[8rem] { height: 8rem; }.h-[90px] { height: 90px; }.h-[91px] { height: 91px; }.h-[92px] { height: 92px; }.h-[93px] { height: 93px; }.h-[96px] { height: 96px; }.h-[97px] { height: 97px; }.h-[98px] { height: 98px; }.h-[auto] { height: auto; }.h-[calc(100dvh-var(--shreddit-header-height))] { height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); }.h-[calc(100vh-7.5rem)] { height: calc(100vh - 7.5rem); }.h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-height)-120px)] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 120px); }.h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-height)-1px)] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); }.h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-height)-2px)] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 2px); }.h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-height)-48px)] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 48px); }.h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-height)-var(--shreddit-bottom-padding))] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - var(--shreddit-bottom-padding)); }.h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-large-height)-100px)] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-large-height) - 100px); }.h-[var(--accessory-container-height)] { height: var(--accessory-container-height); }.h-[var(--gallery-max-h)] { height: var(--gallery-max-h); }.h-[var(--icon-badge-container-height)] { height: var(--icon-badge-container-height); }.h-[var(--list-height)] { height: var(--list-height); }.h-[var(--marketplace-modal-height)] { height: var(--marketplace-modal-height); }.h-[var(--modal-height)] { height: var(--modal-height); }.h-[var(--rem20)] { height: var(--rem20); }.h-[var(--rem28)] { height: var(--rem28); }.h-[var(--rem32)] { height: var(--rem32); }.h-[var(--rem36)] { height: var(--rem36); }.h-auto { height: auto; }.h-dvh { height: 100dvh; }.h-fit { height: fit-content; }.h-full { height: 100%; }.h-header-large { height: var(--shreddit-header-large-height); }.h-header-small { height: var(--shreddit-header-height); }.h-lg { height: 1.5rem; }.h-lvh { height: 100lvh; }.h-md { height: 1rem; }.h-min { height: min-content; }.h-px { height: 1px; }.h-screen { height: 100vh; }.h-screen-without-header { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); }.h-screen-without-header-large { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-large-height) - 1px); }.h-sm { height: 0.75rem; }.h-xl { height: 2rem; }.h-xs { height: 0.5rem; }.h-max-h-0 { max-height: 0px !important; }.h-max-h-none { max-height: none !important; }.h-max-h-0 { max-height: 0px; }.h-max-h-2xl { max-height: var(--max-height, 2rem); }.h-max-h-3xl { max-height: 4rem; }.h-max-h-[1.5rem] { max-height: 1.5rem; }.h-max-h-[1000px] { max-height: 1000px; }.h-max-h-[100vw] { max-height: 100vw; }.h-max-h-[107px] { max-height: 107px; }.h-max-h-[1120px] { max-height: 1120px; }.h-max-h-[13.125rem] { max-height: 13.125rem; }.h-max-h-[130%] { max-height: 130%; }.h-max-h-[130px] { max-height: var(--max-height, 130px); }.h-max-h-[140px] { max-height: 140px; }.h-max-h-[148px] { max-height: 148px; }.h-max-h-[150px] { max-height: 150px; }.h-max-h-[18px] { max-height: 18px; }.h-max-h-[18rem] { max-height: 18rem; }.h-max-h-[1920px] { max-height: 1920px; }.h-max-h-[192px] { max-height: 192px; }.h-max-h-[19rem] { max-height: 19rem; }.h-max-h-[2.5em] { max-height: 2.5em; }.h-max-h-[2.5rem] { max-height: 2.5rem; }.h-max-h-[20rem] { max-height: 20rem; }.h-max-h-[228px] { max-height: 228px; }.h-max-h-[232px] { max-height: 232px; }.h-max-h-[25.5rem] { max-height: 25.5rem; }.h-max-h-[250px] { max-height: 250px; }.h-max-h-[253px] { max-height: 253px; }.h-max-h-[25vh] { max-height: 25vh; }.h-max-h-[260px] { max-height: 260px; }.h-max-h-[276px] { max-height: 276px; }.h-max-h-[294px] { max-height: 294px; }.h-max-h-[2em] { max-height: 2em; }.h-max-h-[2rem] { max-height: 2rem; }.h-max-h-[300px] { max-height: 300px; }.h-max-h-[30vh] { max-height: 30vh; }.h-max-h-[320px] { max-height: 320px; }.h-max-h-[330px] { max-height: 330px; }.h-max-h-[336px] { max-height: 336px; }.h-max-h-[348px] { max-height: 348px; }.h-max-h-[350px] { max-height: 350px; }.h-max-h-[370px] { max-height: 370px; }.h-max-h-[375px] { max-height: 375px; }.h-max-h-[385px] { max-height: 385px; }.h-max-h-[38px] { max-height: 38px; }.h-max-h-[400px] { max-height: 400px; }.h-max-h-[40px] { max-height: 40px; }.h-max-h-[40vh] { max-height: 40vh; }.h-max-h-[432px] { max-height: 432px; }.h-max-h-[472px] { max-height: 472px; }.h-max-h-[480px] { max-height: 480px; }.h-max-h-[500px] { max-height: 500px; }.h-max-h-[50vh] { max-height: 50vh; }.h-max-h-[520px] { max-height: 520px; }.h-max-h-[532px] { max-height: 532px; }.h-max-h-[540px] { max-height: 540px; }.h-max-h-[560px] { max-height: 560px; }.h-max-h-[590px] { max-height: 590px; }.h-max-h-[596px] { max-height: 596px; }.h-max-h-[600px] { max-height: 600px; }.h-max-h-[62px] { max-height: 62px; }.h-max-h-[640px] { max-height: 640px; }.h-max-h-[651px] { max-height: 651px; }.h-max-h-[67vh] { max-height: 67vh; }.h-max-h-[70vh] { max-height: 70vh; }.h-max-h-[711px] { max-height: 711px; }.h-max-h-[740px] { max-height: 740px; }.h-max-h-[768px] { max-height: 768px; }.h-max-h-[80%] { max-height: 80%; }.h-max-h-[80px] { max-height: 80px; }.h-max-h-[80vh] { max-height: 80vh; }.h-max-h-[90vh] { max-height: 90vh; }.h-max-h-[95vh] { max-height: 95vh; }.h-max-h-[calc(100dvh - 8rem)] { max-height: calc(100dvh - 8rem); }.h-max-h-[calc(100vh-128px)] { max-height: calc(100vh-128px); }.h-max-h-[calc(128px + 100vh)] { max-height: calc(128px + 100vh); }.h-max-h-[calc(100vh-240px)] { max-height: calc(100vh-240px); }.h-max-h-[calc(100vh-300px)] { max-height: calc(100vh-300px); }.h-max-h-[calc(300px + 100vh)] { max-height: calc(300px + 100vh); }.h-max-h-[calc(100vh-64px)] { max-height: calc(100vh-64px); }.h-max-h-[calc(64px + 100vh)] { max-height: calc(64px + 100vh); }.h-max-h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-height)-15px-10px)] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 25px); }.h-max-h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-height)-1px)] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); }.h-max-h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-height)-33px)] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 33px); }.h-max-h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-height)-6.25rem)] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 6.25rem); }.h-max-h-[calc(var(--dvh-unit))*100-var(--shreddit-header-height)-1px)] { max-height: calc(var(--dvh-unit)*100 - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); }.h-max-h-[calc(var(--viewport-height)-220px)] { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height) - 220px); }.h-max-h-[calc(var(--viewport-height)-var(--size-5xl))] { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height) - var(--size-5xl)); }.h-max-h-[max(23vw,250px)] { max-height: max(23vw, 250px); }.h-max-h-[min(20vw,150px)] { max-height: min(20vw, 150px); }.h-max-h-[min(230px,100%)] { max-height: min(230px, 100%); }.h-max-h-[unset] { max-height: unset; }.h-max-h-[var(--gallery-max-h)] { max-height: var(--gallery-max-h); }.h-max-h-[var(--modal-height)] { max-height: var(--modal-height); }.h-max-h-[var(--rem20)] { max-height: var(--rem20); }.h-max-h-dvh { max-height: 100dvh; }.h-max-h-full { max-height: 100%; }.h-max-h-none { max-height: none; }.h-max-h-screen { max-height: 100vh; }.h-max-h-screen-without-header { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); }.h-max-h-xl { max-height: 2rem; }.min-h-0 { min-height: 0px; }.min-h-2xl { min-height: 3rem; }.min-h-3xl { min-height: 4rem; }.min-h-4xl { min-height: 6rem; }.min-h-5xl { min-height: 8rem; }.min-h-[0px] { min-height: 0px; }.min-h-[1.5rem] { min-height: 1.5rem; }.min-h-[100px] { min-height: 100px; }.min-h-[100vh] { min-height: 100vh; }.min-h-[106px] { min-height: 106px; }.min-h-[10px] { min-height: 10px; }.min-h-[10rem] { min-height: 10rem; }.min-h-[128px] { min-height: 128px; }.min-h-[12px] { min-height: 12px; }.min-h-[132px] { min-height: 132px; }.min-h-[144px] { min-height: 144px; }.min-h-[150px] { min-height: 150px; }.min-h-[15rem] { min-height: 15rem; }.min-h-[180px] { min-height: 180px; }.min-h-[18px] { min-height: 18px; }.min-h-[1rem] { min-height: 1rem; }.min-h-[2.5rem] { min-height: 2.5rem; }.min-h-[2.875rem] { min-height: 2.875rem; }.min-h-[200px] { min-height: 200px; }.min-h-[20px] { min-height: 20px; }.min-h-[240px] { min-height: 240px; }.min-h-[24px] { min-height: 24px; }.min-h-[260px] { min-height: 260px; }.min-h-[28px] { min-height: 28px; }.min-h-[2lh] { min-height: 2lh; }.min-h-[2rem] { min-height: 2rem; }.min-h-[3.25rem] { min-height: 3.25rem; }.min-h-[30px] { min-height: 30px; }.min-h-[30rem] { min-height: 30rem; }.min-h-[310px] { min-height: 310px; }.min-h-[32px] { min-height: 32px; }.min-h-[34px] { min-height: 34px; }.min-h-[350px] { min-height: 350
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0%; } .w-[400px] { width: 400px; } .w-[40px] { width: 40px; } .w-[430px] { width: 430px; } .w-[448px] { width: 448px; } .w-[44px] { width: 44px; } .w-[45%] { width: 45%; } .w-[450px] { width: 450px; } .w-[452px] { width: 452px; } .w-[456px] { width: 456px; } .w-[468px] { width: 468px; } .w-[46px] { width: 46px; } .w-[480px] { width: 480px; } .w-[48px] { width: 48px; } .w-[494px] { width: 494px; } .w-[4px] { width: 4px; } .w-[5.5rem] { width: 5.5rem; } .w-[50%] { width: 50%; } .w-[500px] { width: 500px; } .w-[50px] { width: 50px; } .w-[50vw] { width: 50vw; } .w-[524px] { width: 524px; } .w-[52px] { width: 52px; } .w-[532px] { width: 532px; } .w-[53px] { width: 53px; } .w-[55%] { width: 55%; } .w-[550px] { width: 550px; } .w-[56px] { width: 56px; } .w-[584px] { width: 584px; } .w-[58px] { width: 58px; } .w-[5rem] { width: 5rem; } .w-[60%] { width: 60%; } .w-[600px] { width: 600px; } .w-[608px] { width: 608px; } .w-[60px] { width: 60px; } .w-[62.4px] { width: 62.4px; } .w-[62px] { width: 62px; } .w-[640px] { width: 640px; } .w-[64px] { width: 64px; } .w-[66px] { width: 66px; } .w-[68px] { width: 68px; } .w-[69%] { width: 69%; } .w-[692px] { width: 692px; } .w-[69px] { width: 69px; } .w-[70%] { width: 70%; } .w-[70px] { width: 70px; } .w-[70vw] { width: 70vw; } .w-[728px] { width: 728px; } .w-[72px] { width: 72px; } .w-[730px] { width: 730px; } .w-[736px] { width: 736px; } .w-[74px] { width: 74px; } .w-[75%] { width: 75%; } .w-[768px] { width: 768px; } .w-[8%] { width: 8%; } .w-[80%] { width: 80%; } .w-[800px] { width: 800px; } .w-[80px] { width: 80px; } .w-[84px] { width: 84px; } .w-[85%] { width: 85%; } .w-[86px] { width: 86px; } .w-[88px] { width: 88px; } .w-[8px] { width: 8px; } .w-[90%] { width: 90%; } .w-[90px] { width: 90px; } .w-[90vw] { width: 90vw; } .w-[92px] { width: 92px; } .w-[94px] { width: 94px; } .w-[95%] { width: 95%; } .w-[950px] { width: 950px; } .w-[95px] { width: 95px; } .w-[95vw] { width: 95vw; } .w-[96%] { width: 96%; } .w-[96px] { width: 96px; } .w-[97px] { width: 97px; } .w-[990px] { width: 990px; } .w-[9px] { width: 9px; } .w-[calc(100%+4px)] { width: calc(100% + 4px); } .w-[calc(100%-110px)] { width: calc(100% - 110px); } .w-[calc(100%-16px)] { width: calc(100% - 16px); } .w-[calc(100%-1rem)] { width: calc(100% - 1rem); } .w-[calc(100%-24px)] { width: calc(100% - 24px); } .w-[calc(100%-2rem)] { width: calc(100% - 2rem); } .w-[calc(100%-32px)] { width: calc(100% - 32px); } .w-[calc(100%-3rem)] { width: calc(100% - 3rem); } .w-[calc(100%-70px)] { width: calc(100% - 70px); } .w-[calc(100%-84px)] { width: calc(100% - 84px); } .w-[calc(100%-var(--spacer-x))] { width: calc(100% - var(--spacer-x)); } .w-[calc(100% - var(--spacer-x))] { width: calc(100% - var(--spacer-x)); } .w-[calc(100vw-2rem)] { width: calc(100vw - 2rem); } .w-[calc(100vw-32px)] { width: calc(100vw - 32px); } .w-[calc(100vw-100vw)] { width: calc(100vw - 100vw); } .w-[calc(100vw-80px)] { width: calc(100vw - 80px); } .w-[calc(100vw-var(--size-2x))] { width: calc(100vw - var(--size-2x)); } .w-[calc(50%+0.5px)] { width: calc(50% + 0.5px); } .w-[inherit] { width: inherit; } .w-[min(95vw,560px)] { width: min(95vw, 560px); } .w-[var(--accessory-container-width)] { width: var(--accessory-container-width); } .w-[var(--confirmation-modal-width)] { width: var(--confirmation-modal-width); } .w-[var(--content-width)] { width: var(--content-width); } .w-[var(--emote-size)] { width: var(--emote-size); } .w-[var(--gallery-max-h)] { width: var(--gallery-max-h); } .w-[var(--icon-badge-container-width)] { width: var(--icon-badge-container-width); } .w-[var(--rem20)] { width: var(--rem20); } .w-[var(--rem20)] { width: var(--rem20); } .w-[var(--rem28)] { width: var(--rem28); } .w-[var(--rem36)] { width: var(--rem36); } .w-[var(--right-rail-width)] { width: var(--right-rail-width); } .w-[var(--wv-modal-width)] { width: var(--wv-modal-width); } .w-auto { width: auto; } .w-fit { width: fit-content; } .w-full { width: 100%; } .w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .w-max { width: max-content; } .w-md { width: 1rem; } .w-min { width: min-content; } .w-px { width: 1px; } .w-screen { width: 100vw; } .w-sm { width: 0.75rem; } .w-xl { width: 2rem; } .w-xs { width: 0.5rem; } .min-w-0 { min-width: 0px; } .min-w-100 { min-width: 100%; } .min-w-2xs { min-width: 0.25rem; } .min-w-4xl { min-width: 120px; } .min-w-[130px] { min-width: 130px; } .min-w-[150px] { min-width: 150px; } .min-w-[15rem] { min-width: 15rem; } .min-w-[170px] { min-width: 170px; } .min-w-[174px] { min-width: 174px; } .min-w-[175px] { min-width: 175px; } .min-w-[180px] { min-width: 180px; } .min-w-[183px] { min-width: 183px; } .min-w-[18rem] { min-width: 18rem; } .min-w-[1rem] { min-width: 1rem; } .min-w-[2.5rem] { min-width: 2.5rem; } .min-w-[2.875rem] { min-width: 2.875rem; } .min-w-[200px] { min-width: 200px; } .min-w-[20px] { min-width: 20px; } .min-w-[20rem] { min-width: 20rem; } .min-w-[220px] { min-width: 220px; } .min-w-[23px] { min-width: 23px; } .min-w-[256px] { min-width: 256px; } .min-w-[272px] { min-width: 272px; } .min-w-[277px] { min-width: 277px; } .min-w-[280px] { min-width: 280px; } .min-w-[288px] { min-width: 288px; } .min-w-[28px] { min-width: 28px; } .min-w-[2rem] { min-width: 2rem; } .min-w-[3.25rem] { min-width: 3.25rem; } .min-w-[300px] { min-width: 300px; } .min-w-[312px] { min-width: 312px; } .min-w-[316px] { min-width: 316px; } .min-w-[320px] { min-width: 320px; } .min-w-[32px] { min-width: 32px; } .min-w-[34px] { min-width: 34px; } .min-w-[350px] { min-width: 350px; } .min-w-[358px] { min-width: 358px; } .min-w-[368px] { min-width: 368px; } .min-w-[36px] { min-width: 36px; } .min-w-[384px] { min-width: 384px; } .min-w-[38px] { min-width: 38px; } .min-w-[3rem] { min-width: 3rem; } .min-w-[4.5rem] { min-width: 4.5rem; } .min-w-[400px] { min-width: 400px; } .min-w-[40px] { min-width: 40px; } .min-w-[42px] { min-width: 42px; } .min-w-[432px] { min-width: 432px; } .min-w-[46px] { min-width: 46px; } .min-w-[500px] { min-width: 500px; } .min-w-[50px] { min-width: 50px; } .min-w-[52px] { min-width: 52px; } .min-w-[55%] { min-width: 55%; } .min-w-[5rem] { min-width: 5rem; } .min-w-[610px] { min-width: 610px; } .min-w-[632px] { min-width: 632px; } .min-w-[69px] { min-width: 69px; } .min-w-[70px] { min-width: 70px; } .min-w-[75px] { min-width: 75px; } .min-w-[80px] { min-width: 80px; } .min-w-[85px] { min-width: 85px; } .min-w-[8rem] { min-width: 8rem; } .min-w-[calc(100%-24px)] { min-width: calc(100% - 24px); } .min-w-[var(--dropdown-menu-width)] { min-width: var(--dropdown-menu-width); } .min-w-fit { min-width: fit-content; } .min-w-full { min-width: 100%; } .min-w-lg { min-width: 1.5rem; } .min-w-max { min-width: max-content; } .min-w-px { min-width: 1px; } .min-w-[448px] { min-width: 448px; } .max-w-0 { max-width: 0px; } .max-w-100 { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-2xl { max-width: 42rem; } .max-w-3xl { max-width: 48rem; } .max-w-4xl { max-width: 56rem; } .max-w-[100%] { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-[100px] { max-width: 100px; } .max-w-[100vw] { max-width: 100vw; } .max-w-[1080px] { max-width: 1080px; } .max-w-[1088px] { max-width: 1088px; } .max-w-[10rem] { max-width: 10rem; } .max-w-[110px] { max-width: 110px; } .max-w-[115px] { max-width: 115px; } .max-w-[120px] { max-width: 120px; } .max-w-[12rem] { max-width: 12rem; } .max-w-[1340px] { max-width: 1340px; } .max-w-[140px] { max-width: 140px; } .max-w-[148px] { max-width: 148px; } .max-w-[14rem] { max-width: 14rem; } .max-w-[14rem] { max-width: 14rem; } .max-w-[1500px] { max-width: 1500px; } .max-w-[150px] { max-width: 150px; } .max-w-[160px] { max-width: 160px; } .max-w-[164px] { max-width: 164px; } .max-w-[169px] { max-width: 169px; } .max-w-[170px] { max-width: 170px; } .max-w-[176px] { max-width: 176px; } .max-w-[180px] { max-width: 180px; } .max-w-[200px] { max-width: 200px; } .max-w-[200px] { max-width: 200px; } .max-w-[20rem] { max-width: 20rem; } .max-w-[220px] { max-width: 
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.68; } .tw-scale-y: .68; } .scale-[1\2] { --tw-scale-x: 1.2; --tw-scale-y: 1.2; } .scale-[1\2], .scale-[2] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x), var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-[2] { --tw-scale-x: 2; --tw-scale-y: 2; } .scale-[4] { --tw-scale-x: 4; --tw-scale-y: 4; } .scale-x-100, .scale-[4] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x), var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-x-100 { --tw-scale-x: -1; } .scale-x-100 { --tw-scale-x: 1; } .scale-x-100, .scale-x-[1] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x), var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .transform-none { transform: none; } .animate-\[fade-in_0.2s_ease-in\] { animation: 0.2s ease-in 0s 1 normal none running fade-in; } .animate-\[fade-in_0.5s_ease-in\] { animation: 0.5s ease-in 0s 1 normal none running fade-in; } @keyframes fade-in { 0% { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); opacity: 0; } 75% { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } 100% { background-color: unset; opacity: 1; } } .animate-\[fade-in_1000ms_ease-in_background\] { animation: 1s ease-in 0s 1 normal backwards running fade-in; } .animate-\[spin_2s_linear_infinite\] { animation: 2s linear 0s infinite normal none running spin; } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0.0s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0.2s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0.2s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } @keyframes typing-indicator-bounce { 0% { transform: translateY(0px); } 20% { transform: translateY(-3px); } 40% { transform: translateY(0px); } } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0.4s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0.4s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } @keyframes blink { 50% { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } } .animate-blink { animation: 0.9s step-end 0s infinite normal none running blink; } @keyframes ping { 75%, 100% { opacity: 0; } } .animate-ping { animation: 1s cubic-bezier(0, 0, 0.2, 1) 0s infinite normal none running ping; } .animate-pulse { animation: 2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.6, 1) 0s infinite normal none running pulse; } @keyframes spin { 100% { transform: rotate(1turn); } } .animate-spin { animation: 1s linear 0s infinite normal none running spin; } .cursor-auto { cursor: auto; } .cursor-default { cursor: default; } .cursor-grab { cursor: grab; } .cursor-help { cursor: help; } .cursor-not-allowed { cursor: not-allowed; } .cursor-nwse-resize { cursor: nwse-resize; } .cursor-pointer { cursor: pointer; } .cursor-text { cursor: text; } .cursor-wait { cursor: wait; } .cursor-zoom-in { cursor: zoom-in; } .cursor-zoom-out { cursor: zoom-out; } .touch-action { touch-action: none; } .select-none { user-select: none; } .select-text { user-select: text; } .select-all { user-select: all; } .select-auto { user-select: auto; } .resize-none { resize: none; } .resize-y { resize: vertical; } .resize { resize: both; } .snap-x { scroll-snap-type: x var(--tw-scroll-snap-strictness); } .snap-mandatory { --tw-scroll-snap-strictness: mandatory; } .snap-start { scroll-snap-align: start; } .scroll-m-[60px] { scroll-margin: 60px; } .scroll-m-[80px] { scroll-margin: 80px; } .scroll-mt-3xl { scroll-margin-top: 4rem; } .scroll-mt-4xl { scroll-margin-top: 5rem; } .list-inside { list-style-position: inside; } .list-disc { list-style-type: disc; } .list-none { list-style-type: none; } .appearance-none { appearance: none; } .auto-cols-[calc(50%-0.5rem)] { grid-auto-columns: calc(50% - 0.5rem); } .auto-cols-fr { grid-auto-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-flow-row { grid-auto-flow: row; } .grid-flow-col { grid-auto-flow: column; } .auto-rows-[minmax(106px, auto)] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(106px, auto); } .auto-rows-[minmax(140px, auto)] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(140px, auto); } .auto-rows-fr { grid-template-columns: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-1 { grid-template-columns: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-16 { grid-template-columns: repeat(16, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-4 { grid-template-columns: repeat(4, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-5 { grid-template-columns: repeat(5, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-6 { grid-template-columns: repeat(6, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-7 { grid-template-columns: repeat(7, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-[1fr] { grid-template-columns: 1fr; } .grid-cols-[1fr_110px] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 110px; } .grid-cols-[1fr_1fr_8px] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 1fr 8px; } .grid-cols-[1fr_4fr] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 4fr; } .grid-cols-[1fr_80px_80px_80px_80px] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 80px 80px 80px 80px; } .grid-cols-[1fr_8px] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 8px; } .grid-cols-[1fr_auto] { grid-template-columns: 1fr auto; } .grid-cols-[1fr_min-content] { grid-template-columns: 1fr min-content; } .grid-cols-[24px_1fr] { grid-template-columns: 24px 1fr; } .grid-cols-[24px_minmax(0,1fr)] { grid-template-columns: 24px minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-[259px_1fr] { grid-template-columns: 259px 1fr; } .grid-cols-[2rem_1fr_2rem] { grid-template-columns: 2rem 1fr 2rem; } .grid-cols-[auto_2px_1rem_2px_1rem] { grid-template-columns: auto 2px 1rem 2px 1rem; } .grid-cols-[auto_auto_1fr] { grid-template-columns: auto auto 1fr; } .grid-cols-[minmax(0,1fr)] { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-[repeat(6,minmax(32px,1fr))] { grid-template-columns: repeat(6, minmax(32px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-[repeat(auto-fill,_100px)] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 100px); } .grid-cols-[repeat(auto-fill,_106px)] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 106px); } .grid-cols-[repeat(auto-fit,_110px)] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, 110px); } .grid-cols-[repeat(auto-fit,_minmax(106px,_auto))] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(106px, auto)); } .grid-cols-[repeat(auto-fit,_minmax(8rem,_1fr))] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(8rem, 1fr)); } .grid-rows-1 { grid-template-rows: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-rows-[1fr] { grid-template-rows: 1fr; } .grid-rows-[1fr_auto] { grid-template-rows: 1fr auto; } .grid-rows-[2fr_1fr] { grid-template-rows: 2fr 1fr; } .grid-rows-[32px] { grid-template-rows: 32px; } .grid-rows-[auto_auto] { grid-template-rows: auto auto; } .grid-rows-[auto_auto_auto] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto auto; } .flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .flex-row-reverse { flex-direction: row-reverse; } .flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .flex-col-reverse { flex-direction: column-reverse; } .flex-wrap { flex-wrap: wrap; } .flex-wrap-reverse { flex-wrap: wrap-reverse; } .flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .place-content-between { place-content: space-between; } .place-content-evenly { place-content: space-around; } .place-items-center { align-self: center; } .content-center { align-content: center; } .content-start { align-content: flex-start; } .content-end { align-content: flex-end; } .content-stretch { align-content: stretch; } .items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .items-center { align-items: center; } .items-baseline { align-items: baseline; } .items-stretch { align-items: stretch; } .justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .justify-center { justify-content: center; } .justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } .justify-around { justify-content: space-around; } .justify-evenly { justify-content: space-around; } .justify-stretch { justify-content: stretch; } .justify-items-start { justify-items: start; } .justify-items-end { justify-items: end; } .justify-items-center { justify-items: center; } !gap-0 { gap: 0px !important; } gap-0 { gap: 0px; } gap-2xl { gap: 3rem; } gap-2xs { gap: 0.25rem; } gap-3xl { gap: 4rem; } gap-[0.5rem] { gap: 0.5rem; } gap-[0.625rem] { gap: 0.625rem; } gap-[0.75rem] { gap: 0.75rem; } gap-[1.5rem] { gap: 1.5rem; } gap-[12px] { gap: 12px; } gap-[15%] { gap: 15%; } gap-[16px] { gap: 16px; } gap-[1rem] { gap: 1rem; } gap-[2.5rem] { gap: 2.5rem; } gap-[20px] { gap: 20px; } gap-[24px] { gap: 24px; } gap-[2px] { gap: 2px; } gap-[3px] { gap: 3px; } gap-[40px] { gap: 40px; } gap-[4px] { gap: 4px; } gap-[6px] { gap: 6px; } gap-[6rem] { gap: 6rem; } gap-[75px] { gap: 75px; } gap-[8px] { gap: 8px; } gap-[var(--rem16)] { gap: var(--rem16); } gap-[var(--rem4)] { gap: var(--rem4); } gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } gap-md { gap: 1rem; } gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } gap-x-2xl { column-gap: 3rem; } gap-x-2xs { column-gap: 0.25rem; } gap-x-3xl { column-gap: 4rem; } gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } gap-x-md { column-gap: 1rem; } gap-x-sm { column-gap: 0.75rem; } gap-x-xl { column-gap: 2rem; } gap-x-xs { column-gap: 0.5rem; } gap-y-2xs { row-gap: 0.25rem; } gap-y-lg { row-gap: 2rem; } gap-y-md { row-gap: 1.5rem; } gap-y-sm { row-gap: 0.75rem; } gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } gap-y-xs { row-gap: 0.5rem; } space-x-md > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-x-reverse: 0; margin-left: calc(1rem * (1 - var(--tw-space-x-reverse))); margin-right: calc(1rem * var(--tw-space-x-reverse)); } space-y-0 > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(0px * var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(0px * (1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } space-y-[14px] > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(14px * var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(14px * (1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } space-y-md > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(1rem * var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(1rem * (1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } space-y-sm > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(.75rem * var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(.75rem * (1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } divide-x-0 > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-x-reverse: 0; border-left-width: calc(0rem * (1 - var(--tw-divide-x-reverse))); border-right-width: calc(0rem * var(--tw-divide-x-reverse)); } divide-y > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-y-reverse: 0; border-bottom-width: calc(0.625rem * var(--tw-divide-y-reverse)); border-top-width: calc(0.625rem * (1 - var(--tw-divide-y-reverse))); } width: calc(0.625rem * (1 - var(--tw-divide-y-reverse))); } height: calc(0.625rem * (1 - var(--tw-divide-y-reverse))) > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-height-reverse: 0; border-bottom-width: calc(2px * var(--tw-divide-y-reverse)); border-top-width: calc(2px * (1 - var(--tw-divide-y-reverse))); } .divide-solid > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { border-style: solid; } .divide-neutral-border-weak > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .place-self-center { place-self: center; } .self-start { align-self: flex-start; } .self

border-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-r-full { border-bottom-right-radius: 624.938rem; border-top-right-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-r-sm { border-bottom-right-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-s-\[16px\] { border-end-start-radius: 16px; border-start-start-radius: 16px; } .rounded-t-\[0.5rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 0.5rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-t-\[12px\] { border-top-left-radius: 12px; border-top-right-radius: 12px; } .rounded-t-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-t-\[1rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 1rem; border-top-right-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-t-\[20px\] { border-top-left-radius: 20px; border-top-right-radius: 20px; } .rounded-t-\[6px\] { border-top-left-radius: 6px; border-top-right-radius: 6px; } .rounded-t-\[8px\] { border-top-left-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-t-lg { border-top-left-radius: 2rem; border-top-right-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-t-md { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-t-none { border-top-left-radius: 0px; border-top-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-t-sm { border-top-left-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-bl-\[0.5rem\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-bl-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; } .rounded-bl-none { border-bottom-left-radius: 0px; } .rounded-br-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-br-none { border-bottom-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-ee-\[0.5rem\] { border-end-end-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-ee-\[6px\] { border-end-end-radius: 6px; } .rounded-es-\[12px\] { border-end-start-radius: 12px; } .rounded-es-\[6px\] { border-end-start-radius: 6px; } .rounded-se-\[6px\] { border-start-end-radius: 6px; } .rounded-se-md { border-start-end-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-se-sm { border-start-start-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-ss-md { border-start-start-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tl-\[1.25rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tl-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; } .rounded-tr-\[1.25rem\] { border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tr-\[16px\] { border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-tr-\[8px\] { border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .!border-0 { border-width: 0px !important; } .border { border-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-0 { border-width: 0px; } .border-\[0.125rem\] { border-width: 0.125rem; } .border-\[0.5px\] { border-width: 0.5px; } .border-\[1px\] { border-width: 1px; } .border-\[2px\] { border-width: 2px; } .border-\[3px\] { border-width: 3px; } .border-\[4px\] { border-width: 4px; } .border-\[5px\] { border-width: 5px; } .border-lg { border-width: 0.25rem; } .border-md { border-width: 0.125rem; } .border-sm { border-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-x-0 { border-left-width: 0px; border-right-width: 0px; } .border-y-0 { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; } .border-y-sm { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-b, .border-y-sm { border-bottom-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-b-0 { border-bottom-width: 0px; } .border-b-\[1px\] { border-bottom-width: 1px; } .border-b-sm { border-bottom-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-e-0 { border-inline-end-width: 0px; } .border-l { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-l-0 { border-left-width: 0px; } .border-l-\[1px\] { border-left-width: 1px; } .border-l-md { border-left-width: 0.125rem; } .border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-r { border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-r-0 { border-right-width: 0px; } .border-r-sm { border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-s { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-s-0 { border-inline-start-width: 0px; } .border-s-\[1px\] { border-inline-start-width: 1px; } .border-s-lg { border-inline-start-width: 0.25rem; } .border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-t { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; } .border-t-\[1px\] { border-top-width: 1px; } .border-t-sm { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-solid { border-style: solid; } .border-dashed { border-style: dashed; } .border-dotted { border-style: dotted; } .border-hidden { border-style: hidden; } .border-mone { border-style: none; } .border-\[#dadce0\] { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(218 220 224/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-\[var(--color-a-default)\] { border-color: var(--color-a-default); } .border-\[var(--color-divider-default)\] { border-color: var(--color-divider-default); } .border-\[var(--color-neutral-border-weak)\] { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-\[var(--color-ui-modalbackground)\] { border-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .border-action-downvote { border-color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .border-action-secondary { border-color: var(--color-action-secondary); } .border-action-upvote { border-color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .border-alert-caution { border-color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .border-alienblue-300 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(144 169 253/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-alienblue-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-black { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-black/20 { border-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2); } .border-coolgray-100 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-coolgray-350 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(139 162 173/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-coolgray-450 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(116 135 145/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-danger-background { border-color: var(--color-danger-background); } .border-danger-content { border-color: var(--color-danger-content); } .border-global-gold { border-color: var(--color-global-gold); } .border-global-offline { border-color: var(--color-global-offline); } .border-global-online { border-color: var(--color-global-online); } .border-global-orangered { border-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .border-global-white { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-inverted-neutral-border { border-color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-border); } .border-mintgreen-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-neutral-background { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .border-neutral-background-container { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .border-neutral-background-gilded { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded); } .border-neutral-background-selected { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .border-neutral-background-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .border-neutral-background-weak-hover { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .border-neutral-border { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-neutral-border-medium { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .border-neutral-border-strong { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .border-neutral-border-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-neutral-content { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .border-neutral-content-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .border-primary { border-color: var(--color-primary); } .border-primary-border { border-color: var(--color-primary-border); } .border-puregray-700 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(48 48 48/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-puregray-900 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-secondary-background { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .border-secondary-background-hover { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .border-secondary-background-selected { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); } .border-tone-2 { border-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .border-tone-3 { border-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .border-tone-4 { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .border-tone-5 { border-color: var(--color-tone-5); } .border-transparent { border-color: transparent; } .border-ui-modalbackground { border-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .border-warning-content { border-color: var(--color-warning-content); } .border-white { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-white-opacity-20 { border-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2); } .border-b-neutral-border { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-b-neutral-border-weak { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-e-neutral-border { border-inline-end-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-e-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-end-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-l-alienblue-500 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-left-color: rgb(24 112 244/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-l-neutral-border { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-l-neutral-border-weak { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-l-tone-3 { border-left-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .border-r-neutral-border { border-right-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-r-neutral-border-weak { border-right-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-t-neutral-border { border-top-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-t-neutral-border-weak { border-top-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-t-tone-4 { border-top-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .border-t-transparent { border-top-color: transparent; } .border-opacity-10 { --tw-border-opacity: 0.1; } .border-opacity-20 { --tw-border-opacity: 0.2; } .!bg-\[var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background)\] { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background) !important; } .!bg-danger-background-weaker { background-color: var(--color-danger-background-weaker) !important; } .!bg-transparent { background-color: initial !important; } .bg-\[#00E2B7\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 226 183/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#82959b\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(130 149 155/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#B6E9FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(182 233 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#BFEEB8\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(191 238 184/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#C5C5C5\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(197 197 197/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#C6DCCFF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(198 220 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#D2DADD\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(210 218 221/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#D8D4FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(216 212 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#F2C8FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(242 200 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#FF9C1A\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 156 26/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#FFC5EC\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 197 236/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#FFCCD2\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 204 210/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#FFD5C6\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 213 198/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#FFE88F\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 232 143/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#d7df2\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(215 223 226/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[#####\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[--slider-bg\] { background-color: var(--slider-bg); } .bg-\[--slider-fill\] { background-color: var(--slider-fill); } .bg-\[color:var(--button-color-background-default)\] { background-color: var(--button-color-background-default); } .bg-\[color:var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled)\] { background-color: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); } .bg-\[color:var(--color-tone-6)\] { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } .bg-\[color:var(--shreddit-content-background)\] { background-color: var(--shreddit-content-background); } .bg-\[rgba(0,0,0,0.6)\] { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-\[var(--color-banner-plain)\] { background-color: var(--color-banner-plain); } .bg-\[var(--color-caution-background)\] { background-color: var(--color-caution-background); } .bg-\[var(--rpl-hovercard-background-color)\] { background-color: var(--rpl-hovercard-background-color); } .bg-action-downvote { background-color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .bg-action-upvote { background-color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .bg-alert-caution { background-color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .bg-alienblue-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(220 226 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(184 197 252/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 240 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-600 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-700 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(10 68 155/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-berrypurple-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(243 218 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-black { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-black/50 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.5); } .bg-black/60 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-black/80 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); } .bg-black/20 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2); } .bg-black/50 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.5); } .bg-black/60 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-black/70 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.7); } .bg-brand-background { background-color: var(--color-brand-background); } .bg-brand-secondary-limegreen_base { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(174 239 15/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-category-spoiler { background-color: var(--color-category-spoiler); } .bg-caution-background { background-color: var(--color-caution-background); } .bg-coolgray-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-150 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(201 215 222/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(183 202 212/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(127 148 159/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 241 243/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(102 119 128/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-550 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(92 108 116/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-danger-background { background-color: var(--color-danger-background); } .bg-danger-background-weaker { background-color: var(--color-danger-background-weaker); } .bg-downvote-background { background-color: var(--color-downvote-background); } .bg-global-black { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-global-brand-orangered { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-global-orangered { background-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .bg-global-white { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-interactive-background-disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); } .bg-interactive-content-disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .bg-inverted-neutral-background { background-color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-background); } .bg-kiwigreen-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(168 245 160/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(88 225 91/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-25 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(235 253 231/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 168 22/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 168 22/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 168 22/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }

background-color: rgb(221 148 215/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwi-green-600 { background-color: rgb(110 111 110/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwi-green-900 { background-color: rgb(13 132 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-lightblue-300 { background-color: rgb(2 185 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-media-background { background-color: var(--color-media-background); } .bg-mintgreen-200 { background-color: rgb(0 226 183/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-mintgreen-500 { background-color: rgb(1 135 109/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-mods-filtered-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background); } .bg-mods-reported-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background); } .bg-neutral-background { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .bg-neutral-background-container { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .bg-neutral-background-container-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-gilded-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded-hover); } .bg-neutral-background-highlighted-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .bg-neutral-background-medium { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-medium); } .bg-neutral-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .bg-neutral-background-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .bg-neutral-background-weak-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .bg-neutral-border { background-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .bg-neutral-border-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .bg-neutral-content { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .bg-neutral-content-disabled { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); } .bg-neutral-content-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .bg-online { background-color: var(--color-online); } .bg-opacity-08 { background-color: var(--color-opacity-08); } .bg-orangered-100 { background-color: rgb(252 219 207/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-200 { background-color: rgb(253 180 152/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-300 { background-color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-400 { background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-50 { background-color: rgb(252 238 232/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-500 { background-color: rgb(217 57 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-100 { background-color: rgb(230 223 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-200 { background-color: rgb(205 190 253/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-700 { background-color: rgb(64 1 234/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-primary { background-color: var(--color-primary); } .bg-primary-background { background-color: var(--color-primary-background); } .bg-puregray-900 { background-color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-100 { background-color: rgb(251 219 212/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-200 { background-color: rgb(253 179 164/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-500 { background-color: rgb(235 0 31/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-sakurapink-400 { background-color: rgb(255 56 187/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-scrim { background-color: var(--color-scrim); } .bg-secondary-background { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .bg-secondary-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .bg-secondary-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); } .bg-secondary-plain { background-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .bg-streak-not-reached-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background); } .bg-streak-progress { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-progress); } .bg-success-background { background-color: var(--color-success-background); } .bg-tone-1 { background-color: var(--color-tone-1); } .bg-tone-2 { background-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .bg-tone-3 { background-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .bg-tone-4 { background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .bg-tone-5 { background-color: var(--color-tone-5); } .bg-tone-6 { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } .bg-tone-7 { background-color: var(--color-tone-7); } .bg-transparent { background-color: initial; } .bg-ui-canvas { background-color: var(--color-ui-canvas); } .bg-ui-modalbackground { background-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .bg-warning-background { background-color: var(--color-warning-background); } .bg-white { background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-whitev30 { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.3); } .bg-whitev60 { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.6); } .bg-yellow-100 { background-color: rgb(255 226 132/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-200 { background-color: rgb(255 191 11/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-300 { background-color: rgb(216 161 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-400 { background-color: rgb(183 136 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-50 { background-color: rgb(255 243 192/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yelloworange-100 { background-color: rgb(252 220 200/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yelloworange-400 { background-color: rgb(228 108 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-opacity-0 { background-color: 0; } .bg-opacity-15 { background-color: 0.15; } .bg-opacity-55 { background-color: 0.55; } .bg-opacity-60 { background-color: 0.6; } .bg-opacity-70 { background-color: 0.7; } .bg-opacity-[0.07] { background-color: 0.07; } .bg-[image:var(--color-avatar-gradient)]] { background-image: var(--color-avatar-gradient); } .bg-[image:var(--small-banner)]] { background-image: var(--small-banner); } .bg-gradient-to-bl { background-image: linear-gradient(to bottom left,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-l { background-image: linear-gradient(to left,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-r { background-image: linear-gradient(to right,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-t { background-image: linear-gradient(to top,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-none { background-image: none; } .from-[color:var(--color-neutral-background)]] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-[color:var(--color-neutral-background-weak)]] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-weak) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-[color:var(--gallery-gradient-bg,var(--color-neutral-background)]] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--gallery-gradient-bg,var(--color-neutral-background)) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-berrypurple-900 { --tw-gradient-from: #300643 var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: rgba(48,6,67,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-blackv80 { --tw-gradient-from: rgba(0,0,0,0.8) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-orangered-500 { --tw-gradient-from: #d93900 var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: rgba(217,57,0,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-transparent { --tw-gradient-from: transparent var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .via-blackv25 { --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .to-[var(--color-neutral-background)]] { --tw-gradient-to: var(--color-neutral-background) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-lightblue-500 { --tw-gradient-to: #007fae var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-orangered-400 { --tw-gradient-to: #ff4500 var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-transparent { --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-100% { --tw-gradient-to-position: 100%; } .bg-[length:100% 177px] { background-size: 100% 177px; } .bg-[length:296px] { background-size: 296px; } .bg-contain { background-size: contain; } .bg-cover { background-size: cover; } .bg-clip-content { background-clip: content-box; } .bg-[center_35%] { background-position: center 35%; } .bg-center { background-position: 50% center; } .bg-left { background-position: 0px center; } .bg-top { background-position: center top; } .bg-no-repeat { background-repeat: no-repeat; } .fill-[color:var(--color-danger-content)]] { fill: var(--color-danger-content); } .fill-[color:var(--color-identity-coins)]] { fill: var(--color-identity-coins); } .fill-[color:var(--color-identity-moderator)]] { fill: var(--color-identity-moderator); } .fill-[color:var(--color-online)]] { fill: var(--color-online); } .fill-action-primary { fill: var(--color-action-primary); } .fill-current { fill: currentcolor; } .fill-global-brand-orangered { fill: rgb(255, 69, 0); } .fill-neutral-border { fill: var(--color-neutral-border); } .fill-neutral-border-medium { fill: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .fill-neutral-content-weak { fill: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .fill-primary-background { fill: var(--color-primary-background); } .fill-secondary-plain { fill: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .object-contain { object-fit: contain; } .object-cover { object-fit: cover; } .object-fit: fill; } .object-scale-down { object-fit: scale-down; } .object-center { object-position: center center; } .object-top { object-position: center top; } .p-0 { padding: 0px; } .p-2xl { padding: 3rem; } .p-2xs { padding: 0.25rem; } .p-3xl { padding: 4rem; } .p-[10px] { padding: 10px; } .p-[12px] { padding: 12px; } .p-[16px] { padding: 16px; } .p-[1px] { padding: 1px; } .p-[1rem] { padding: 1rem; } .p-[2.5rem] { padding: 2.5rem; } .p-[2.75rem] { padding: 2.75rem; } .p-[20px] { padding: 20px; } .p-[24px] { padding: 24px; } .p-[2px] { padding: 2px; } .p-[4px] { padding: 4px; } .p-[56px] { padding: 56px; } .p-[6px] { padding: 6px; } .p-[72px] { padding: 72px; } .p-[8px] { padding: 8px; } .p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .p-md { padding: 1rem; } .p-px { padding: 1px; } .p-sm { padding: 0.75rem; } .p-xl { padding: 2rem; } .p-xs { padding: 0.5rem; } .px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; padding-right: 0.25rem; } .px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; padding-right: 0.75rem; } .px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .py-0.5rem { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; padding-top: 0.5rem; } .py-10px { padding-bottom: 10px; padding-top: 10px; } .py-[11px] { padding-bottom: 11px; padding-top: 11px; } .py-[12px] { padding-bottom: 12px; padding-top: 12px; } .py-[16px] { padding-bottom: 16px; padding-top: 16px; } .py-[1rem] { padding-bottom: 1rem; padding-top: 1rem; } .py-[20px] { padding-bottom: 20px; padding-top: 20px; } .py-[2px] { padding-bottom: 2px; padding-top: 2px; } .py-[2rem] { padding-bottom: 2rem; padding-top: 2rem; } .py-[30.5px] { padding-bottom: 30.5px; padding-top: 30.5px; } .py-[3px] { padding-bottom: 3px; padding-top: 3px; } .py-[40px] { padding-bottom: 40px; padding-top: 40px; } .py-[4px] { padding-bottom: 4px; padding-top: 4px; } .py-[4rem] { padding-bottom: 4rem; padding-top: 4rem; } .py-[4px] { padding-bottom: 4px; padding-top: 4px; } .py-[5px] { padding-bottom: 5px; padding-top: 5px; } .py-[6px] { padding-bottom: 6px; padding-top: 6px; } .py-[80px] { padding-bottom: 80px; padding-top: 80px; } .py-[8px] { padding-bottom: 8px; padding-top: 8px; } .py-[calc(var(--rem10)-var(--button-border-width,0px))] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem10)-var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem10)-var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .py-[calc(var(--rem12)-var(--button-border-width,0px))] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem12)-var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem12)-var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .py-[calc(var(--rem16)-var(--button-border-width,0px))] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem16)-var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem16)-var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .py-[calc(var(--rem8)-var(--button-border-width,0px))] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem8)-var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem8)-var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-[var(--horizontal-padding)]] { padding-left: var(--horizontal-padding); padding-right: var(--horizontal-padding); } .px-[var(--list-padding)]] { padding-left: var(--list-padding); padding-right: var(--list-padding); } .px-[var(--rem10)]] { padding-left: var(--rem10); padding-right: var(--rem10); } .px-[var(--rem14)]] { padding-left: var(--rem14); padding-right: var(--rem14); } .px-[var(--rem6)]] { padding-left: var(--rem6); padding-right: var(--rem6); } .px-[var(--rem8)]] { padding-left: var(--rem8); padding-right: var(--rem8); } .px-[var(--topbar-horizontal-padding)]] { padding-left: var(--topbar-horizontal-padding); padding-right: var(--topbar-horizontal-padding); } .px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .px-px { padding-left: 1px; padding-right: 1px; } .px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; padding-right: 0.75rem; } .px-xl { padding-left: 2rem; padding-right: 2rem; } .px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .py-2xl { padding-bottom: 3rem; padding-top: 3rem; } .py-2xs { padding-bottom: 0.25rem; padding-top: 0.25rem; } .py-[1.5rem] { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .py-[10px] { padding-bottom: 10px; padding-top: 10px; } .py-[12px] { padding-bottom: 12px; padding-top: 12px; } .py-[19px] { padding-bottom: 19px; padding-top: 19px; } .py-[1px] { padding-bottom: 1px; padding-top: 1px; } .py-[2.875rem] { padding-bottom: 2.875rem; padding-top: 2.875rem; } .py-[20px] { padding-bottom: 20px; padding-top: 20px; } .py-[27px] { padding-bottom: 27px; padding-top: 27px; } .py-[2px] { padding-bottom: 2px; padding-top: 2px; } .py-[3px] { padding-bottom: 3px; padding-top: 3px; } .py-[40px] { padding-bottom: 40px; padding-top: 40px; } .py-[44px] { padding-bottom: 44px; padding-top: 44px; } .py-[6px] { padding-bottom: 6px; padding-top: 6px; } .py-[7px] { padding-bottom: 7px; padding-top: 7px; } .py-[8px] { padding-bottom: 8px; padding-top: 8px; } .py-[calc(var(--rem4)-var(--rem1))] { padding-bottom: calc(var(--rem4)-var(--rem1)); padding-top: calc(var(--rem4)-var(--rem1)); } .py-[var(--rem10)]] { padding-bottom: var(--rem10); padding-top: var(--rem10); } .py-[var(--rem14)]] { padding-bottom: var(--rem14); padding-top: var(--rem14); }


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14); padding-top: var(--rem14)}; .py-var{\var(--rem6)} { padding-bottom: var(--rem6); padding-top: var(--rem6)}; .py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem}; .py-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; padding-top: 1rem}; .py-px { padding-bottom: 1px; padding-top: 1px}; .py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem}; .py-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; padding-top: 2rem}; .py-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; padding-top: 0.5rem}; .\pl-0 { padding-left: 0px !important}; .pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px}; .pb-2xl { padding-bottom: 3rem}; .pb-2xs { padding-bottom: 0.25rem}; .pb-5xl { padding-bottom: 8rem}; .pb-\[\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 0.5rem}; .pb-\[0.4rem\] { padding-bottom: 0.4rem}; .pb-\[16px\] { padding-bottom: 16px}; .pb-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px}; .pb-\[22px\] { padding-bottom: 22px}; .pb-\[2px\] { padding-bottom: 2px}; .pb-\[30px\] { padding-bottom: 30px}; .pb-\[36px\] { padding-bottom: 36px}; .pb-\[3px\] { padding-bottom: 3px}; .pb-\[4px\] { padding-bottom: 4px}; .pb-\[50px\] { padding-bottom: 50px}; .pb-\[64px\] { padding-bottom: 64px}; .pb-\[6px\] { padding-bottom: 6px}; .pb-\[8px\] { padding-bottom: 8px}; .pb-\[calc(var(--spacer-x)) + env(safe-area-inset-bottom)\]} { padding-bottom: calc(var(--spacer-x) + env(safe-area-inset-bottom))}; .pb-\[env(safe-area-inset-bottom)\]} { padding-bottom: env(safe-area-inset-bottom)}; .pb-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem}; .pb-md { padding-bottom: 1rem}; .pb-px { padding-bottom: 1px}; .pb-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem}; .pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem}; .pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem}; .pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px}; .pe-2xl { padding-inline-end: 3rem}; .pe-2xs { padding-inline-end: 0.25rem}; .pe-3xl { padding-inline-end: 4rem}; .pe-\[10px\] { padding-inline-end: 10px}; .pe-\[12px\] { padding-inline-end: 12px}; .pe-\[2px\] { padding-inline-end: 2px}; .pe-\[3px\] { padding-inline-end: 3px}; .pe-\[40px\] { padding-inline-end: 40px}; .pe-\[6px\] { padding-inline-end: 6px}; .pe-\[calc(var(--rem6)) - var(--rem1)]\]} { padding-inline-end: calc(var(--rem6) - var(--rem1))}; .pe-\[var(--rem12)\]} { padding-inline-end: var(--rem12)}; .pe-\[var(--rem14)\]} { padding-inline-end: var(--rem14)}; .pe-\[var(--rem16)\]} { padding-inline-end: var(--rem16)}; .pe-\[var(--rem8)\]} { padding-inline-end: var(--rem8)}; .pe-lg { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem}; .pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem}; .pe-sm { padding-inline-end: 0.75rem}; .pe-xl { padding-inline-end: 2rem}; .pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem}; .pl-0 { padding-left: 0px}; .pl-2xl { padding-left: 3rem}; .pl-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem}; .pl-\[115px\] { padding-left: 115px}; .pl-\[12px\] { padding-left: 12px}; .pl-\[26px\] { padding-left: 26px}; .pl-\[6px\] { padding-left: 6px}; .pl-\[8px\] { padding-left: 8px}; .pl-\[var(--rem10)\]} { padding-left: var(--rem10)}; .pl-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem}; .pl-md { padding-left: 1rem}; .pl-px { padding-left: 1px}; .pl-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem}; .pl-xl { padding-left: 2rem}; .pl-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem}; .pr-0 { padding-right: 0px}; .pr-2xl { padding-right: 3rem}; .pr-2xs { padding-right: 0.25rem}; .pr-\[15px\] { padding-right: 15px}; .pr-\[4px\] { padding-right: 4px}; .pr-\[50px\] { padding-right: 50px}; .pr-\[6px\] { padding-right: 6px}; .pr-\[var(--rem14)\]} { padding-right: var(--rem14)}; .pr-lg { padding-right: 1.5rem}; .pr-md { padding-right: 1rem}; .pr-sm { padding-right: 0.75rem}; .pr-xl { padding-right: 2rem}; .pr-xs { padding-right: 0.5rem}; .ps-0 { padding-inline-start: 0px}; .ps-2xs { padding-inline-start: 0.25rem}; .ps-\[10px\] { padding-inline-start: 10px}; .ps-\[110px\] { padding-inline-start: 110px}; .ps-\[115px\] { padding-inline-start: 115px}; .ps-\[12px\] { padding-inline-start: 12px}; .ps-\[15px\] { padding-inline-start: 15px}; .ps-\[1rem\] { padding-inline-start: 1rem}; .ps-\[20px\] { padding-inline-start: 20px}; .ps-\[2px\] { padding-inline-start: 2px}; .ps-\[32px\] { padding-inline-start: 32px}; .ps-\[3px\] { padding-inline-start: 3px}; .ps-\[4px\] { padding-inline-start: 4px}; .ps-\[6px\] { padding-inline-start: 6px}; .ps-\[calc(var(--rem12) - var(--rem1))\]} { padding-inline-start: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--rem1))}; .ps-\[var(--rem10)\]} { padding-inline-start: var(--rem10)}; .ps-\[var(--rem12)\]} { padding-inline-start: var(--rem12)}; .ps-\[var(--rem14)\]} { padding-inline-start: var(--rem14)}; .ps-\[var(--rem16)\]} { padding-inline-start: var(--rem16)}; .ps-lg { padding-inline-start: 1.5rem}; .ps-md { padding-inline-start: 1rem}; .ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem}; .ps-xl { padding-inline-start: 2rem}; .ps-xs { padding-inline-start: 0.5rem}; .pt-0 { padding-top: 0px}; .pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem}; .pt-2xs { padding-top: 0.25rem}; .pt-3xl { padding-top: 4rem}; .pt-\[0.6rem\] { padding-top: 0.6rem}; .pt-\[10px\] { padding-top: 10px}; .pt-\[12px\] { padding-top: 12px}; .pt-\[13px\] { padding-top: 13px}; .pt-\[20px\] { padding-top: 20px}; .pt-\[2px\] { padding-top: 2px}; .pt-\[40px\] { padding-top: 40px}; .pt-\[42px\] { padding-top: 42px}; .pt-\[4px\] { padding-top: 4px}; .pt-\[50px\] { padding-top: 50px}; .pt-\[52px\] { padding-top: 52px}; .pt-\[64px\] { padding-top: 64px}; .pt-\[6px\] { padding-top: 6px}; .pt-\[72px\] { padding-top: 72px}; .pt-\[80px\] { padding-top: 80px}; .pt-\[8px\] { padding-top: 8px}; .pt-\[var(--page-y-padding)\]} { padding-top: var(--page-y-padding)}; .pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem}; .pt-md { padding-top: 1rem}; .pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem}; .pt-xl { padding-top: 2rem}; .pt-xs { padding-top: 0.5rem}; .text-align { text-align: left}; .text-center { text-align: center}; .text-right { text-align: right}; .text-justify { text-align: justify}; .text-start { text-align: start}; .text-end { text-align: end}; .indent-0 { text-indent: 0px}; .align-baseline { vertical-align: initial}; .align-top { vertical-align: top}; .align-middle { vertical-align: middle}; .align-bottom { vertical-align: bottom}; .align-text-bottom { vertical-align: text-bottom}; .font-mono { font-family: var(--font-mono)}; .font-sans { font-family: var(--font-sans)}; .!text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem !important; line-height: 1.25rem !important}; .text-10 { font-size: 0.625rem; line-height: 1rem}; .text-11 { font-size: 0.6875rem; line-height: 1rem}; .text-12, .text-12V4 { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem}; .text-13 { font-size: 0.8125rem; line-height: 1rem}; .text-14, .text-14V5 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem}; .text-15 { font-size: 0.9375rem}; .text-15, .text-16 { line-height: 1.25rem}; .text-16 { font-size: 1rem}; .text-18 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem}; .text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem; line-height: 1.25rem}; .text-24 { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem}; .text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem}; .text-48 { font-size: 3rem; line-height: 3rem}; .text-64 { font-size: 4rem; line-height: 4rem}; .text-\[1.4rem\] { font-size: 1.4rem}; .text-\[1.75rem\] { font-size: 1.75rem}; .text-\[10px\] { font-size: 10px}; .text-\[11px\] { font-size: 11px}; .text-\[12px\] { font-size: 12px}; .text-\[13px\] { font-size: 13px}; .text-\[14px\] { font-size: 14px}; .text-\[15px\] { font-size: 15px}; .text-\[16px\] { font-size: 16px}; .text-\[17px\] { font-size: 17px}; .text-\[2.25rem\] { font-size: 2.25rem}; .text-\[2.5rem\] { font-size: 2.5rem}; .text-\[2.625rem\] { font-size: 2.625rem}; .text-\[24px\] { font-size: 24px}; .text-\[2em\] { font-size: 2em}; .text-\[2rem\] { font-size: 2rem}; .text-\[3.5rem\] { font-size: 3.5rem}; .text-\[32px\] { font-size: 32px}; .text-\[32px\]\[44.52px\] { font-size: 32px; line-height: 44.52px}; .text-\[34px\] { font-size: 34px}; .text-\[3rem\] { font-size: 3rem}; .text-\[40px\] { font-size: 40px}; .text-\[4rem\] { font-size: 4rem}; .text-\[56px\] { font-size: 56px}; .text-\[5rem\] { font-size: 5rem}; .text-\[60px\] { font-size: 60px}; .text-\[72px\]\[80px\] { font-size: 72px; line-height: 80px}; .text-\[88px\] { font-size: 88px}; .text-body-1 { font-size: var(--font-body-1-size)}; font-weight: var(--font-body-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-1-line-height)}; .text-body-2 { font-size: var(--font-body-2-size)}; font-weight: var(--font-body-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-2-line-height)}; .text-caption-1 { font-size: var(--font-caption-1-size)}; font-weight: var(--font-caption-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-1-line-height)}; .text-caption-2 { font-size: var(--font-caption-2-size)}; font-weight: var(--font-caption-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-2-line-height)}; .text-display { font-size: var(--font-display-size)}; font-weight: var(--font-display-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-display-kerning); line-height: var(--font-display-line-height)}; .text-headline { font-size: var(--font-headline-size)}; font-weight: var(--font-headline-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-headline-kerning); line-height: var(--font-headline-line-height)}; .text-huge-display { font-size: var(--font-huge-display-size)}; font-weight: var(--font-huge-display-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-huge-display-kerning); line-height: var(--font-huge-display-line-height)}; .text-inherit { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit}; .text-label-1 { font-size: var(--font-label-1-size)}; font-weight: var(--font-label-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-label-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-label-1-line-height)}; .text-label-2 { font-size: var(--font-label-2-size)}; font-weight: var(--font-label-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-label-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-label-2-line-height)}; .text-title-1 { font-size: var(--font-title-1-size)}; font-weight: var(--font-title-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-1-line-height)}; .text-title-2 { font-size: var(--font-title-2-size)}; font-weight: var(--font-title-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-2-line-height)}; .text-title-3 { font-size: var(--font-title-3-size)}; font-weight: var(--font-title-3-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-3-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-3-line-height)}; .font-\[500\] { font-weight: 500}; .font-\[600\] { font-weight: 600}; .font-\[800\] { font-weight: 800}; .font-\[900\] { font-weight: 900}; .font-\[var(--font-tile-h4)\]} { font-weight: var(--font-tile-h4)}; .font-bold { font-weight: 700}; .font-medium
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text-global-alienblue; } .text-global-black { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-global-brand-orangered { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-global-gold { color: var(--color-global-gold); } .text-global-moderator { color: var(--color-global-moderator); } .text-global-nsfw { color: var(--color-global-nsfw); } .text-global-offline { color: var(--color-global-offline); } .text-global-online { color: var(--color-global-online); } .text-global-orangered { color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .text-global-white { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-identity-admin { color: var(--color-identity-admin); } .text-identity-moderator { color: var(--color-identity-moderator); } .text-interactive-content-disabled { color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .text-inverted-neutral-content { color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-content); } .text-inverted-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-content-strong); } .text-inverted-secondary-onBackground { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-onBackground); } .text-inverted-secondary-plain { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-plain); } .text-kiwigreen-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(1 168 22/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-kiwigreen-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 83 6/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-lightblue-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(2 157 213/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-media-onBackground { color: var(--color-media-onBackground); } .text-media-onbackground { color: var(--color-media-onbackground); } .text-media-onbackground-weak { color: var(--color-media-onbackground-weak); } .text-mintgreen-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-mods-filtered-onBackground { color: var(--color-mods-filtered-onBackground); } .text-mods-reported-onBackground { color: var(--color-shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground); } .text-neutral-background { color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .text-neutral-border-medium { color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .text-neutral-border-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .text-neutral-content { color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .text-neutral-content-disabled { color: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); } .text-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .text-neutral-content-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .text-online { color: var(--color-online); } .text-orangered-300 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-orangered-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(132 33 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-periwinkle-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(106 92 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-periwinkle-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(64 1 234/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-primary { color: var(--color-primary); } .text-primary-background { color: var(--color-primary-background); } .text-primary-onBackground { color: var(--color-primary-onBackground); } .text-primary-plain { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .text-puregray-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(118 118 118/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-red-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 79 64/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-red-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(235 0 131/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-red-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(144 0 15/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-sakurapink-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(222 1 159/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-secondary { color: var(--color-secondary); } .text-secondary-background { color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .text-secondary-onBackground { color: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); } .text-secondary-plain { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .text-secondary-plain-weak { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .text-secondary-weak { color: var(--color-secondary-weak); } .text-streak-not-reached-text { color: var(--color-shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text); } .text-success-background { color: var(--color-success-background); } .text-success-content { color: var(--color-success-content); } .text-success-plain { color: var(--color-success-plain); } .text-tone-1 { color: var(--color-tone-1); } .text-tone-2 { color: var(--color-tone-2); } .text-tone-3 { color: var(--color-tone-3); } .text-tone-7 { color: var(--color-tone-7); } .text-upvote-content { color: var(--color-upvote-content); } .text-warning-content { color: var(--color-warning-content); } .text-warning-onBackground { color: var(--color-warning-onBackground); } .text-white { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-yellow-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(91 66 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-yelloworange-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(115 51 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .underline { text-decoration-line: underline; } .line-through { text-decoration-line: line-through; } .!no-underline { text-decoration-line: none !important; } .no-underline { text-decoration-line: none; } .decoration-solid { text-decoration-style: solid; } .decoration-dotted { text-decoration-style: dotted; } .caret-transparent { caret-color: transparent; } .opacity-0 { opacity: 0; } .opacity-10 { opacity: 0.1; } .opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } .opacity-20 { opacity: 0.2; } .opacity-25 { opacity: 0.25; } .opacity-30 { opacity: 0.3; } .opacity-35 { opacity: 0.35; } .opacity-40 { opacity: 0.4; } .opacity-45 { opacity: 0.5; } .opacity-50 { opacity: 0.5; } .opacity-55 { opacity: 0.55; } .opacity-60 { opacity: 0.6; } .opacity-75 { opacity: 0.75; } .opacity-80 { opacity: 0.8; } .opacity-90 { opacity: 0.9; } .opacity-[var(--slider-opacity)] { opacity: var(--slider-opacity); } .shadow-[0_0_4px_var(--color-primary-background)] { --tw-shadow: 0 0 4px var(--color-primary-background); } --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 4px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-[0_0_2px_0_var(--color-secondary-background-selected)] { --tw-shadow: 0 2px 0 0 var(--color-secondary-background-selected); } --tw-shadow-colored: 0 2px 0 0 var(--tw-shadow-color); } --tw-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-[0px_0px_40px_0px_var(--color-neutral-background)] { --tw-shadow: 0px_0px_40px_0px var(--color-neutral-background); } --tw-shadow-colored: 0px_0px_40px_0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-[0px_0px_2px_0px_rgba(0,0,0,0.25)] { --tw-shadow: 0px_0px_2px_0px rgba(0,0,0,0.25); } --tw-shadow-colored: 0px_0px_2px_0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba(0,0,0,0.25)] { --tw-shadow: 0px_1px_2px_0px rgba(0,0,0,0.25); } --tw-shadow-colored: 0px_1px_2px_0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba(0,0,0,0.25)] { --tw-shadow: 0px_1px_2px_0px rgba(0,0,0,0.25); } --tw-shadow-colored: 0px_1px_2px_0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-[0px_1px_8px_0px_rgba(0,0,0,0.25)] { --tw-shadow: 0px_1px_8px_0px var(--tw-shadow-color); } .shadow-[0px_2px_2px_0px_rgba(0,0,0,0.25)] { --tw-shadow: 0px_2px_2px_0px rgba(0,0,0,0.25); } --tw-shadow-colored: 0px_2px_2px_0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-[0px_3px_2px_0px_rgba(0,0,0,0.25)] { --tw-shadow: 0px_3px_2px_0px rgba(0,0,0,0.25); } --tw-shadow-colored: 0px_3px_2px_0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba(0,0,0,0.25)] { --tw-shadow: 0px_4px_2px_0px rgba(0,0,0,0.25); } --tw-shadow-colored: 0px_4px_2px_0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-md { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-md { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-md); } --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-md); } .shadow-none { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; } --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .shadow-none, .shadow-sm { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-sm { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-sm); } --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-sm); } .shadow-xs { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-xs); } --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-xs); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-[0.75rem] { --tw-shadow-color: 0.75rem; } --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .shadow-neutral-border-weak { --tw-shadow-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .outline-none { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px; } .outline { outline-style: solid; } .outline-0 { outline-width: 0px; } .outline-1 { outline-width: 1px; } .outline-2 { outline-width: 2px; } .outline-4 { outline-width: 4px; } .outline-[3px] { outline-width: 3px; } .outline-offset-1 { outline-offset: 0.125rem; } .outline-offset-0 { outline-offset: 0px; } .outline-offset-2 { outline-offset: 2px; } .outline-offset-[0.25rem] { outline-offset: 0.25rem; } .outline-offset-[0.125rem] { outline-offset: 0.125rem; } .outline-offset-[0.1875rem] { outline-offset: 0.1875rem; } .outline-offset-[2px] { outline-offset: 2px; } .outline-[#FF9C1A] { outline-color: rgb(255, 156, 26); } .outline-[var(--color-neutral-border-strong)] { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .outline-[var(--color-brand-background)] { outline-color: var(--color-brand-background); } .outline-action-upvote { outline-color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .outline-danger-content { outline-color: var(--color-danger-content); } .outline-global-brand-orangered { outline-color: rgb(255, 69, 0); } .outline-global-white { outline-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .outline-lightblue-300 { outline-color: rgb(2, 185, 251); } .outline-neutral-background-medium { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-background-medium); } .outline-neutral-border-weak { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .outline-transparent { outline-color: transparent; } .ring { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); } --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 calc(3px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow), var(--tw-ring-shadow), var(--tw-shadow, 0 0 #0000); } .blur-[6px] { --tw-blur: blur(6px); } .blur-[6px], .drop-shadow { filter: var(--tw-blur) var(--tw-brightness) var(--tw-contrast) var(--tw-grayscale) var(--tw-hue-rotate) var(--tw-invert) var(--tw-saturate) var(--tw-sepia) var(--tw-drop-shadow); } .drop-shadow { --tw-drop-shadow: drop-shadow(0 1px 2px rgba(0,0,0,1)) drop-shadow(0 1px 1px rgba(0,0,0,0.6)); } .grayscale { --tw-grayscale: grayscale(100%); } .grayscale, .invert { filter: var(--tw-blur) invert(100%); } .backdrop-blur-2xl { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(2.5rem); } .backdrop-blur-2xl, .backdrop-blur-[16px] { backdrop-filter: var(--tw-backdrop-blur) var(--tw-backdrop-brightness) var(--tw-backdrop-contrast) var(--tw-backdrop-grayscale) var(--tw-backdrop-hue-rotate) var(--tw-backdrop-invert) var(--tw-backdrop-opacity) var(--tw-backdrop-saturate) var(--tw-backdrop-sepia); } .backdrop-blur-[16px] { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(16px); } .backdrop-bl
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[0px] { --tw-translate-x: -4px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-y-1/2,.-translate-y-2V4 { --tw-translate-y: -50%; } .-translate-y-1V2,-.translate-y-2V4,-.translate-y-\[2px\] { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-y-\[2px\] { --tw-translate-y: -2px; } .-translate-y-full { --tw-translate-y: -100%; } .-translate-y-full,.translate-x-0 { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-0 { --tw-translate-x: 0px; } .translate-x-1V2 { --tw-translate-x: 50%; } .translate-x-1V2,.translate-x-4xl { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-4xl { --tw-translate-x: 6rem; } .translate-x-full { --tw-translate-x: 100%; } .skew-X-var(-full,.translate-x-px { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-px { --tw-translate-x: 1px; } .translate-y-0 { --tw-translate-y: 0px; } .translate-y-0,.translate-y-1V2 { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-y-1V2 { --tw-translate-y: 50%; } .translate-y-0 { --tw-translate-y: 0px; } .translate-y-4xl,.translate-y-full { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-y-full { --tw-translate-y: 100%; } .translate-y-px { --tw-translate-y: 1px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .[-button-border-color]:var(--color-global-white)} { --button-border-color: var(--color-global-white); } .[-button-color-text]:var(--color-global-white)} { --button-color-text: var(--color-global-white); } .[-color-neutral-background-hover]:var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover)} { --color-neutral-background-hover: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .[-emote-size]:20px} { --emote-size: 20px; } .[-emote-size]:60px} { --emote-size: 60px; } .\[backface-visibility\:hidden\] { backface-visibility: hidden; } .\[box-shadow\:0_6px_8px_var(--color-tone-5)\] { box-shadow: 0 6px 8px var(--color-tone-5); } .\[caret-color\:var(--color-tone-1)\] { caret-color: var(--color-tone-1); } .\[color\:transparent\] { color: transparent; } .\[font-size\:var(--emote-size)\] { font-size: var(--emote-size); } .\[perspective\:1000px\] { perspective: 1000px; } .\[text-shadow\:1px_0_0_var(--color-media-background)\],1px_0_0_var(--color-media-background),0_1px_0_var(--color-media-background)\] { text-shadow: 1px 0 0 var(--color-media-background); } .\[transform-style\:preserve-3d\] { transform-style: preserve-3d; } .\[transform\:rotateY(180deg)\] { transform: rotateY(180deg); } .\[transform\:translate3d(0,0,0)\] { transform: translateZ(0px); } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .lg\:full-snoo-lg { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem144); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.375rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-left: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg > img { width: 6.625rem; } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .sl\:button-medium { --button-height: var(--size-button-md-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-md); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-md-border); } } .m-0 > * { margin: 0px; } .rounded-1 > * { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .first-letter:capitalize::first-letter { text-transform: capitalize; } .marker:hidden::marker { display: none; } .marker:text-primary::marker { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .marker:hidden::marker { display: none; } .marker:text-primary::marker { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .selection:text-transparent::selection { color: transparent; } .selection:text-transparent::selection { color: transparent; } .placeholder:text-neutral-content-weak::placeholder { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .before:absolute::before { content: var(--tw-content); position: absolute; } .before:left-[-1rem]::before { content: var(--tw-content); left: -1rem; } .before:start-0::before { content: var(--tw-content); inset-inline-start: 0px; } .before:top-0::before, .before:top-[-emote-size]::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0px; } .before:top-lg::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 1.5rem; } .before:top-sm::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0.75rem; } .before:mx-2xs::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-left: 0.25rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .before:ml-sm::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-left: 0.75rem; } .before:ms-md::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-inline-start: 1rem; } .before:block::before { content: var(--tw-content); display: block; } .before:h-[-emote-size]::before { content: var(--tw-content); height: var(--emote-size); } .before:h-full::before { content: var(--tw-content); height: 100%; } .before:w-2xs::before { content: var(--tw-content); width: 0.25rem; } .before:w-[-emote-size]::before { content: var(--tw-content); width: var(--emote-size); } .before:origin-top-left::before { content: var(--tw-content); transform-origin: left top; } .before:scale-[-emote-scale]::before { content: var(--tw-content); --tw-scale-x: var(--emote-scale); --tw-scale-y: var(--emote-scale); transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .before:rounded-full::before { border-radius: 624.938rem; } .before:border-y-0::before { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before:border-l-[1px]::before { border-left-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before:border-r-[0px]::before { border-right-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before:border-solid::before { border-style: solid; content: var(--tw-content); } .before:border-tone-4::before { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); content: var(--tw-content); } .before:bg-secondary-background::before { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); content: var(--tw-content); } .before:bg-[size::-emote-size]::before { background-size: var(--emote-size); content: var(--tw-content); } .before:text-12::before { content: var(--tw-content); font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .before:text-14::before { content: var(--tw-content); font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .before:content-[""]::before { content: ""; } .before:content-[""]::before { content: ""; } .before:content-[""]::before { content: ""; } .before:content-[""]::before { content: ""; } .after:invisible::after { content: var(--tw-content); visibility: hidden; } .after:absolute::after { content: var(--tw-content); position: absolute; } .after:left-[-1rem]::after { content: var(--tw-content); left: -1rem; } .after:start-0::after { content: var(--tw-content); inset-inline-start: 0px; } .after:top-0::after, .after:top-[0]::after { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0px; } .after:col-start-1::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-column-start: 1; } .after:col-end-2::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-column-end: 2; } .after:row-start-1::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-row-start: 1; } .after:row-end-2::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-row-end: 2; } .after:clear-both::after { clear: both; content: var(--tw-content); } .after:ms-[0.375rem]::after { content: var(--tw-content); margin-left: 0.375rem; } .after:box-border::after { box-sizing: border-box; content: var(--tw-content); } .after:block::after { content: var(--tw-content); display: block; } .after:table::after { content: var(--tw-content); display: table; } .after:h-[20px]::after { content: var(--tw-content); height: 20px; } .after:h-full::after { content: var(--tw-content); height: 100%; } .after:w-100::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 100%; } .after:w-[24px]::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 24px; } .after:w-full::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 100%; } .after:resize-y::after { content: var(--tw-content); resize: vertical; } .after:whitespace-pre-wrap::after { content: var(--tw-content); white-space: pre-wrap; } .after:rounded-bl-l-[6px]::after { border-bottom-left-radius: 6px; border-top-left-radius: 6px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after:rounded-bl-[12px]::after { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after:border-sm::after { border-width: 0.0625rem; content: var(--tw-content); } .after:border-y-0::after { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after:border-b-[1px]::after { border-bottom-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after:border-e-0::after { border-inline-end-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after:border-l-[1px]::after { border-left-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after:border-r-[0px]::after { border-right-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after:border-solid::after { border-style: solid; content: var(--tw-content); } .after:border-neutral-border-weak::after { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); content: var(--tw-content); } .after:border-tone-4::after { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); content: var(--tw-content); } .after:px-md::after { content: var(--tw-content); padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .after:py-sm::after { content: var(--tw-content); padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .after:font-mono::after { content: var(--tw-content); font-family: var(--font-mono); } .after:leading-5::after { content: var(--tw-content); line-height: 1.25rem; } .after:content-[""]::after { content: ""; } .first:ml-0:first-child { margin-left: 0px; } .first:ms-0:first-child { margin-left: 0px; } .first:pl-md:first-child { padding-left: 1rem; } .last:mb-0:last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .last:me-0:last-child { margin-left: 0px; } .last:me-md:last-child { margin-left: 0.5rem; } .last:me-xs:last-child { margin-left: 0.5rem; } .last:mr-0:last-child { margin-right: 0px; } .last:md:hidden:last-child { display: none; } .last:border-0:last-child { border-width: 0px; } .last:border-b-0:last-child { border-bottom-width: 0px; } .last:border-none:last-child { border-style: none; } .last:pb-0:last-child { padding-bottom: 0px; } .last:pr-md:last-child { padding-right: 1rem; } .last-of-type:mb-0:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } .visited:border-[\[var(--color-a-visited)\]]:visited { border-color: var(--color-a-visited); } .visited:bg-transparent:visited { background-color: initial; } .visited:text-inherit:visited { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .visited:\!text-secondary-plain:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain) !important; } .visited:\!text-secondary-plain-weak:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak) !important; } .visited:\!text-white:visited { color: rgb(255, 255, 255) !important; } .visited:text-media-onbackground:visited { color: var(--color-media-onbackground); } .visited:text-neutral-background:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .visited:text-neutral-content-strong:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .visited:text-neutral-content-weak:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .visited:text-secondary:visited { color: var(--color-secondary); } .visited:text-secondary-plain:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .visited:text-secondary-plain-weak:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .visited:no-underline:visited { text-decoration-line: none; } .empty\pr-0:empty { display: none; } .empty\pr-0:empty { display: none; } .focus-within:border-neutral-border-medium:focus-within { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .focus-within:border-neutral-border-strong:focus-within { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .focus-within:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .focus-within:bg-neutral-background-strong-hover:focus-within { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .focus-within:opacity-100:focus-within { opacity: 1; } .focus-within:outline:focus-within { outline-style: solid; } .focus-within:outline-1:focus-within { outline-width: 1
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:color:var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-selected:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-weak:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-strong-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-weak:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .hover\:bg-secondary-background-strong-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-strong-hover); } .hover\:bg-tone-4:hover { background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .hover\:bg-transparent:hover { background-color: initial; } .hover\:bg-upvote-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-upvote-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-white-opacity-20:hover { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2); } .hover\:text-inherit:hover { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .hover\:text-\[#\949798\]:hover { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(148 151 152/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .hover\:text-action-downvote:hover { color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .hover\:text-action-upvote:hover { color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .hover\:text-brand-background-hover:hover { color: var(--color-brand-background-hover); } .hover\:text-danger-content-hover:hover { color: var(--color-danger-content-hover); } .hover\:text-global-white:hover { white-space: normal; } .white\:hover { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .hover\:text-inverted-secondary-plain-hover:hover { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover); } .hover\:text-neutral-content:hover { color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .hover\:text-neutral-content-strong:hover { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .hover\:text-neutral-content-weak:hover { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .hover\:text-primary-hover:hover { color: var(--color-primary-hover); } .hover\:text-primary-plain:hover { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .hover\:text-secondary:hover { color: var(--color-secondary); } .hover\:text-secondary-hover:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-hover); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain-hover:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); } .hover\:text-secondary-onBackground:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain-hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain-hover:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain-weak:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .hover\:text-secondary-weak:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-weak); } .hover\:text-success-content:hover { color: var(--color-success-content); } .hover\:text-success-hover:hover { color: var(--color-success-hover); } .hover\:text-white:hover { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .hover\:underline:hover { text-decoration-line: underline; } .hover\:no-underline:hover { text-decoration-line: none; } .hover\:decoration-solid:hover { text-decoration-style: solid; } .hover\:opacity-100:hover { opacity: 1; } .hover\:opacity-30:hover { opacity: 0.3; } .hover\:opacity-75:hover { opacity: 0.75; } .hover\:opacity-80:hover { opacity: 0.8; } .hover\:opacity-90:hover { opacity: 0.9; } .hover\:shadow-\[0_0_2px_var(--color-primary-background)\]:hover { --tw-shadow: 0 0 2px var(--color-primary-background); --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 2px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadows); } .hover\:shadow-elevation-small:hover { --tw-shadow-color: var(--color-elevation-small); --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .hover\:visited\:border-\[var(--color-a-visited)\]:visited:hover { border-color: var(--color-a-visited); } .focus\:not-sr-only:focus { height: auto; margin: 0px; overflow: visible; padding: 0px; position: static; width: auto; clip: auto; white-space: normal; } .focus\:rounded-1:focus { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .focus\:border-global-brand-orangered:focus { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .focus\:border-global-focus:focus { border-color: var(--color-global-focus); } .focus\:border-primary-plain:focus { border-color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .focus\:bg-active-pressed:focus { background-color: var(--color-active-pressed); } .focus\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .focus\:bg-transparent:focus { background-color: initial; } .focus\:text-white:focus { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .focus\:no-underline:focus { text-decoration-line: none; } .focus\:opacity-100:focus { opacity: 1; } .focus\:outline-none:focus { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px; } .focus\:outline-neutral-content-weak:focus { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .focus\:ring-1:focus { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 calc(1px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow), var(--tw-ring-shadow), var(--tw-shadow, 0 0 #0000); } .focus\:ring-global-brand-orangered:focus { --tw-ring-opacity: 1; --tw-ring-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-ring-opacity)); } .focus\:ring-opacity-30:focus { --tw-ring-opacity: 0.3; } .focus-visible\:bg-transparent:focus-visible { background-color: initial; } .focus-visible\:text-action-downvote:focus-visible { color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .focus-visible\:text-action-upvote:focus-visible { color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .focus-visible\:outline-none:focus-visible { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px; } .focus-visible\:outline:focus-visible { outline-style: solid; } .focus-visible\:outline-2:focus-visible { outline-width: 2px; } .focus-visible\:outline-off-set-1:focus-visible { outline-offset: -1px; } .focus-visible\:outline-off-set-2:focus-visible { outline-offset: 2px; } .active\:cursor-grabbing:active { cursor: grabbing; } .active\:border-primary-plain:active { border-color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .active\:!bg-\[var(--notification-banner-prim-active)\]:active { background-color: var(--notification-banner-prim-active) !important; } .active\:!bg-\[var(--notification-banner-sec-active)\]:active { background-color: var(--notification-banner-sec-active) !important; } .active\:bg-interactive-pressed:active { background-color: var(--color-active-pressed); } .active\:bg-neutral-background-selected:active { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .active\:bg-orangered-50:active { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 238 232/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .active\:bg-secondary-background:active { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .active\:bg-transparent:active { background-color: initial; } .active\:bg-none:active { background-image: none; } .active\:text-neutral-content-strong:active { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .active\:no-underline:active { text-decoration-line: none; } .enabled\:cursor-pointer:enabled { cursor: pointer; } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .enabled\:hover-scale-\[1.2\]:hover:enabled { --tw-scale-x: 1.2; --tw-scale-y: 1.2; transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x), var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .disabled\:pointer-events-none:disabled { pointer-events: none; } .disabled\:cursor-not-allowed:disabled { cursor: not-allowed; } .disabled\:bg-interactive-background-disabled:disabled { background-color: var(--color-active-pressed); } .disabled\:bg-neutral-background:disabled { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .disabled\:bg-primary-background:disabled { background-color: var(--color-primary-background); } .disabled\:text-global-white:disabled { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .disabled\:text-interactive-content-disabled:disabled { color: var(--color-active-pressed); } .disabled\:no-underline:disabled { text-decoration-line: none; } .disabled\:opacity-50:disabled { opacity: 0.5; } .disabled\:opacity-60:disabled { opacity: 0.6; } .group\[open\].group-open\:order-1 { order: 1; } .group\[open\].group-open\:inline { display: inline; } .group\[open\].group-open\:hidden { display: none; } .group\[open\].group-open\:rotate-180 { --tw-rotate: 180deg; transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x), var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group:focus-within.group-focus-within\:sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .group:focus-within.group-focus-within\:flex { display: flex; } .group:focus-within.group-focus-within\:hidden { display: none; } .group\topic:focus-within.group-focus-within\topic\:border-global-brand-orangered { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .group\topic:focus-within.group-focus-within\topic\:ring-2 { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 calc(2px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow), var(--tw-ring-shadow), var(--tw-shadow, 0 0 #0000); } .group\topic:focus-within.group-focus-within\topic\:ring-global-brand-orangered { --tw-ring-opacity: 1; --tw-ring-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-ring-opacity)); } .group\topic:focus-within.group-focus-within\topic\:ring-opacity-30 { --tw-ring-opacity: 0.3; } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .group:hover.group-hover\:sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .group:hover.group-hover\:not-sr-only { height: auto; margin: 0px; overflow: visible; padding: 0px; position: static; width: auto; clip: auto; white-space: normal; } .group:hover.group-hover\:visible { visibility: visible; } .group\tablerow:hover.group-hover\tablerow\:invisible { visibility: hidden; } .group:hover.group-hover\:z-1 { z-index: 1; } .group:hover.group-hover\:block.group\tablerow:hover.group-hover\tablerow\:block { display: block; } .group:hover.group-hover\:flex.group\tablerow:hover.group-hover\tablerow\:flex { display: flex; } .group:hover.group-hover\:inline-flex { display: inline-block; } .group:hover.group-hover\:hidden.group\tablerow:hover.group-hover\tablerow\:hidden { display: none; } .group:hover.group-hover\:w-auto { width: auto; } .group\vaward:hover.group\vaward\:translate-y-\[10px\],.group\vaward\:scale-\[1.4\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x), var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group\vaward:hover.group\vaward\:scale-\[1.4\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.4; --tw-scale-y: 1.4; } .group:hover.group-hover\:scale-\[1.03\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.03; --tw-scale-y: 1.03; transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x), var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group:hover.group-hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .group:hover.group-hover\:bg-neutral-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .group:hover.group-hover\:bg-secondary-plain-weak { background-color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .group:hover.group-hover\:bg-tone-2 { background-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .group:hover.group-hover\:from-\[color:var(--color-neutral-background-hover)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-hover) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsl(0,0%,100%) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from), var(--tw-gradient-to); } .group:hover.group-hover\:text-primary-plain { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .group:hover.group-hover\:underline { text-decoration-line: underline; } .group:hover.group-hover\:opacity-0 { opacity: 0; } .group:hover.group-hover\:opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } .group\vaward:hover.group\vaward\:transform:\[translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scale(\[var(--tw-scale-x)\] \[var(--tw-scale-y)\])\] { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x), var(--tw-translate-y), 0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group.tab-bottom-border.tab-selected.group-\[!\.tab-bottom-border\.tab-selected\]:block { display: block; } .group.expanded.group-\[!\.expanded\]\:flex { display: flex; } .group.expanded.group-\[!\.expanded\]\:hidden,.group\/reckw.active.group-\[!&\.active\]\:reckw\:hidden,.group\/reckw.hidden.group\/reckw.\[!&\.not([adding])\]\:reckws\:active { background-color: var(--color-active-pressed); } .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked:not([visibility: visible]); .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:border-alienblue-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:bg-\[#D2DADD\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(210 218 221/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked:text-alienblue-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .group.peer-checked\:group-\[!&\.border-global-brand-orangered\] { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .group.peer-checked\:group-\[!&\.bg-orangered-100\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 219 207/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .group.peer-checked\:group-\[!&\.opacity-100\] { opacity: 1; } .has-\[!#resize-handle\:focus\]\:rounded-tl-\[4px\]:has(#resize-handle:focus) { border-top-left-radius: 4px; } .has-\
```

background-selected; }.aria-checked: bg-neutral-background-selected[aria-checked="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); }.aria-pressed: border-caution-background[aria-pressed="true"] { border-color: var(--color-caution-background); }.aria-pressed: bg-neutral-background-gilded[aria-pressed="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded); }.aria-pressed: bg-neutral-background-selected[aria-pressed="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); }.aria-pressed: outline[aria-pressed="true"] { outline-style: solid; }.aria-[expanded=true]\:border[aria-expanded="true"] { border-width: 0.0625rem; }.aria-[expanded=true]\:border-solid[aria-expanded="true"] { border-style: solid; }.aria-[expanded=true]\:border-neutral-border-medium[aria-expanded="true"] { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); }.aria-[expanded=true]\:bg-neutral-background-selected[aria-expanded="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); }.group\award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\award:translate-y-[10px] .group\award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\award:scale-[1.4] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); }.group\award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\award:scale-[1.4] { --tw-scale-x: 1.4; --tw-scale-y: 1.4; }.group\award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\award:translate-y-[10px] { --tw-translate-y: -10px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } @container (min-width: 32px) { \:at-[32px]:flex { display: flex; }.@container (min-width: 64rem) { \:at[32px]:flex { display: flex; }.@5xl:hidden { display: none; }.@5xl:visible:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; }.nd\:invisible:not(:defined) { visibility: hidden; }.nd\:mx-md:not(:defined) { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; }.nd\:mb-md:not(:defined) { margin-bottom: 1rem; }.nd\:mt-lg:not(:defined) { margin-top: 1.5rem; }.nd\:block:not(:defined) { display: block; }.nd\:flex:not(:defined) { display: flex; }.nd\:hidden:not(:defined) { display: none; }.nd\:aspect-square:not(:defined) { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; }.nd\:h-0:not(:defined) { height: 0px; }.nd\:h-2xl:not(:defined) { height: 3rem; }.nd\:h-[110px]:not(:defined) { height: 110px; }.nd\:h-[32px]:not(:defined) { height: 32px; }.nd\:h-[40px]:not(:defined) { height: 40px; }.nd\:h-[64px]:not(:defined) { height: 64px; }.nd\:h-[88px]:not(:defined) { height: 88px; }.nd\:h-[var(--gallery-initial-height)]:not(:defined) { height: var(--gallery-initial-height); }.nd\:h-lg:not(:defined) { height: 1.5rem; }.nd\:h-xl:not(:defined) { height: 2rem; }.nd\:max-h-[32px]:not(:defined) { max-height: 32px; }.nd\:max-h-xl:not(:defined) { max-height: 2rem; }.nd\:min-h-xl:not(:defined) { min-height: 2rem; }.nd\:w-[104px]:not(:defined) { width: 104px; }.nd\:w-[380px]:not(:defined) { width: 380px; }.nd\:w-[54px]:not(:defined) { width: 54px; }.nd\:w-fit:not(:defined) { width: fit-content; }.nd\:w-lg:not(:defined) { width: 1.5rem; }.nd\:w-xl:not(:defined) { width: 2rem; }.@keyframes pulse { 50% { opacity: 0.5; }.nd\:animate-pulse:not(:defined) { animation: 2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.6, 1) 0s infinite normal none running pulse; }.nd\:flex-row:not(:defined) { flex-direction: row; }.nd\:gap-xs:not(:defined) { gap: 0.5rem; }.nd\:overflow-hidden:not(:defined) { overflow: hidden; }.nd\:rounded-4:not(:defined) { border-radius: 1rem; }.nd\:bg-neutral-background-selected:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); }.nd\:bg-neutral-background-weak:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); }.nd\:bg-secondary-background:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); }.nd\:pb-0:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 0px; }.nd\:pb-2xl:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 3rem; }.nd\:pb-[var(--rem36)]:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: var(--rem36); }.nd\:pb-xl:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 2rem; }.nd\:pt-[54px]:not(:defined) { padding-top: 54px; }.nd\:pt-xs:not(:defined) { padding-top: 0.5rem; }.@media (display-mode: minimal-ui), (display-mode: standalone), (display: window-controls-overlay) { .pwa\:block { display: block; }.pwa\:hidden { display: none; }.@media (prefers-reduced-motion: reduce) { .motion-reduce\:transition-none { transition-property: none; }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:block) { display: block; }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:hidden) { display: none; }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:w-px) { width: 1px; }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:border-black-opacity-10) { border-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.098); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-[#090F11]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(9 15 17/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-[#95DCFB]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(149 220 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-[#A0B0B5]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(160 176 181/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-[#A3E398]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(163 227 152/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-[#A7CCFF]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(167 204 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-[#A8A8A8]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(168 168 168/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-[#C3BDDF]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(195 189 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-[#EEA7FF]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 167 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-[#FAD6B1]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(250 197 97/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-[#FFA5E3]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 165 227/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-[#FFAD81]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 173 184/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-[#FFBEA6]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 190 166/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-alienblue-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(10 26 63/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-berrypurple-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(48 6 67/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-black/30) { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-600) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(83 97 104/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-750) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(51 61 66/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-800) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 50 54/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-950/30) { background-color: rgba(14, 17, 19, 0.3); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-danger-content-default) { background-color: var(--color-danger-content-default); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-global-black) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-kiwigrreen-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(13 32 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-lime-700) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 80 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background-weak) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-orangered-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(47 20 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-periwinkle-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(22 14 91/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-red-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(52 15 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-red-950) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(31 11 4/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-yellow-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(35 26 3/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-yelloworange-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 23 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-[var(--color-global-stars)]) { color: var(--color-global-stars); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-alienblue-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(144 169 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-alienblue-400) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-text-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-berrypurple-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(234 179 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-caution-onBackground) { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-coolgray-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(151 175 188/var(--tw-text-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-coolgray-900) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(24 28 31/var(--tw-text-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-global-white) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-kiwigrreen-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 198 28/var(--tw-text-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-neutral-content-strong) { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-orangered-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-text-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-periwinkle-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(205 190 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-red-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(253 179 164/var(--tw-text-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-white) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-yelloworange-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 138 53/var(--tw-text-opacity)); }.is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:shadow-none) { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-ring-shadow, 0 0 #0000), var(--tw-shadow); }.@media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); }.peer:checked ~ .group .dark\:peer-checked:group-[.]:bg-orangered-900 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(47 20 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); }.@media (min-width: 1024px) { .lg\:absolute { position: absolute; }.lg\:row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; }.lg\:row-end-auto { grid-row-end: auto; }.lg\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; }.lg\:mb-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; }.lg\:mr-2xs { margin-right: 0.25rem; }.lg\:mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; }.lg\:mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; }.lg\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; }.lg\:block { display: block; }.lg\:inline-block { display: inline-block; }.lg\:flex { display: flex; }.lg\:hidden { display: none; }.lg\:max-h-[700px] { max-height: 700px; }.lg\:w-5/12 { width: 41.6667%; }.lg\:w-fit { width: fit-content; }.lg\:justify-center { justify-content: center; }.lg\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; }.lg\:ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; }.@media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:visible { visibility: visible; }.xs\:sticky { position: sticky; }.xs\:left-[2rem] { left: -2rem; }.xs\:top-[2.25rem] { top: -2.25rem; }.xs\:start-[16.5px] { inset-inline-start: -16.5px; }.xs\:top-[2px] { top: -2px; }.xs\:top-[56px] { top: 56px; }.xs\:top-[calc(var(--shreddit-header-height)+16px)] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 16px); }.xs\:top-md { top: 1rem; }.xs\:z-10 { z-index: 10; }.xs\:col-span-1 { grid-column: span 1 / span 1; }.xs\:col-span-2 { grid-column: span 2 / span 2; }.xs\:col-span-4 { grid-column: span 4 / span 4; }.xs\:col-start-1 { grid-column-start: 1; }.xs\:col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; }.xs\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; }.xs\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; }.xs\:col-end-2 { grid-column-end: 2; }.xs\:col-end-3 { grid-column-end: 3; }.xs\:col-end-6 { grid-column-end: 6; }.xs\:row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; }.xs\:row-start-2 { grid-row-start: 2; }.xs\:row-start-3 { grid-row-start: 3; }.xs\:row-start-4 { grid-row-start: 4; }.xs\:row-start-5 { grid-row-start: 5; }.xs\:row-end-2 { grid-row-end: 2; }.xs\:row-end-3 { grid-row-end: 3; }.xs\:row-end-4 { grid-row-end: 4; }.xs\:row-end-5 { grid-row-end: 5; }.xs\:row-end-6 { grid-row-end: 6; }.xs\:m-0 { margin: 0px; }.xs\:m-lg { margin: 1.5rem; }.xs\:mx-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; margin-right: -0.5rem; }.xs\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; }.xs\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; }.xs\:mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; }.xs\:mx-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; margin-right: 0.5rem; }.xs\:my-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; }.xs\:my-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; margin-top: 0.25rem; }.xs\:my-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; margin-top: 1.5rem; }.xs\:my-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; margin-top: 1rem; }.xs\:my-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; margin-top: 0.75rem; }.xs\:mb-[2.25rem] { margin-bottom: -2.25rem; }.xs\:ms-sm { margin-inline-start: -0.75rem; }.xs\:mt-sm { margin-top: -0.75rem; }.xs\:mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; }.xs\:mb-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; }.xs\:mb-sm { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; }.xs\:mb-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; }.xs\:mb-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; }.xs\:me-3xl { margin-inline-end: 4rem; }.xs\:me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; }.xs\:ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; }.xs\:ml-auto { margin-left: auto; }.xs\:ml-md { margin-left: 1rem; }.xs\:ml-xl { margin-left: 2rem; }.xs\:mr-0 { margin-right: 0px; }.xs\:mr-md { margin-right: 1rem; }.xs\:mr-xl { margin-right: 2rem; }.xs\:ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; }.xs\:ms-auto { margin-inline-start: auto; }.xs\:ms-sm { margin-inline-start: 0.75rem; }.xs\:ms-xs { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; }.xs\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; }.xs\:mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; }.xs\:mt-[2px] { margin-top: 2px; }.xs\:mt-[4.7rem] { margin-top: 4.7rem; }.xs\:mt-[80px] { margin-top: 80px; }.xs\:mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; }.xs\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; }.xs\:mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; }.xs\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; }.xs\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; }.xs\:line-clamp-1 { -webkit-line-clamp: 1; }.xs\:line-clamp-1, .xs\:line-clamp-2 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; }.xs\:line-clamp-2 { -webkit-line-clamp: 2; }.xs\:line-clamp-4 { -webkit-line-clamp: 4; }.xs\:line-clamp-4, .xs\:line-clamp-6 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; }.xs\:line-clamp-6 { -webkit-line-clamp: 6; }.xs\:line-clamp-none { display: block; overflow: visible; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-line-clamp: none; }.xs\:block { display: block; }.xs\:inline-block { display: inline-block; }.xs\:inline { display: inline; }.xs\:flex { display: flex; }.xs\:inline-flex { display: inline-flex; }.xs\:grid { display: grid; }.xs\:contents { display: contents; }.xs\:hidden { display: none; }.xs\:h-2xl { height: 3rem; }.xs\:h-3xl { height: 4rem; }.xs\:h-4xl { height: 6rem; }.xs\:h-[--shreddit-header-height] { height: var(--shreddit-header-height); }.xs\:h-

[100px] { height: 100px; }.xsl:h-[110px] { height: 110px; }.xsl:h-[161px] { height: 161px; }.xsl:h-[222px] { height: 222px; }.xsl:h-[240px] { height: 240px; }.xsl:h-[30px] { height: 30px; }.xsl:h-[330px] { height: 330px; }.xsl:h-[38px] { height: 38px; }.xsl:h-[40px] { height: 40px; }.xsl:h-[48px] { height: 48px; }.xsl:h-[52px] { height: 52px; }.xsl:h-[56px] { height: 56px; }.xsl:h-[64px] { height: 64px; }.xsl:h-[78px] { height: 78px; }.xsl:h-[80px] { height: 80px; }.xsl:h-[88px] { height: 88px; }.xsl:h-[90px] { height: 90px; }.xsl:h-[98px] { height: 98px; }.xsl:h-full { height: 100%; }.xsl:h-screen-without-header { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); }.xsl:h-xl { height: 100%; }.xsl:max-h-[400px] { max-height: 400px; }.xsl:max-h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-height)-1px)] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); }.xsl:max-h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-height)-32px)] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 32px); }.xsl:max-h-screen-without-header { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); }.xsl:min-h-[20rem] { min-height: 20rem; }.xsl:min-h-[40px] { min-height: 40px; }.xsl:min-h-[72px] { min-height: 72px; }.xsl:min-h-[80px] { min-height: 80px; }.xsl:min-h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-large-height))] { min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-large-height)); }.xsl:min-h-screen-without-header { min-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); }.xsl:w-1/2 { width: 50%; }.xsl:w-100 { width: 100%; }.xsl:w-[100px] { width: 100px; }.xsl:w-[1010px] { width: 1010px; }.xsl:w-[104px] { width: 104px; }.xsl:w-[120px] { width: 120px; }.xsl:w-[128px] { width: 128px; }.xsl:w-[130px] { width: 130px; }.xsl:w-[15.5px] { width: 15.5px; }.xsl:w-[150px] { width: 150px; }.xsl:w-[161px] { width: 161px; }.xsl:w-[163px] { width: 163px; }.xsl:w-[200px] { width: 200px; }.xsl:w-[300px] { width: 300px; }.xsl:w-[316px] { width: 316px; }.xsl:w-[320px] { width: 320px; }.xsl:w-[352px] { width: 352px; }.xsl:w-[400px] { width: 400px; }.xsl:w-[440px] { width: 440px; }.xsl:w-[470px] { width: 470px; }.xsl:w-[485px] { width: 485px; }.xsl:w-[48px] { width: 48px; }.xsl:w-[500px] { width: 500px; }.xsl:w-[532px] { width: 532px; }.xsl:w-[56px] { width: 56px; }.xsl:w-[600px] { width: 600px; }.xsl:w-[640px] { width: 640px; }.xsl:w-[68px] { width: 68px; }.xsl:w-[752px] { width: 752px; }.xsl:w-[768px] { width: 768px; }.xsl:w-[80px] { width: 80px; }.xsl:w-[840px] { width: 840px; }.xsl:w-[88px] { width: 88px; }.xsl:w-[96px] { width: 96px; }.xsl:w-[960px] { width: 960px; }.xsl:w-auto { width: auto; }.xsl:w-fit { width: fit-content; }.xsl:w-full { width: 100%; }.xsl:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; }.xsl:w-xl { width: 2rem; }.xsl:min-w-[19rem] { min-width: 19rem; }.xsl:min-w-[200px] { min-width: 200px; }.xsl:min-w-[316px] { min-width: 316px; }.xsl:min-w-[400px] { min-width: 400px; }.xsl:min-w-[513px] { min-width: 513px; }.xsl:max-w-[180px] { max-width: 180px; }.xsl:max-w-[200px] { max-width: 200px; }.xsl:max-w-[25rem] { max-width: 25rem; }.xsl:max-w-[280px] { max-width: 280px; }.xsl:max-w-[316px] { max-width: 316px; }.xsl:max-w-[432px] { max-width: 432px; }.xsl:max-w-[513px] { max-width: 513px; }.xsl:max-w-[550px] { max-width: 550px; }.xsl:max-w-[800px] { max-width: 800px; }.xsl:max-w-[90px] { max-width: 90%; }.xsl:max-w-[calc(100%-30px)] { max-width: calc(100% - 30px); }.xsl:max-w-[min(756px,calc(100%-(16px+316px)))] { max-width: min(756px,100% - 332px); }.xsl:max-w-none { max-width: none; }.xsl:max-w-sm { max-width: 24rem; }.xsl:flex-grow { flex-grow: 1; }.xsl:basis-[calc(50%-6px)] { flex-basis: calc(50% - 6px); }.xsl:basis-full { flex-basis: 100%; }.xsl:scroll-m-[120px] { scroll-margin: 120px; }.xsl:auto-cols-[calc(33.33%-0.5rem)] { grid-auto-columns: calc(33.33% - 0.5rem); }.xsl:grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2,minmax(0px,1fr)); }.xsl:grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3,minmax(0px,1fr)); }.xsl:grid-template-columns: repeat(8,minmax(0px,1fr)); }.xsl:grid-cols-[15rem_1fr] { grid-template-columns: 15rem 1fr; }.xsl:grid-cols-[1fr_178px_178px_178px_178px] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 178px 178px 178px 178px; }.xsl:grid-cols-[2fr_1fr] { grid-template-columns: 2fr 1fr; }.xsl:grid-cols-[32px_1fr] { grid-template-columns: 32px 1fr; }.xsl:grid-cols-[32px_minmax(0,1fr)] { grid-template-columns: 32px minmax(0px,1fr); }.xsl:grid-cols-[min-content_1fr] { grid-template-columns: min-content 1fr; }.xsl:grid-cols-[repeat(auto-fit,minmax(340px,1fr))] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit,minmax(340px,1fr)); }.xsl:grid-rows-[auto_auto] { grid-template-rows: auto auto; }.xsl:grid-rows-[auto_fit_minmax(auto,auto)] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto auto; }.xsl:flex-row { flex-direction: row; }.xsl:flex-wrap { flex-wrap: wrap; }.xsl:flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; }.xsl:items-start { align-items: flex-start; }.xsl:items-end { align-items: flex-end; }.xsl:items-center { align-items: center; }.xsl:justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; }.xsl:justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; }.xsl:justify-center { justify-content: center; }.xsl:gap-[5rem] { gap: 5rem; }.xsl:gap-md { gap: 1rem; }.xsl:gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; }.xsl:gap-xl { gap: 2rem; }.xsl:gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; }.xsl:gap-x-column-gap: 4rem; }.xsl:gap-y-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; }.xsl:gap-x-xs { column-gap: 0.5rem; }.xsl:gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; }.xsl:overflow-hidden { overflow: hidden; }.xsl:overflow-y-auto { overflow-y: auto; }.xsl:overflow-x-hidden { overflow-x: hidden; }.xsl:text-ellipsis { text-overflow: ellipsis; }.xsl:whitespace-nowrap { white-space: nowrap; }.xsl:rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; }.xsl:rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; }.xsl:rounded-[12px] { border-radius: 12px; }.xsl:rounded-[16px] { border-radius: 16px; }.xsl:rounded-b { border-radius: 2rem; }.xsl:rounded-md { border-radius: 1.25rem; }.xsl:rounded-b-[12px] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; border-bottom-right-radius: 12px; }.xsl:rounded-b-[16px] { border-bottom-left-radius: 16px; border-bottom-right-radius: 16px; }.xsl:rounded-t-[16px] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; border-top-right-radius: 16px; }.xsl:rounded-t-b { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; }.xsl:rounded-x-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; border-right-width: 0.0625rem; }.xsl:border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; }.xsl:border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; }.xsl:border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; }.xsl:border-solid { border-style: solid; }.xsl:border-s-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-start-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); }.xsl:bg-neutral-background-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); }.xsl:bg-[image:var(--background-image)] { background-image: var(--medium-banner); }.xsl:from-[color:var(--color-neutral-background-weak)] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); }.xsl:p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; }.xsl:p-md { padding: 1rem; }.xsl:px-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; }.xsl:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; }.xsl:px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; padding-right: 0.25rem; }.xsl:px-3xl { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; }.xsl:px-[5rem] { padding-left: 5rem; padding-right: 5rem; }.xsl:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; }.xsl:px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; }.xsl:px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; padding-right: 0.75rem; }.xsl:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; }.xsl:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; }.xsl:py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; }.xsl:py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; }.xsl:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; }.xsl:pb-[40px] { padding-bottom: 40px; }.xsl:pb-[5.5rem] { padding-bottom: 5.5rem; }.xsl:pb-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; }.xsl:pb-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; }.xsl:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; }.xsl:pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; }.xsl:pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; }.xsl:pe-2xs { padding-inline-end: 0.25rem; }.xsl:pe-lg { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; }.xsl:pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; }.xsl:pe-xl { padding-inline-end: 2rem; }.xsl:pl-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; }.xsl:pl-xl { padding-left: 2rem; }.xsl:ps-2xs { padding-inline-start: 0.25rem; }.xsl:ps-md { padding-inline-start: 1rem; }.xsl:ps-xs { padding-inline-start: 0.5rem; }.xsl:pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; }.xsl:pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; }.xsl:pt-[20px] { padding-top: 20px; }.xsl:pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; }.xsl:pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; }.xsl:pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; }.xsl:pt-xs { padding-top: 0.5rem; }.xsl:text-left { text-align: left; }.xsl:text-start { text-align: start; }.xsl:text-12 { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; }.xsl:text-14 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; }.xsl:text-16 { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; }.xsl:text-18 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; }.xsl:text-24 { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; }.xsl:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; }.xsl:text-body-1 { font-size: var(--font-body-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-1-line-height); }.xsl:text-caption-1 { font-size: var(--font-caption-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-1-line-height); }.xsl:text-title-2 { font-size: var(--font-title-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-2-line-height); }.xsl:uppercase { text-transform: uppercase; }.xsl:leading-[1.5em] { line-height: 1.5em; }.xsl:leading-[30px] { line-height: 30px; }.xsl:leading-[38px] { line-height: 38px; }.xsl:leading-[40px] { line-height: 40px; }.xsl:text-neutral-content-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); }.xsl:shadow-none { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; }.xsl:shadow-sm { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); }.xsl:shadow-sm { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-sm); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-sm); }.xsl:text-14-scalable { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; }.xsl:text-16-scalable { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; }.xsl:text-18-scalable { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; }.xsl:text-20-scalable { font-size: 1.25rem; line-height: 1.25rem; }.xsl:text-14-scalable, .xsl:text-16-scalable, .xsl:text-18-scalable, .xsl:text-20-scalable { text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100%*var(--preferred-text-scale)),140%); }.first.xsl:pl-2xs:first-child { padding-left: 0.25rem; }.last.xsl:col-start: block:last-child { display: block; }.last.xsl:pr-2xs:last-child { padding-right: 0.25rem; }.is[class~="theme-dark"].xsl:dark:bg-neutral-background-container { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); }.is[class~="theme-dark"].xsl:dark:text-secondary-plain-weak { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); }.@media (hover: hover) { .s:invisible { visibility: hidden; }.s:fixed { position: fixed; }.s:relative { position: relative; }.s:bottom-auto { bottom: auto; }.s:left-auto { left: auto; }.s:right-auto { right: auto; }.s:top-auto { top: auto; }.s:top-sm { top: 0.75rem; }.s:order-1 { order: 1; }.s:order-2 { order: 2; }.s:col-span-3 { grid-column: span 3 / span 3; }.s:col-span-4 { grid-column: span 4 / span 4; }.s:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; }.s:col-end-10 { grid-column-end: 10; }.s:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; }.s:mx-md { margin-left: 15rem; margin-right: 1rem; }.s:mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; }.s:me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; }.s:me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; }.s:me-xl { margin-inline-end: 2rem; }.s:ml-[381px] { margin-left: 381px; }.s:ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; }.s:ms-lg { margin-inline-start: 1.5rem; }.s:ms-xl { margin-inline-start: 2rem; }.s:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; }.s:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; }.s:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; }.s:block { display: block; }.s:flex { display: flex; }.s:grid { display: grid; }.s:contents { display: contents; }.s:hidden { display: none; }.s:h-100 { height: 100%; }.s:h-5xl { height: 8rem; }.s:h-[128px] { height: 128px; }.s:h-[160px] { height: 160px; }.s:h-[210px] { height: 210px; }.s:h-[32.5rem] { height: 32.5rem; }.s:h-[400px] { height: 400px; }.s:h-[432px] { height: 432px; }.s:h-[478px] { height: 478px; }.s:h-[75px] { height: 75px; }.s:h-[785px] { height: 785px; }.s:h-[88px] { height: 88px; }.s:h-[calc(100vh-var(--shreddit-header-height)-240px)] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 240px); }.s:h-lg { height: 1.5rem; }.s:max-h-[24px] { max-height: 24px; }.s:max-h-[318px] { max-height: 318px; }.s:max-h-[432px] { max-height: 432px; }.s:max-h-[48px] { max-height: 48px; }.s:max-h-[640px] { max-height: 640px; }.s:max-h-[64px] { max-height: 64px; }.s:min-h-[22px] { min-height: 22px; }.s:min-h-[38px] { min-height: 38px; }.s:min-h-[48px] { min-height: 48px; }.s:w-4/5 { width: 80%; }.s:w-[128px] { width: 128px; }.s:w-[144px] { width: 144px; }.s:w-[200px] { width: 400px; }.s:w-[40vw] { width: 40vw; }.s:w-[45px] { width: 45%; }.s:w-[558px] { width: 558px; }.s:w-[730px] { width: 730px; }.s:w-[768px] { width: 768px; }.s:w-[88px] { width: 88px; }.s:w-[960px] { width: 960px; }.s:w-[calc(var(--flex-nav-width)-1px)] { width: calc(var(--flex-nav-width) - 1px); }.s:w-auto { width: auto; }.s:w-fit { width: fit-content; }.s:w-full { width: 100%; }.s:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; }.s:min-w-[200px] { min-width: 200px; }.s:min-w-[48px] { min-width: 48px; }.s:min-w-[500px] { min-width: 500px; }.s:max-w-[100px] { max-width: 100%; }.s:max-w-[1094px] { max-width: 1094px; }.s:max-w-[20rem] { max-width: 20rem; }.s:max-w-[230px] { max-width: 230px; }.s:max-w-[291px] { max-width: 291px; }.s:max-w-[360px] { max-width: 360px; }.s:max-w-[450px] { max-width: 450px; }.s:max-w-[48px] { max-width: 48px; }.s:max-w-[590px] { max-width: 590px; }.s:max-w-[890px] { max-width: 890px; }.s:max-w-[922px] { max-width: 922px; }.s:max-w-[940px] { max-width: 940px; }.s:max-w-container-s { max-width: 994px; }.s:flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; }.s:shrink { flex-shrink: 1; }.s:flex-grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; }.s:basis-1/4 { flex-basis: 25%; }.s:auto-rows-[minmax(144px,auto)] { grid-template-rows: minmax(144px,auto); }.s:grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(12,minmax(0px,1fr)); }.s:grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3,minmax(0px,1fr)); }.s:grid-cols-4 { grid-template-columns: repeat(4,minmax(0px,1fr)); }.s:grid-cols-5 { grid-template-columns: repeat(5,minmax(0px,1fr)); }.s:grid-cols-[auto_400px] { grid-template-columns: auto 400px; }.s:grid-cols-[repeat(auto-fit,144px)] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit,144px); }.s:flex-row { flex-direction: row; }.s:flex-row-reverse { flex-direction: row-reverse; }.s:flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; }.s:items-end { align-items: flex-end; }.s:items-center { align-items: center; }.s:items-stretch { align-items: stretch; }.s:justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; }.s:justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; }.s:justify-center { justify-content: center; }.s:justify-between { justify-content: space-between; }.s:gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; }.s:gap-md { gap: 1rem; }.s:gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; }.s:gap-xl { gap: 2rem; }.s:gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; }.s:gap-x-[20px] { column-gap: 20px; }.s:gap-x-md { column-gap: 1rem; }.s:gap-y-lg { row-gap: 1.5rem; }.s:overflow-x-auto { overflow-x: auto; }.s:rounded-2 { border-radius: 100px; }

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0rem; } .s\:rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .s\:rounded-tl-[8px] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; border-top-left-radius: 8px; } .s\:rounded-ee-md { border-end-end-radius: 1.25rem; } .s\:rounded-es-md { border-end-start-radius: 1.25rem; } .s\:rounded-tl-none { border-top-left-radius: 0px; } .s\:rounded-tr-none { border-top-right-radius: 0px; } .s\:border-e-sm { border-bottom-end-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:bg-[image]:var(--large-banner) { background-image: var(--large-banner); } .s\:bg-center { background-position: 50% center; } .s\:p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .s\:p-md { padding: 1rem; } .s\:p-xl { padding: 2rem; } .s\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .s\:px-3xl { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .s\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .s\:px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .s\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .s\:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .s\:py-[50px] { padding-bottom: 50px; padding-top: 50px; } .s\:py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .s\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .s\:pb-[20px] { padding-bottom: 20px; } .s\:pb-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; } .s\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .s\:pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .s\:pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .s\:pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .s\:pr-0 { padding-right: 0px; } .s\:ps-0 { padding-inline-start: 0px; } .s\:pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .s\:pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .s\:pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .s\:pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .s\:text-left { text-align: left; } .s\:text-14 { font-size: 0.875rem; } .s\:text-14, s\:text-20 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .s\:text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .s\:first\{ .s\:last\{ .s\:me-xl:first-child { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .s\:last\{ .s\:me-xl:last-child { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } @container (min-width: 80rem) { .s\:@7xl:h-[12rem] { height: 12rem; } .s\:@7xl:bs-[image]:var(--x-large-banner)\} { background-image: var(--x-large-banner); } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } .m\:col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .m\:col-start-3 { grid-column-start: 3; } .m\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .m\:col-end-11 { grid-column-end: 11; } .m\:col-end-13 { grid-column-end: 13; } .m\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .m\:col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .m\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .m\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .m\:mx-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; margin-right: 1.5rem; } .m\:mb-[2px] { margin-bottom: 2px; } .m\:me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .m\:ml-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; } .m\:mt-3xl { margin-top: 4rem; } .m\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .m\:block { display: block; } .m\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .m\:flex { display: flex; } .m\:contents { display: contents; } .m\:hidden { display: none; } .m\:h-[700px] { height: 700px; } .m\:max-h-[337px] { max-height: 337px; } .m\:max-h-[60vh] { max-height: 60vh; } .m\:max-h-[calc(50vh-70px)] { max-height: calc(50vh - 70px + 50vh); } .m\:w-1/3 { width: 33.3333%; } .m\:w-[1120px] { width: 1120px; } .m\:w-[1200px] { width: 1200px; } .m\:w-[320px] { width: 320px; } .m\:w-[400px] { width: 400px; } .m\:w-[50vw] { width: 50vw; } .m\:w-[520px] { width: 520px; } .m\:w-[560px] { width: 560px; } .m\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .m\:max-w-[1072px] { max-width: 1072px; } .m\:max-w-[380px] { max-width: 380px; } .m\:max-w-container-m { max-width: 1132px; } .m\:basis-[calc(33.33%-8px)] { flex-basis: calc(33.33% - 8px); } .m\:grid-cols-14 { grid-template-columns: repeat(14, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .m\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .m\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .m\:gap-x-4xl { column-gap: 6rem; } .m\:gap-x-[16px] { column-gap: 16px; } .m\:space-x-2xs > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-x-reverse: 0; margin-left: calc(2.5rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-x-reverse))); margin-right: calc(2.5rem*var(--tw-space-x-reverse)); } .m\:border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; } .m\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .m\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .m\:py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .m\:!pl-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; } .m\:!pl-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem !important; } .m\:!pr-0 { padding-right: 0px !important; } .m\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .m\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .m\:pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .m\:ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .m\:text-14/5 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .m\:text-18/6 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .m\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .m\:font-bold { font-weight: 700; } .m\:font-semanticbold { font-weight: 600; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:pointer-events-none { pointer-events: none; } .l\:absolute { position: absolute; } .l\:left-0 { left: 0px; } .l\:right-0 { right: 0px; } .l\:top-xs { top: 0.5rem; } .l\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .l\:col-end-13 { grid-column-end: 13; } .l\:col-end-14 { grid-column-end: 14; } .l\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .l\:col-end-17 { grid-column-end: 17; } .l\:col-end-19 { grid-column-end: 19; } .l\:col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .l\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .l\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .l\:block { display: block; } .l\:flex { display: flex; } .l\:contents { display: contents; } .l\:hidden { display: none; } .l\:h-[40px] { height: 40px; } .l\:h-[600px] { height: 600px; } .l\:max-h-[352px] { max-height: 352px; } .l\:w-[600px] { width: 600px; } .l\:min-w-[448px] { min-width: 448px; } .l\:max-w-[1352px] { max-width: 1352px; } .l\:max-w-[590px] { max-width: 590px; } .l\:max-w-container-l { max-width: 1352px; } .l\:auto-cols-[calc(25%-0.5rem)] { grid-auto-columns: calc(25% - 0.5rem); } .l\:grid-cols-16 { grid-template-columns: repeat(16, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .l\:gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .l\:rounded-[0.75rem] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .l\:p-4xl { padding: 6rem; } .l\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .l\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .l\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .l\:pt-5xl { padding-top: 8rem; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .xl\:col-start-5 { grid-column-start: 5; } .xl\:col-end-14 { grid-column-end: 14; } .xl\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .xl\:block { display: block; } .xl\:flex { display: flex; } .xl\:contents { display: contents; } .xl\:hidden { display: none; } .xl\:max-h-[452px] { max-height: 452px; } .xl\:max-w-[1524px] { max-width: 1524px; } .xl\:max-w-container-xl { max-width: 1524px; } .xl\:grid-cols-18 { grid-template-columns: repeat(18, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xl\:gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .xl\:rounded-[0.75rem] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .xl\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .xl\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } } @media (max-width: 500px) { .embed-m\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-m:flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } } @media (max-width: 325px) { .embed-absolute { position: absolute; } .embed-sl:right-md { right: 1rem; } .embed-sl:top-[10px] { top: 10px; } .embed-sl:ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .embed-sl:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .embed-sl:block { display: block; } .embed-sl:hidden { display: none; } .embed-sl:flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .embed-sl:items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .embed-sl:justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } } @media (max-width: 260px) { .embed-xsl:mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .embed-xsl:hidden { display: none; } .embed-xsl:h-[40px] { height: 40px; } .embed-xsl:h-[80px] { height: 80px; } .embed-xsl:h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .embed-xsl:w-[540px] { max-height: 540px; } .embed-xsl:w-[80px] { width: 80px; } .embed-xsl:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .embed-xsl:gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .embed-xsl:px-[5px] { padding-left: 5px; padding-right: 5px; } .embed-xsl:text-12 { font-size: 0.75rem; } .embed-xsl:leading-4 { leading-line-height: 1rem; } } @media (min-width: 1472px) { .pdp-float-back-btn\:absolute { position: absolute; } .pdp-float-back-btn\:start-[2.5rem] { inset-inline-start: -2.5rem; } .pdp-float-back-btn\:top-md { top: 1rem; } } .[\&].active[.]::bg-neutral-background-hover.active { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs:[\&].fixed-sidebar[.]\:grid-cols-\[minmax(0,1fr)_minmax(0,316px)]\.fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .xs:[\&].fixed-sidebar[.]\:grid-cols-\[minmax(0,756px)_minmax(0,316px)]\.fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s:[\&].fixed-sidebar[.]\:grid-cols-\[minmax(0,1fr)_minmax(0,316px)]\.fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .s:[\&].fixed-sidebar[.]\:grid-cols-\[minmax(0,756px)_minmax(0,316px)]\.fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m:[\&].fixed-sidebar[.]\:grid-cols-\[minmax(0,1fr)_minmax(0,316px)]\.fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .m:[\&].fixed-sidebar[.]\:grid-cols-\[minmax(0,756px)_minmax(0,316px)]\.fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l:[\&].fixed-sidebar[.]\:grid-cols-\[minmax(0,1fr)_minmax(0,316px)]\.fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .l:[\&].fixed-sidebar[.]\:grid-cols-\[minmax(0,756px)_
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.l\&_p\]:m-0 p { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .l\&_p\]:line-clamp-5 p { display: none; } .l\&_p\]:m-0 p { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .l\&_p\]:gap-0 { gap: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .l\&_p\]:bg-[length:358px] { background-size: 358px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .l\&_p\]:flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .l\&_p\]:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .l\&_p\]:pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .l\&_p\]:w-full > * { width: 100%; } .rpl-dialog .l\&_p\]:max-w-[320px] { max-width: 320px; } faceplate-textarea-input[faceplate-validity="valid"] ~ div > .l\&_p\]:pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } faceplate-textarea-input[faceplate-validity="valid"] ~ div > .l\&_p\]:opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } -----MultipartBoundary-----DKHrxTk9xQLehK2WB6FfznZpm4rlrIb33aXbERyTNCd---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-abb289fd-b887-44cd8-b0ee-4d85f0a83174@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; :root, button, input, select { font-family: var(--font-sans); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary, menu { list-style-type: none; } del, ins { text-decoration-position: under; } ac-activate, ac-call, ac-contents, ac-dispatch, ac-publish, ac-render-template, ac-toggle, ac-track, faceplate-dropdown-menu:not(.connected) [slot="menu"], faceplate-hovercard:not(:defined) > [slot="content"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="desktop-cta-row"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="ssr-share-button"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="share-button"], shreddit-post:view-type="compactView":not(:defined) [slot="desktop-cta-row"], shreddit-post:post:not(:defined) [slot="ssr-share-button"], shreddit-post:post:not(:defined) [slot="share-button"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="credit-bar"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="action-bar-ad-cta"] { display: none; } .theme-light, :root { --rem360: 22.5rem; --rem320: 20rem; --rem192: 12rem; --rem144: 9rem; --rem128: 8rem; --rem96: 6rem; --rem90: 5.625rem; --rem88: 5.5rem; --rem64: 4rem; --rem56: 3.5rem; --rem48: 3rem; --rem40: 2.5rem; --rem36: 2.25rem; --rem32: 2rem; --rem28: 1.75rem; --rem26: 1.625rem; --rem24: 1.5rem; --rem22: 1.375rem; --rem20: 1.25rem; --rem18: 1.125rem; --rem16: 1rem; --rem15: 0.9375rem; --rem14: 0.875rem; --rem12: 0.75rem; --rem10: 0.625rem; --rem8: 0.5rem; --rem6: 0.375rem; --rem4: 0.25rem; --rem2: 0.125rem; --rem1: 0.0625rem; --spacer-4xs: 0.125rem; --spacer-2xs: 0.25rem; --spacer-xs: 0.5rem; --spacer-sm: 0.75rem; --spacer-md: 1rem; --spacer-lg: 1.5rem; --spacer-xl: 2rem; --spacer-2xl: 3rem; --spacer-a-px: 0px; --spacer-button-lg-px: var(--spacer-lg); --spacer-button-md-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-button-sm-px: var(--spacer-sm); --spacer-input-padding-left: 0px; --spacer-input-padding-top: 0px; --spacer-label-default: 0px; --spacer-switch-input-active-pl: 0px; --size-2xs: 0.25rem; --size-xs: 0.5rem; --size-sm: 0.75rem; --size-md: 1rem; --size-lg: 1.5rem; --size-xl: 2rem; --size-2xl: 3rem; --size-3xl: 4rem; --size-4xl: 6rem; --size-5xl: 8rem; --size-button-lg-h: 3.375rem; --size-button-md-h: 2.75rem; --size-button-sm-h: 2.125rem; --size-button-xs-h: 1.375rem; --size-switch-input-h: 1.25rem; --size-switch-input-w: 2rem; --line-sm: 0.0625rem; --line-md: 0.125rem; --line-lg: 0.25rem; --line-a-focus: 0px; --line-a-outline-moz: 0.0625rem; --line-a-outline-wb: 0.3125rem; --line-button-lg-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-md-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-sm-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-xs-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-border-activated: 0.0625rem; --line-input-border: var(--line-sm); --radius-1: 0.25rem; --radius-2: 0.5rem; --radius-4: 1rem; --radius-5: 1.25rem; --radius-6: 1.5rem; --radius-8: 2rem; --radius-sm: 0.25rem; --radius-lg: 2rem; --radius-full: 624.9375rem; --radius-accordion-size: var(--radius-sm); --font-10-15-bold: 700 0.625rem/0.9375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg: 700 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-md: 700 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-md-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-sm: 700 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-sm-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-xs: 700 0.75rem/0.875rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-xs-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-label-default: var(--font-10-15-bold); --misc-accordion-border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); --misc-accordion-open-list-style-type: disclosure-open; --misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type: disclosure-closed; --misc-dividers-margin: 0.5rem auto; --misc-label-text-transform: uppercase; --misc-label-letter-spacing: 0.5px; --color-primary-visited: #660099; --color-primary-background: #24a0ed; --color-primary-background-hover: #006cbf; --color-danger-content: #ea0027; --color-success-content: #46d160; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-white: #ffffff; --color-global-orangered: #D93900; --color-global-alienblue: #0079d3; --color-global-darkblue: #1d2535; --color-tone-1: #1a1ab1; --color-tone-2: #6a6d6f; --color-tone-3: #878a8c; --color-tone-4: #d3d3da; --color-tone-5: #edefff; --color-tone-6: #f6f7f8; --color-tone-7: #ffffff; --color-action-primary: var(--color-primary-background); --color-action-secondary: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-action-upvote: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-action-downvote: #7193ff; --color-alert-positive: var(--color-success-content); --color-alert-negative: var(--color-danger-content); --color-alert-caution: #ffb000; --color-identity-admin: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-identity-moderator: #46d160; --color-identity-self: #0dd3bb; --color-identity-coins: #ddb337; --color-category-live: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-category-nsfw: #ff3881; --color-category-spoiler: var(--color-tone-1); --color-ui-canvas: var(--color-tone-5); --color-ui-modal-background: var(--color-tone-7); --color-opacity-highlight: linear-gradient(#006cbf1a, var(--color-tone-6)); --color-opacity-08: #1a1ab1b4; --color-opacity-50: #00000080; --color-scrim: #1a1ab1b4d; --color-a-default: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-a-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-a-visited: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-overlay-focus: #fffff1a; --color-button-overlay-active: #00000014; --color-button-primary-background-hover: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-primary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-primary-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-active: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-disabled: transparent; --color-button-primary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-background: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-focus: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-hover: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-secondary-background-activated: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --color-button-tertiary-background: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-focus: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-hover: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-activated: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-border-active: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-tertiary-text-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-background-hover: transparent; --color-button-plain-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-7); --color-button-plain-background-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-plain-border-active: transparent; --color-button-plain-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-plain-text-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-divider-default: var(--color-tone-5); --color-input-default: var(--color-tone-6); --color-input-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-input-border: var(--color-tone-5); --color-input-text: var(--color-tone-1); --color-input-helper-text: var(--color-tone-1); --color-label-default: var(--color-tone-1); --color-switch-input-background-default: var(--color-tone-3); --color-switch-input-background-checked: var(--color-global-alienblue); --color-switch-input-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-switch-input-background-checked-disabled: var(--color-tone-5); --color-switch-input-background-checked-hover: var(--color-tone-3); --color-switch-input-background-checked-hover: var(--color-global-alienblue); --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000026, 0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000026; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #0000001a, 0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000026, 0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-focus-ring: 0 0 0.25rem var(--color-global-alienblue); --font-sans: apple-system,BlinkMacSystemFont,Segoe UI,Roboto,Helvetica Neue,Arial,Apple Color Emoji,Segoe UI Emoji,Segoe UI Symbol,sans-serif; --font-mono: Noto Mono,Menlo,Monaco,Consolas,monospace; --font-title-h0: normal 500 1.625rem/2rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h1: normal 500 1.375rem/1.625rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h2: normal 500 1.25rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h3: normal 500 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h4: normal 500 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h5: normal 500 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h6: normal 500 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-body: 0.875rem; --font-small: 0.75rem; --font-code: 0.875rem; --font-subheading: 0.75rem; --font-label: 0.625rem; --font-button-b1: normal bold 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b2: normal bold 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b3: normal bold 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b4: normal bold 0.75rem/0.875rem var(--font-sans); --font-gradient-orangeyellow: linear-gradient(89.94deg, #ec0623 0%, #ff8717 100%); --color-gradient-bluepink: linear-gradient(89.94deg, #51b9ff 0%, #7785ff 52.6%, #b279ff 73.96%, #ff81ed 100%); --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(26, 26, 27, 0.03); --boxshadow-navigation: 0px 4px 14px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.1); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(
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--font-h2: var(--font-24); --font-title-h3: var(--font-18); --font-title-h4: var(--font-16); --font-title-h5: var(--font-14); --font-title-h6: var(--font-12); --font-14-20-regular: 400 0.875rem/1.25rem sans-serif; --font-sans: var(--font-12-20-semibold: 600 0.875rem/1.25rem sans-serif; --font-size: var(--font-size); --font-weight: 700; --font-display-line-height: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-display: var(--font-display-weight) var(--font-display-size)/var(--font-display-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-1-weight: 700; --font-title-1-var: (--font-title-1-weight) var(--font-title-1-size)/var(--font-title-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-2-weight: 700; --font-title-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.002em); --font-title-2-var: (--font-title-2-weight) var(--font-title-2-size)/var(--font-title-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-3-weight: 700; --font-title-3-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.005em); --font-title-3-var: (--font-title-3-weight) var(--font-title-3-size)/var(--font-title-3-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-headline-weight: 600; --font-headline-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-headline: var(--font-headline-weight) var(--font-headline-size)/var(--font-headline-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-body-1-weight: 400; --font-body-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.003em); --font-body-1-var: (--font-body-1-weight) var(--font-body-1-size)/var(--font-body-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-body-2-weight: 400; --font-body-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.002em); --font-body-2-var: (--font-body-2-weight) var(--font-body-2-size)/var(--font-body-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-label-1-weight: 600; --font-label-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.003em); --font-label-1-var: (--font-label-1-weight) var(--font-label-1-size)/var(--font-label-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-label-2-weight: 600; --font-label-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-label-2-var: (--font-label-2-weight) var(--font-label-2-size)/var(--font-label-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-caption-1-weight: 400; --font-caption-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-caption-1-var: (--font-caption-1-weight) var(--font-caption-1-size)/var(--font-caption-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg: var(--font-14-20-semibold); --font-button-md: var(--font-14-20-semibold); --font-button-sm: var(--font-12-16-semibold); --font-label-default: transform: capitalize; --misc-label-letter-spacing: initial; --blur-sm: 0.25rem; --blur-normal: 0.5rem; --blur-md: 0.75rem; --blur-lg: 1rem; --blur-xl: 1.5rem; --blur-xxl: 2.5rem; --color-action-downvote: #6A5CFF; --color-action-upvote: #D93900; --color-ai-background-weaker: #E7FDF5; --color-ai-plain: #006C56; --color-ai-plain-hover: #015140; --color-alert-caution: #977000; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #97AFBCff, #ffffff 75%); --color-avatar-media-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #00000099, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-gradient-active: linear-gradient(180deg, #cd3700ff, #db3b00ff 68%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-active-highlight: linear-gradient(83deg, #db3f0000 80%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-default: linear-gradient(180deg, #D93900ff 68%, #db3b00ff 30%, #AE2C00ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-default-highlight: linear-gradient(258deg, #db3f0000 80%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-hover: linear-gradient(180deg, #e23d00ff 15%, #cb3600ff 49%, #B43000ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-hover-highlight: linear-gradient(323deg, #cb360000 65%, #cb3600ff 100%); --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-category-live: #D93900; --color-category-nswfw: #DE019F; --color-category-spoiler: var(--color-tone-1); --color-caution-background: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-background-hover: #DBA100; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #785800; --color-caution-plain-hover: #5B4200; --color-danger-background: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-disabled: #FDB3A4; --color-danger-background-hover: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-weaker: #FBDDBD4; --color-danger-content: #BC0117; --color-danger-content-default: #ffff; --color-danger-content-hover: #90000F; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #BC0117; --color-danger-plain-hover: #90000F; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content-week: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #523DFF44; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #523DFF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(82, 61, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000003F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000026; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000003F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000019; --color-elevation-small: #00000026; --color-elevation-xsmall: #0000003F; --color-favorite: #977000; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-alienblue: #1870F4; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-darkblue: #2A3236; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #B78800; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nswfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #977000; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-gradient-media: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #0000008a 60%, #00000099 100%); --color-gradient-media-strong: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #000000cc 60%, #000000ee 100%); --color-identity-admin: #D93900; --color-identity-coins: #B78800; --color-identity-moderator: #008A10; --color-identity-self: #01876D; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #000000CC; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFFF0C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFFF3F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFFF26; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #FFFFFFF33; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-inverted-thirdary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-secondry-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-seconday-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-media-onbackground: #fff; --color-media-onbackground-disabled: #fffff40; --color-media-onbackground-weak: #B7CAD4; --color-neural-background: #FFFFFF; --color-neural-background-container: #F6F8F9; --color-neural-background-container-hover: #EEF1F3; --color-neural-background-container-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neural-background-container-strong-hover: #E5EBEE; --color-neural-background-gilded: #FFF9E0; --color-neural-background-gilded-hover: #FFF3C0; --color-neural-background-highlighted: #F6F8F9; --color-neural-background-highlighted-strong: #FFF9E0; --color-neural-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-neural-background-medium: #F8F8F8; --color-neural-background-pinned: #FFFFFF; --color-neural-background-selected: #E5EBEE; --color-neural-background-strong: #FFFFFF; --color-neural-background-strong-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-neural-background-weak: #F6F8F9; --color-neural-background-weak-hover: #EEF1F3; --color-neural-border: #00000033; --color-neural-border-medium: #0000007F; --color-neural-border-strong: #181C1F; --color-neural-border-weak: #00000019; --color-neural-content: #333D42; --color-neural-content-disabled: #D6D6D6; --color-neural-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-neural-content-weak: #5C6C74; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-08: #13131314; --color-opacity-50: #00000080; --color-opacity-highlights: linear-gradient(#0A2F6C1a, var(--color-tone-6)); --color-pizzaRed: #ef5350; --color-primary: #115BCA; --color-primary-background: #0A449B; --color-primary-background-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-background-selected: #0A1A3F; --color-primary-border: #0A449B; --color-primary-border-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-border-visited: #7600A3; --color-primary-visited: #9B00D4; --color-primernext-background: #000000; --color-primernext-background-hover: #21272A; --color-primernext-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primernext-plain: #0A449B; --color-primernext-plain-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primernext-plain-visited: #7600A3; --color-scrim: transparent; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-scrim-gradient: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #0000008a 60%, #00000099 100%); --color-scrim-strong: #000000cc; --color-secondary: #21272A; --color-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-secondary-hover: #000000; --color-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #5C6C74; --color-secondary-weak: #576F76; --color-success-background: #008A10; --color-success-background-hover: #016E0B; --color-success-background-selected: #016E0B; --color-success-plain: #016E0B; --color-success-plain-hover: #005306; --color-tone-1: #131313; --color-tone-2: #434343; --color-tone-3: #ACACAC; --color-tone-4: #E4E4E4; --color-tone-5: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-6: #F8F8F8; --color-tone-7: #ffff; --color-transparent-background-hover: #7487911a; --color-ui-canvas: var(--color-tone-5); --color-ui-modal-background: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvot-background: #D93900; --color-upvot-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvot-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvot-content: #AE2C00; --color-upvot-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvot-disabled: #AE2C0044; --color-upvot-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvot-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvot-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137

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--color-button-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-border-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-button-plain-text-activated: var(--color-secondary-plain-text-hover); --color-button-plain-text-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-button-media-border-color-activated: var(--color-media-border-selected); --color-button-favorite-text: var(--color-favorite); --color-button-caution-background: var(--color-caution-background-hover); --color-button-caution-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-caution-text: var(--color-caution-background); --color-divider-default: var(--color-neutral-border); --color-input-secondary: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-input-secondary-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-input-border: transparent; --color-input-bordered: transparent; --color-input-bordered-hover: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); --color-input-secondary-text: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-input-bordered-text: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-input-helper-text: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --color-input-pressed: var(--color-interactive-content-pressed); --color-input-radio: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); --color-input-radio-focus: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-label-default: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --color-shimmer-background: #00000008; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #00000000, #00000005 20%, #0000000f 50%, #00000008 70%, #00000000 100%); --color-switch-input-background-pressed-scrim: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --color-switch-input-background-handle: var(--color-global-white); --color-switch-input-background-handle-disabled: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-switch-input-background-default: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-switch-input-background-default-hover: var(--color-primary-background); --color-switch-input-background-checked-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-tooltip-bg-neutral: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-tooltip-text-neutral: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-tooltip-bg-inverted: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-tooltip-text-inverted: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-elevation-sm-inset: inset 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #00000021; --elevation-button-focus: var(--elevation-focus-ring); --elevation-switch-input-default-inset: var(--elevation-sm-inset); --font-huge-display-size: 4rem; --font-huge-display-line-height: 4rem; --font-display-size: 3rem; --font-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-title-1-size: 2rem; --font-title-1-line-height: 2.25rem; --font-title-2-size: 1.5rem; --font-title-2-line-height: 1.75rem; --font-title-3-size: 1.125rem; --font-title-3-line-height: 1.5rem; --font-headline-size: 1rem; --font-headline-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-1-size: 1rem; --font-body-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-2-size: 0.875rem; --font-body-2-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-1-size: 0.875rem; --font-label-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-2-size: 0.75rem; --font-label-2-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-1-size: 0.75rem; --font-caption-1-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-2-size: 0.625rem; --font-caption-2-line-height: 1rem; } .theme-beta[device="mobile"].text-responsive, .theme-beta[device="tablet"].text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-beta[device="mobile"].text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-beta[device="tablet"].text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-rpl[device="mobile"].text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-rpl[device="tablet"].text-responsive { --font-huge-display-size: 3rem; --font-huge-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-display-size: 3rem; --font-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-title-1-size: 2rem; --font-title-1-line-height: 2.25rem; --font-title-2-size: 1.5rem; --font-title-2-line-height: 1.75rem; --font-title-3-size: 1.125rem; --font-title-3-line-height: 1.5rem; --font-headline-size: 1.0625rem; --font-headline-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-1-size: 1.0625rem; --font-body-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-2-size: 0.9375rem; --font-body-2-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-1-size: 0.9375rem; --font-label-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-2-size: 0.8125rem; --font-label-2-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-caption-1-size: 0.8125rem; --font-caption-1-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-2-size: 0.6875rem; --font-caption-2-line-height: 1rem; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { --color-ai-plain: #01A484; --color-ai-plain-hover: #00C29D; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #48545Bff, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-caution-background: #D8A100; --color-caution-background-hover: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-plain-hover: #FFE284; --color-danger-background: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-disabled: #340F05; --color-danger-danger-background-hover: #EB001F; --color-danger-danger-background-weaker: #650405; --color-danger-content: #FF4F40; --color-danger-content-hover: #FF8773; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #FF8773; --color-danger-plain-hover: #FDB3A4; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #9580FF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #9580FF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(149, 128, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000033; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000033; --color-elevation-small: #000000054; --color-elevation-xsmall: #000000AA; --color-favorite: #B78800; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #D8A100; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nfsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #D8A100; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFFF0C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFFF3F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFFF26; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #00000003F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #000000026; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #FFFFFFF; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-container: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-medium: #131313; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-selected: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-weak: #000000; --color-neutral-border-weak: #000000; --color-neutral-border: #0E1113; --color-neutral-border: #FFFFFFF33; --color-neutral-border-medium: #FFFFFFF7F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-border-weak: #FFFFFFF19; --color-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #303030; --color-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-content-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-50: #F2F2F280; --color-pizzaRed: #C62828; --color-primary: #648EFC; --color-primary-background: #115BCA; --color-primary-background-hover: #1870F4; --color-primary-background-selected: #648EFC; --color-primary-border: #648EFC; --color-primary-border-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #000000; --color-primary-plain: #648EFC; --color-primary-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primary-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primarynext-background: #EEF1F3; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #000000; --color-primarynext-plain: #648EFC; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-secondary: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-secondary-hover: #fffff; --color-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-secondary-weak: #748791; --color-success-background: #016E0B; --color-success-background-hover: #008A10; --color-success-content: #01A816; --color-success-hover: #00C61C; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #00C61C; --color-success-plain-hover: #58E15B; --color-tone-1: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-2: #ACACAC; --color-tone-3: #434343; --color-tone-4: #303030; --color-tone-5: #1E1E1E; --color-tone-6: #131313; --color-tone-7: #080808; --color-transparent-background-hover: #6677801A; --color-ui-canvas: #080808; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #FF4500; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #FF45004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-content: #B78800; --color-warning-content-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-inverted-activated-text: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-input-radio-focus: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-shimmer-background: #ffffff08; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #ffffff00, #ffffff05 20%, #ffffff0f 50%, #ffffff00 100%); } } .theme-dark .theme-beta, .theme-dark .theme-rpl, .theme-dark.themes-beta, .theme-dark.themes-rpl { --color-ai-background-weaker: #00382B; --color-ai-plain: #01A484; --color-ai-plain-hover: #00C29D; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #48545Bff, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF;
```

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--color:#F6F8F9;--color-inverted-neutral-background:#00000033;--color-inverted-neutral-content:#333342;--color-inverted-secondary-background:#E5EBEE;--color-inverted-secondary-background-hover:#DBE4E9;--color-inverted-secondary-background-selected:#C9D7DE;--color-inverted-secondary-onBackground:#000000;--color-inverted-secondary-plain:#181C1F;--color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover:#000000;--color-media-background:rgba(0,0,0,0.6);--color-media-background-hover:rgba(0,0,0,0.8);--color-media-background-selected:rgba(0,0,0,0.8);--color-media-border-selected:FFFFFF;--color-media-border-weak:FFFFFFF19;--color-media-onBackground:FFFFFF;--color-media-onBackground-disabled:FFFFFFF3F;--color-media-onBackground-weak:#E5EBEE;--color-neutral-background:#0E1113;--color-neutral-background-container:#181C1F;--color-neutral-background-container-hover:#21272A;--color-neutral-background-container-strong:#21272A;--color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover:#2A3236;--color-neutral-background-gilded:#181C1F;--color-neutral-background-gilded-hover:#21272A;--color-neutral-background-highlighted:#181C1F;--color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong:#2A3236;--color-neutral-background-hover:#181C1F;--color-neutral-background-medium:#131313;--color-neutral-background-pinned:#0E1113;--color-neutral-background-selected:#2A3236;--color-neutral-background-strong:#181C1F;--color-neutral-background-strong-hover:#21272A;--color-neutral-background-weak:#000000;--color-neutral-background-weak-hover:#0E1113;--color-neutral-border:FFFFFFF33;--color-neutral-border-medium:FFFFFFF7F;--color-neutral-border-strong:#F6F8F9;--color-neutral-border-weak:FFFFFFF19;--color-neutral-visited:#B7CAD4;--color-neutral-content-disabled:#303030;--color-neutral-content-strong:#EEF1F3;--color-neutral-content-weak:#8BA2AD;--color-offline:#767676;--color-online:#01A816;--color-opacity-50:#F2F2F280;--color-pizzaRed:#c62828;--color-primary:#648EFC;--color-primary-background:#115BCA;--color-primary-background-hover:#1870F4;--color-primary-background-selected:#648EFC;--color-primary-border:#648EFC;--color-primary-border-hover:#90A9FD;--color-primary-hover:#90A9FD;--color-primary-onBackground:FFFFFF;--color-primary-onBackground-selected:#000000;--color-primary-plain:#648EFC;--color-primary-plain-hover:#90A9FD;--color-primary-plain-visited:#CF5FFF;--color-primary-visited:#CF5FFF;--color-primarynext-background:#EEF1F3;--color-primarynext-background-hover:FFFFFF;--color-primarynext-onBackground:#000000;--color-primarynext-plain:#648EFC;--color-primarynext-plain-hover:#90A9FD;--color-primarynext-plain-visited:#CF5FFF;--color-scrim-background:#00000099;--color-scrim-background-strong:#000000CC;--color-secondary:#DBE4E9;--color-secondary-background:#2A3236;--color-secondary-background-hover:#333D42;--color-secondary-background-selected:#3D494E;--color-secondary-background-strong:#ffffff;--color-secondary-onBackground:FFFFFF;--color-secondary-plain:#DBE4E9;--color-secondary-plain-hover:FFFFFF;--color-secondary-plain-weak:#8BA2AD;--color-secondary-weak:#748791;--color-success-background:#016E0B;--color-success-background-hover:#008A10;--color-success-content:#01A816;--color-success-hover:#00C61C;--color-success-onBackground:FFFFFF;--color-success-plain:#00C61C;--color-success-plain-hover:#58E15B;--color-tone-1:#F2F2F2;--color-tone-2:#ACACAC;--color-tone-3:#434343;--color-tone-4:#303030;--color-tone-5:#1E1E1E;--color-tone-6:#131313;--color-tone-7:#080808;--color-transparent-background-hover:#6677801a;--color-ui-canvas:#080808;--color-ui-modalbackground:var(--color-neutral-background-strong);--color-upvote-background:#D93900;--color-upvote-background-disabled:rgba(217,57,0,0.3);--color-upvote-background-hover:#AE2C00;--color-upvote-content:#FF4500;--color-upvote-content-weak:var(--color-global-brand-orangered);--color-upvote-disabled:#FF45004d;--color-upvote-onBackground:FFFFFF;--color-upvote-onStrongScrim:#FF895D;--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled:rgba(255,137,93,0.3);--color-upvote-plain-weak:#FF4500;--color-warning-background:#B78800;--color-warning-background-hover:#D8A100;--color-warning-content:#B78800;--color-warning-content-hover:#D8A100;--color-warning-onBackground:#000000;--color-button-primary-border-activated:transparent;--color-button-plain-inverted-activated-text:var(--color-neutral-background);--color-input-radio-hover:var(--color-secondary-plain);--color-shimmer-background:ffffff08;--color-shimmer-gradient-overlay:linear-gradient(to right,ffffff00,ffffff05 20%,ffffff0f 50%,ffffff08 70%,ffffff00 100%);}.root{font-size:16px;}.theme-dark,.theme-light,.root{background:var(--color-tone-7);color:var(--color-neutral-content, var(--color-tone-1));}.not(:defined):not([faceplate-auto-height-animator,faceplate-dropdown-menu,faceplate-expandable-section-helper,faceplate-hovercard,faceplate-tracker]){visibility:hidden;}.nd-visible:not(:defined){visibility:visible;}.theme-beta,.theme-beta.theme-dark,.theme-beta.theme-light,.theme-rpl,.theme-rpl.theme-dark,.theme-rpl.theme-light{--og-font:normal var(--font-sans);--font-10:var(--og-font);--font-12:var(--og-font);--font-14:var(--og-font);--font-16:var(--og-font);--font-18:var(--og-font);--font-20:var(--og-font);--font-24:var(--og-font);--font-32:var(--og-font);--font-48:var(--og-font);--font-64:var(--og-font);}.rpl-fonts-fix{--font-10:normal 400 0.625rem/1rem var(--font-sans);--font-12:normal 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans);--font-14:normal 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans);--font-16:normal 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans);--font-18:normal 400 1.125rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans);--font-20:normal 400 1.25rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans);--font-24:normal 400 1.5rem/1.75rem var(--font-sans);--font-32:normal 400 2rem/2.25rem var(--font-sans);--font-48:normal 400 3rem/3rem var(--font-sans);--font-64:normal 400 4rem/4rem var(--font-sans);--font-title-h0:var(--font-64);--font-title-h1:var(--font-32);--font-title-h2:var(--font-24);--font-title-h3:var(--font-18);--font-title-h4:var(--font-16);--font-title-h5:var(--font-14);--font-title-h6:var(--font-12);}.rpl[avatar]:dir rtl: not([flip]):has(.snoovatar, img[src*="/redditstatic.com/avatars/defaults/v2/"],img[src*="/assets/snoovatar-anonymous.png"],img[src*="/assets/snoovatar-blank.png"],img[src*="/assets/snoovatar-back-64x64px.png"],img[src*="/assets/snoovatar-snoo.png"],img[src*="/assets/suspended-snoo.png"]);}.rpl[avatar][flip]:not(:dir rtl):has(.snoovatar, img[src*="/redditstatic.com/avatars/defaults/v2/"],img[src*="/assets/snoovatar-anonymous.png"],img[src*="/assets/snoovatar-blank.png"],img[src*="/assets/snoovatar-back-64x64px.png"],img[src*="/assets/snoovatar-snoo.png"],img[src*="/assets/suspended-snoo.png"]){transform:scaleX(-1);}faceplate-banner[slot="closeButton"]{margin-inline-start:var(--spacer-sm);}faceplate-banner[slot="actionButtons"]button:first-of-type{margin-inline-end:var(--spacer-xs);}faceplate-banner[appearance="caution"]button{color:var(--color-banner-caution-text);}faceplate-banner[appearance="caution"]button:hover{background-color:var(--color-banner-caution-hover);}.button-favorite{--button-color-background-focus:transparent;--button-color-background-hover:var(--color-button-plain-background-hover);--button-color-background-disabled:var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled);--button-color-background-activated:var(--color-button-plain-background-activated);--button-color-background-active:linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover),var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover));--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-plain-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:transparent;--button-color-text-default:var(--color-neutral-content-weak);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-secondary-onBackground);}.button-favorite-toggled{--button-color-background-focus:transparent;--button-color-background-hover:var(--color-button-plain-background-hover);--button-color-background-disabled:var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled);--button-color-background-activated:var(--color-button-plain-background-activated);--button-color-background-active:linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover),var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover));--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-plain-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:transparent;--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-favorite-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-favorite-text);}.button-secondary-toggled{--button-color-background-focus:var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus);--button-color-background-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover);--button-color-background-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated);--button-color-background-active:linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover),var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover));--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-hover:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-disabled:var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);--button-color-text-activated:var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated);--button-border-color-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text);--button-color-text-default:var(--color-button-secondary-text
```

button-label-color-hover: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled); } faceplate-dropdown-menu faceplate-menu li[rpl]:first-child { role="menuitem" } { border-start-start-radius: var(--rem8); border-start-end-radius: var(--rem8); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper { display: contents; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary:::webkit-details-marker, faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary:::marker { display: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper[rpl] > details > summary { margin: 0px; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary [icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper[open] > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); } address, area, article, aside, audio, blockquote, datalist, details, dl, fieldset, figure, form, iframe, input, menu, meter, nav, ol, optgroup, option, output, p, pre, progress, ruby, section, textarea, ul, video { margin-bottom: 1rem; } body { font-size: var(--font-body); margin: 0px auto; padding: var(--faceplate-body-padding); overflow-x: hidden; word-break: break-word; overflow-wrap: break-word; line-height: 1.5; } @media (max-width: 599px) { body { --faceplate-body-padding: 1rem; } h1, h2, h3, h4, h5, h6 { margin: 1em 0px 0.5em; } h1 { font: var(--font-title-h1); } h2 { font: var(--font-title-h2); } h3 { font: var(--font-title-h3); } h4 { font: var(--font-title-h4); } h5 { font: var(--font-title-h5); } h6 { font: var(--font-title-h6); } label { text-transform: var(--misc-label-text-transform); } letter-spacing: var(--misc-label-letter-spacing); font: var(--font-label-default); color: var(--color-label-default); } label > input, label > textarea { margin-top: var(--spacer-label-default); } faceplate-switch-input + label, input[type="checkbox"] + label, input[type="radio"] + label { font-size: inherit; text-transform: inherit; letter-spacing: inherit; font-weight: inherit; vertical-align: middle; } a { color: var(--color-a-default); text-decoration: none; } a: hover { text-decoration: underline; } abbr, abbr: hover { cursor: help; } blockquote :last-child { padding-bottom: 0.5em; margin-bottom: 0px; } header { padding-inline: calc(50% + 50vw); margin-inline: calc(50% + 0px - 50vw); padding-top: var(--faceplate-body-padding); padding-bottom: var(--faceplate-body-padding); margin-top: calc(1 * var(--faceplate-body-padding)); margin-bottom: var(--faceplate-body-padding); } article header, aside header, dialog header, faceplate-dialog header, main header, section header { padding: 0.5rem 0px; margin: 1rem 0px; background: 0px 0px; } article header h1, aside header h1, dialog header h1, faceplate-dialog header h1, main header h1, section header h1 { font: var(--font-title-h1); } header h1 { font: var(--font-title-h0); } header > :first-child { margin-top: 0px; } header > :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } :where(button), :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]) { background-color: var(--button-color-background); border-radius: 999px; border: var(--button-border-width, 0) solid var(--button-border-color, transparent); box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display: inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - (2 * var(--button-border-width, 0px))); overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; outline-offset: 0px; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); --button-height: var(--size-button-sm-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-2xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-sm); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-sm-border); --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); } :where(button).icon, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]), .icon { width: var(--button-height); } :where(button):focus, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):focus { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); } :where(button).hover, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); } --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover, var(--button-color-text-default)); } @media (hover: hover) { :where(button):hover, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); } --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover, var(--button-color-text-default)); } } :where(button).active, :where(button):active, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).active, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active); --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed), var(--color-interactive-pressed)); var(--button-color-background-active); } :where(button).anchor-disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"])[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: none; } :where(button).disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"])[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: none; } :where(button).disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"])[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: none; } :where(button).button-activated, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-activated); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated); } small :where(button), small :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]) { --button-height: var(--size-button-xs-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-sm); } :where(button).button-large, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-large { --button-height: var(--size-button-lg-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-lg); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-lg-border); } :where(button).button-primary, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-primary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover), var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } :where(button).button-plain, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-plain { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-plain-text-hover); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } :root { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); background: var(--color-ui-canvas); --shreddit-content-background: var(--color-tone-7); --preferred-text-scale: env(preferred-text-scale); text-size-adjust: clamp(100%, calc(100% * var(--preferred-text-scale)), 100%); } :where(button, input):where([type="submit"]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover), var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } faceplate-tablist button { border-radius: 0px; } faceplate-tablist button:first-child { border-radius: 999px 0px 0px 999px; } faceplate-tablist button:last-child { border-radius: 0px 999px 999px 0px; } faceplate-tablist a { border-bottom: 2px solid var(--button-color-primary); color: inherit; display: inline-block; font: var(--font-button-b3); padding: 0.5rem 1rem 0.375rem; } faceplate-tablist a: hover { text-decoration: none; } code, kbd, pre, samp { font-family: var(--font-mono); border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); border-radius: 4px; padding: 2px 4px; font-size: 0.9em; } pre { background: var(--color-tone-5); border-color: var(--color-tone-4); padding: 1rem 1.4rem; max-width: 100%; overflow: auto; } kbd { border-bottom-width: 3px; } code pre, pre code { background: inherit; font-size: inherit; color: inherit; border: 0px; padding: 0px; margin: 0px; } code pre { display: inline; } details { padding: 0.5rem 1rem; border: var(--misc-accordion-border); border-radius: var(--radius-accordion-size); } details summary { cursor: pointer; font-weight: 700; list-style-type: var(--misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type); } details[open] summary { font-weight: 700; list-style-type: var(--misc-accordion-open-list-style-type); } details[open] summary icon-caret-down, details[open] summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } details summary icon-caret-down, details summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } .fp-avatar-container img, details[open] > :last-child, menu menu, ol ol, ol ul, ul ol, ul ul { margin-bottom: 0.5em; } dt, table caption { font-weight: 700; margin-bottom: 0.5em; } dd { margin-inline-start: 2em; } hr { border-top: 0px; border-right: 0px; border-left: 0px; border-image: initial; border-bottom: 1px solid var(--color-divider-default); background-color: transparent; margin: var(--misc-divide-margin); } hr[padding="2xs"] { padding: var(--spacer-2xs); } hr[padding="xs"] { padding: var(--spacer-xs); } hr[padding="sm"] { padding: var(--spacer-sm); } hr[padding="md"] { padding: var(--spacer-md); } hr[color="subdued"] { border-bottom-color: var(--color-}

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.rc-anchor-invisible-text { font-size: inline; } .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-hovered { font-size: inline; } .rc-audiochallenge-response-field { margin: 7px; text-align: center; } .rc-audiochallenge-response-field { width: 220px; } .rc-audiochallenge-error-message { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 20px 20px 0px; } .rc-audiochallenge-instructions { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 10px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-play-button { margin: 0px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-play-button.rc-button-default { background: rgb(216, 216, 216); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); font-weight: 500; width: 100%; } .rc-audiochallenge-input-label { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 10px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-control audio { height: 30px; width: 240px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload { margin: 5px 20px; text-align: center; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link { background-color: transparent; border: none; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark { background-color: transparent; border: none; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .fake-focus-audio { height: 0px; opacity: 0; width: 0px; } .rc-button-default { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); border: 0px; border-radius: 2px; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 500; height: 42px; line-height: 42px; min-width: 100px; padding: 0px 10px; text-align: center; text-transform: uppercase; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-button-default:focus { outline: 0px; box-shadow: rgb(24, 90, 188) 0px 0px 0px 2pt; } .rc-button-default-disabled { background: rgba(73, 143, 225, 0.5); cursor: default; } .rc-button-red { background: rgb(226, 74, 74); } .rc-button-default-disabled.rc-button-red { background: rgba(226, 74, 74, 0.49); } .rc-canvas-image { display: inline-block; height: 36px; color: transparent; } body { margin: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-instructions strong { font-weight: 900; display: block; font-size: 28px; } .rc-footer { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; position: relative; width: 100%; } .rc-separator { border-top: 1px solid rgb(223, 223, 223); margin-bottom: 1px; } .rc-controls { width: 100%; } .primary-controls { height: 60px; } .rc-buttons { float: left; height: 48px; margin: 6px 0px 6px 6px; background-repeat: no-repeat; } .fake-focus { height: 0px; opacity: 0; width: 0px; } .button-holder.qr-button-holder { float: left; height: 48px; } .rc-button-reload { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_2x.png"); } .rc-button-reload:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-reload { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-reload { background-color: transparent; border: none; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-button-reload-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-reload-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-audio { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_2x.png"); } .rc-button-audio:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-audio { background-color: transparent; border: none; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-button-audio-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-audio-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-image { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_2x.png"); } .rc-button-image:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-image { background-color: transparent; border: none; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-button-image-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-image-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-liveness { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_dark.png"); } .rc-button-liveness:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-liveness { background-color: transparent; border: none; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-button-liveness-light { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_light.png"); } .rc-button-liveness-light-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_light.png"); } .rc-button-liveness-light-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-help { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_2x.png"); } .rc-button-help:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-help { background-color: transparent; border: none; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-button-help-white { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-help-white-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-help-white-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-undo { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_2x.png"); } .rc-button-undo:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-undo { background-color: transparent; border: none; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-button-undo-white { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-undo-white-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-undo-white-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button { background-size: 32px 32px; cursor: pointer; height: 48px; opacity: 0.55; width: 48px; padding: 0px; border: 0px; background-repeat: no-repeat; background-position: center center; } .rc-button:focus, .rc-button:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .verify-button-holder { float: right; margin: 8px 8px 9px 0px; } .rc-challenge-help { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; overflow-y: scroll; padding: 5px 20px; } .reload-icon { height: 16px; width: 16px; } .apps-toast { position: relative; text-align: center; width: 100%; z-index: 101; } .apps-toast-content { background: rgb(50, 50, 50); border-radius: 2px; box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.14) 0px 6px 10px, rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.12) 0px 1px 18px, rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.4) 0px 3px 5px -1px; color: rgb(238, 238, 238); display: inline-block; font: 12px / 20px Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; padding: 14px; text-align: center; } .goog-container:focus { outline: none; } .rc-defaultchallenge-response-field { margin: 7px; text-align: center; } .rc-defaultchallenge-response-field.rc-response-input-field { width: 230px; } .rc-defaultchallenge-payload { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border: none; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; min-height: 61px; text-align: center; } .rc-defaultchallenge-incorrect-response { color: rgb(255, 27, 27); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 14px; margin-left: 20px; } .rc-doscaptcha-header { padding: 10px; margin: 10px; height: 20%; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); } .rc-doscaptcha-header-text { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 22px; font-weight: 400; text-align: center; background-color: white; } .rc-doscaptcha-body { height: 80%; } .rc-doscaptcha-body-text { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 16px; font-weight: 400; padding: 10px 15px; } .rc-doscaptcha-footer { pointer-events: none; } .recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeLivenessOuterContainer { position: absolute; inset: 0px; display: flex; flex-direction: row; justify-content: space-between; align-items: center; padding: 10px; } .recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeLivenessOuterContainer { position: absolute; inset: 0px; display: flex; flex-direction: column; justify-content: space-between; align-items: center; padding: 10px; } .rc-imageselect { #rc-imageselect { margin-left: -10px; margin-top: -10px; padding-right: 100px; position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-instructions .rc-imageselect-desc strong { font-size: 22px; } .rc-imageselect-desc span { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-desc-no-canonical { position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-desc-no-canonical span { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-payload { min-width: 240px; margin: 0px 7px; padding: 7px 0px; } .rc-imageselect-challenge { position: relative; width: 100%; height: 100%; } .rc-footer { min-width: 240px; } .rc-imageselect-incorrect-response .rc-imageselect-error-dynamic-more, .rc-imageselect-error-select-more, .rc-imageselect-error-select-something { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-size: 14px; padding: 7px 0px; text-align: center; width: 100%; background-color: white; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper { margin-bottom: 6px; } .rc-imageselect-checkbox { background-color: transparent; border: none; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-imageselect-table-42, .rc-imageselect-table-33 { margin: -2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-44 { margin: -1px; } .rc-imageselect-table-42 td { padding: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-33 td { padding: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-44 td { padding: 1px; } .rc-image-tile-target tr, td { margin: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-keyboard { position: relative; z-index: 100; outline: orange solid !important; } td:focus { outline: none; } .rc-image-tile-overlay { display: none; opacity: 0; position: absolute; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); width: 100%; height: 100%; z-index: 2; transition: opacity 1 cubic-bezier(0.49, 0.78, 0.46, 1.34); } .rc-image-followup-tile { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected { position: relative; transition: 2s; opacity: 0.01; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected.rc-image-tile-target { opacity: 1; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected.rc-image-tile-checkbox { display: block; opacity: 1; background-size: cover; width: 60px; height: 60px; left: 50%; top: 50%; margin-left: -30px; margin-top: -30px; } .rc-image-tile-target {-webkit-tap-highlight-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0); position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-tileselected { position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-tileselected.rc-image-tile-wrapper { transform: scale(0.8); } .rc-image-tile-wrapper { transform: scale(1); } .rc-imageselect-tileselected.rc-imageselect-checkbox { display: block; background-repeat: no-repeat; inset: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-candidates { border: 2px solid white; box-sizing: border-box; height: 94px; overflow: hidden; position: absolute; right: 7px; top: 
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relative; -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; margin: 10px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; }
.recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrCanvas { min-width: 200px; min-height: 200px; max-height: 45%; max-width: 40%; outline-offset: 0px; outline: solid 2px; border-radius: 2pt; padding:
20px; position: relative; border: 1px solid rgb(153, 153, 153); box-shadow: rgba(26, 115, 232, 0.3) 0px 0px 9px 2px; background: white; } .recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrBackground {
background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_qr_background.svg") no-repeat; position: absolute; top: 50%; margin-top: -20%; width: 100%; height: 100%; }
.recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrButton { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); border: 0px; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size:
14px; transition: 0.5s; border-radius: 25px; padding: 15px; text-transform: uppercase; text-decoration: none; position: relative; margin: 25% auto; }
.recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrInstructionsContainer { text-align: center; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction:
normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; }
.recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrShortInstructionsContainer { top: 0px; height: 113px; position: relative; background: rgb(26, 115, 232); text-align: center; margin: 0px auto; width: 100%;
} .recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrShortInstructions { font-weight: 700; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); font-size: 20px; margin-top: 45px; }
.recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrAdditionalInstructionsContainer { position: relative; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: row; -
webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; padding: 10px; } .recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrCameraIcon { background:
url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_camera_dark.png") 0% 0% / contain no-repeat; display: inline-block; width: 30px; height: 30px; }
.recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrMobileIcon { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_dark.png") 0% 0% / contain no-repeat; display: inline-block; width:
30px; height: 30px; } .recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrAdditionalInstructions { font-weight: 400; font-size: 14px; padding: 10px 20px 10px 10px; max-width: 80%; line-height: 1.3; color:
rgb(119, 119, 119); } .recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrCodeHidden { height: 0px; width: 0px; display: none; visibility: hidden; } .recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrCodeVisible { height:
200px; width: 200px; display: inline-block; visibility: visible; } .recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrButtonHidden { display: none; visibility: hidden; }
.recaptchaJavaScriptChallengeQrButtonVisible { display: inline-block; visibility: visible; } .rc-prepositional-payload { padding: 20px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-
size: 14px; font-weight: 400; } .rc-prepositional-select-more, .rc-prepositional-verify-failed { color: rgb(255, 27, 27); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-
weight: 400; margin: 20px 20px 0px; } .rc-prepositional-target label { margin: 5px; float: right; } .rc-prepositional-instructions { margin-bottom: 20px; } .rc-prepositional-table { width:
100%; } .rc-prepositional-table td { background: rgb(249, 249, 249); border: 1px solid rgb(255, 255, 255); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-
serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; width: 40%; padding: 15px; } .rc-prepositional-table td.rc-prepositional-selected { background: rgb(239, 239, 239); border: 1px solid rgb(101, 101,
101); } .rc-2fa-payload { font-family: Roboto, Helvetica, Arial, sans-serif; font-weight: 400; font-size: 14px; color: rgb(32, 33, 36); text-align: center; } .rc-2fa-background { background-
color: rgb(236, 236, 236); width: 100%; height: 100%; overflow: auto; } .rc-2fa-container { background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); width: 328px; overflow: auto; margin: 100px auto; } .rc-
2fa-header { margin: 36px 0px 24px; font-size: 16px; } .rc-2fa-instructions { margin: 24px 40px; line-height: 17.5px; } .rc-2fa-response-field { text-align: center; } .rc-2fa-response-field input
{ width: 11.2ch; height: 40px; line-height: 40px; margin: auto; border: 1px solid rgb(151, 151, 151); font-size: 20px; letter-spacing: 0.8ch; padding-left: 1.2ch; padding-right: 0px; } .rc-2fa-
response-field input:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(24, 90, 188); } .rc-2fa-response-field-error input { border: 1px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .rc-2fa-response-field-error input:focus { border:
1px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .rc-2fa-error-message { height: 36px; font-size: 12px; color: rgb(217, 48, 37); margin: 2px 40px; } .rc-2fa-submit-button-holder button { margin: 0px auto; min-
width: 100px; height: 36px; line-height: 36px; text-transform: uppercase; text-align: center; font-weight: 500; letter-spacing: 1.25px; border-radius: 4px; background-color: rgb(24, 90,
188); border: 1px solid rgb(24, 90, 188); color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-2fa-submit-button-holder button:disabled { background-color: white; border: 1px solid rgb(151, 151, 151); color:
rgb(0, 0, 0, 0.38); } .rc-2fa-cancel-button-holder button { margin: 20px auto; min-width: 100px; height: 36px; line-height: 36px; text-transform: uppercase; text-align: center; font-weight:
500; letter-spacing: 1.25px; border-radius: 4px; background: none; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; color: rgb(24, 90, 188); }
.rc-2fa-cancel-button-holder button:active { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; } .rc-response-input-field { border: 1px solid
rgb(116, 119, 117); border-radius: 2px; height: 36px; margin: 5px 0px; padding: 1px 9px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 16px; font-weight: 400; outline: none;
width: 270px; } .rc-response-input-field:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(26, 115, 232); } .rc-response-input-field-error, .rc-response-input-field-error:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(255, 0, 0); }
-----MultipartBoundary--DkHrxTK9xQLhK2WB6fjnZpm4rlr1b33aXbERytNCD----- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-
7ac99412-70be-4ed2-a2d8-4fc2e0035c1@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src:
url("https://fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTyLUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4,
U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src:
url("https://fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTyLUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-
4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src:
url("https://fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTyLUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family:
Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("https://fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTyLUAMa3-UBHMdazTgWw.woff2")
format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-
stretch: 100%; src: url("https://fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTyLUAMawCUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305,
U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-
3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-
20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-
2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3,
U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D,
U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src:
url("https://fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTyLUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0,
U+20E2-20EA, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF,
U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B
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U+1FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67E, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FE, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("/fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("/fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-122BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("/fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3UBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("/fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("/fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("/fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("/fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3UBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("/fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34E, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DD, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("/fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3UBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22CA-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFF, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67E, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FE, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("/fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("/fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-122BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("/fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBHMdazQ.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } -----MultipartBoundary--DkHrxTk9xQLehK2WB6FfnZpm4rlrIb33aXbERytNCD----- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary -----MultipartBoundary--DkHrxTk9xQLehK2WB6FfnZpm4rlrIb33aXbERytNCD----- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary -----MultipartBoundary--DkHrxTk9xQLehK2WB6FfnZpm4rlrIb33aXbERytNCD-----